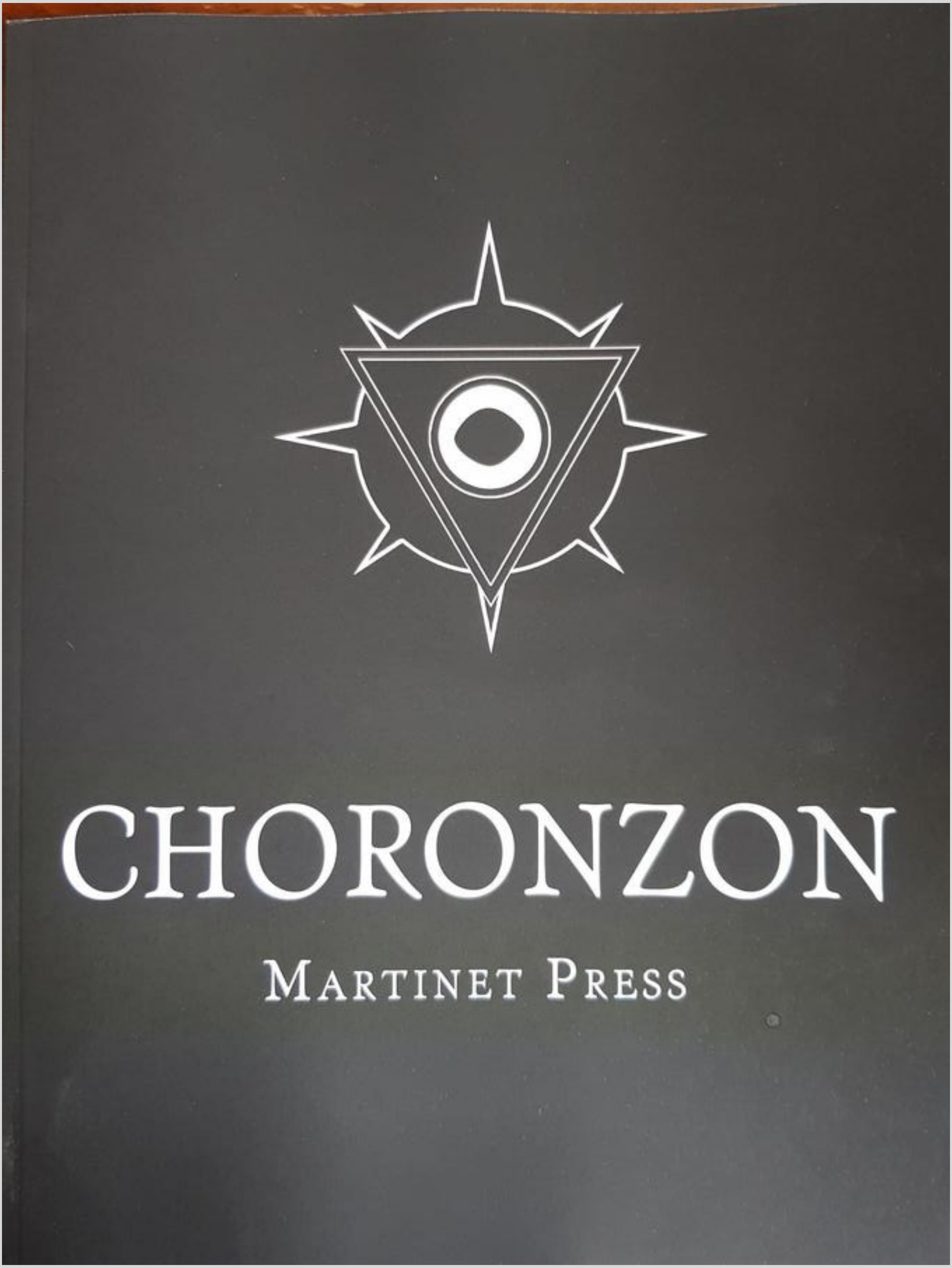

# CHORONZON

MARTINET PRESS

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VOLUME 1, EDITION 1

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VOLUME 1, EDITION 1
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COVER ART and ATU III (p.84) by JOEL HRAFNSSON

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# *EDITOR'S FOREWORD*

*"AT **MARTINET PRESS**, WE CONCERN OURSELVES WITH PUBLISHING TEXTS THAT REFLECT THE DARKNESS THAT IS ENDEMIC TO REAL ANTINOMIAN SPIRITUALITY. IN THIS WE ARE UNAPOLOGETIC, AND REMAIN COMMITTED TO MAKING AVAILABLE TEXTS THAT INSTRUCT, RATHER THAN ENTERTAIN."*

Shortly before launching Martinet Press, we asked ourselves whether the world needed yet another publishing house dedicated to Left Hand Path. After all, there are several commercial presses that have a fulltime owner/operator which produce very nice (if expensive) grimoires and talismans. Some of the presses have developed a very successful business model, and manage to find and promote aspiring occult authors. The publishers offer to publish the aspiring author's book and to locate an esoteric artist to design whatever summoning circles and sigils needed to bring the book "alive". The author makes a little cash, the artist gets a little more cash, the publisher makes a very tidy sum, and the readers obtain books that look and feel very nice after spending several hundred euros a copy.

Of course, no one wants to feel that they have paid hundreds of euros for "just a book", and so in the last decade the occult publishers began to use a different line of attack. You weren't paying hundreds of dollars for a book – you were buying an "awakened" text, a sacred talisman. The aspiring author would personally sign and sigilize your book, which was individually numbered so you knew you had a precious commodity. Some presses insisted that each book was "consecrated", and that by spending hundreds of euros, you were really buying a gateway to gnosis. Possession of the book was seen as a mark of authentic spirituality, and in fact, in order to enter some secret lodges or temples, you needed to have purchased one or more of their consecrated texts. Of course, this sounds marvelous, especially if you're the publisher who makes a living off the work of other authors.

Some people will wisely point out that even if the content of such books is mediocre, then surely the occult art and the personal blood-inked sigil of the author gives the book a certain status. The term "talisman" and "consecration" is used liberally, as though these books are indeed some kind of treasure. But this is equally foolish. Look, let us take a respected painter like Richard Moult. If Moult does an original painting, we will all agree that it is high quality, and we might pay a lot of money to own a Richard Moult original. Thousands, maybe more. We know that Moult incorporates sigils into his painting, and so we might even think of his work as having a sacred character, as a real talisman of some kind. If he signs the painting in blood, we will really treasure it, it would be truly priceless.

But, what would happen if Moult has replicas made of his original painting? Are the replicas worth as much? Maybe it depends, if he were to recreate the paintings *by his hand alone*, that would be something. But if a machine or even another artist makes the replicas, then they are clearly not the same value or esoteric potency of the original image. Even if the replicas are printed in the highest quality, and even then if the artist signs in his own blood, they will still only be replicas of a great work. Even if Moult performed a grand ritual to consecrate the painting, he knows – and the publisher knows too – that those are just replicas of a real treasure.

So this is why, with all respect, we appreciate the craftsmanship of the most occult grimoires, but we cannot endorse people paying hundreds of dollars for texts that are being sold as "talismanic" or "exalted" or "enriched", or whatever other language that a clever publisher uses as marketing. Period. End of story.

But to return to our original question, so why another occult press, and what could we possibly bring to the table? What would distinguish Martinet Press from the other LHP publishing houses?

Eventually, we decided on three things that would define our Press, **content, coherence,** and **clarity**.

First, we believe in providing high quality **Content** to our readers. We only print authentic content, and insist on publishing only those authors who represent a genuine spiritual tradition, rather than creative fiction. People buy books on the occult because they are genuinely searching for spiritual experiences, and they often lack direct access to a living tradition that can provide them with the kind of instruction that they need in order to feel like they are making progress. This problem is doubly hard for those few occultists who feel an instinctive pull towards the world's darker spiritual traditions. Equally problematic is that many of the few sorcerers and priests who have wisdom to share will simply not publish with a big business esoteric publisher, because they're not interested in making money, or lining a publisher's wallet with the knowledge of their ancient traditions. Martinet Press works to find those rare authors in antinomian traditions, and offers to connect them to their potential students through the production of printed manuscripts. Authors don't have to be great writers, but they do need to demonstrate knowledge of a real spiritual tradition. Too many modern books purport to represent an "ancient knowledge", but are simply a cut-and-paste of other traditions or books on the market. To be valuable, *content needs to be valid and transformative.* When our intake editors read a genuine manuscript, it possesses a real energy, a vibrancy that is apparent. If a manuscript reads well, but has no power, it is not for Martinet Press. We believe in promoting quality content, and only quality content. A quality book gives you a vision of the tradition, and some basic idea on how to begin to practice it, and how to connect with the living current.

Second, we believe in **Coherence**. Many spiritual teachers have excellent communication skills but have never written anything longer than a few pages. Martinet Press works with its authors to help visualize a book and give it structure. This means paying attention to the order of its content, the grammar, the spelling, the layout, and the overall language of the book. Not all of our manuscripts are submitted in English, and so translation may need to be arranged. For example, the *Devil's Quran* and *The Black Path* were translated from Arabic and French respectively, and so the Press takes care of such details in collaboration with the authors. Most of the texts need substantial editing, and this is not an easy process. We are working this year and next to expand our circle of artist allies, so that future editions have better illustration when it is called for in the manuscript.

Third, Martinet Press is very serious about **Clarity**. We are not interested in smoke and mirrors, "hidden" or "closed" orders, or anonymous and invisible authors with no public presence. Our authors (if living) are required to post their contact information in their works, and to make some effort at answering questions from readers. Equally important, we are largely a volunteer operation. Costs are kept at an absolute minimum, and neither the authors, the editors, or the artists receive anything more than a modest honorarium. The proceeds of the sales go back into buying review and contributor copies for authors and artists, for proofreading, and to cover what limited promotion the Press wishes to engage in. We do not sell talismans or ritual products called for in our books, as that is tantamount to profiteering. Last, we do not believe in giving false hopes to our readers – the occult is not a get-rich-quick scheme, and the overwhelming number of occultists are seeking escapism. Spiritual evolution is hard, and dark spiritual evolution is very dangerous. Most "Satanists" are really more akin to gothic neopagans: they just want a spiritual path that requires absolutely no spiritual discipline or sacrifice, and spend a lot of time trying to convince people that they're really dark and scary. Real Satanists (if you ever meet one) are really terrifying people, whose spiritual disciplines have so warped their humanity that they genuinely need to work hard to blend in. There is a great difference, yet many people will easily confuse the two. We seek to bring Clarity to our readership, and help to distinguish the true from the false (if not the good from the bad). One of the things we have realized is that there are many sinister artists and authors, who represent a spiritual tradition that we want to support, but may not be in a position to publish an entire book. The *Choronzon* journal is intended to showcase those individuals and traditions, and is our way of supporting the work that they're doing. We believe absolutely and unreservedly in the exaltation of Darkness, but we also know that the dark gods take different forms and speak with different voices to many initiates. We believe that the work under this cover is indicative of the diversity of genuine occult tradition, be it through the artist's brush or the author's pen.

We hope you enjoy this edition of *Choronzon*. There is a great store of esoteric talent and information contained in these pages, and we are genuinely proud to have such a range of collaborators and contributors. Looking forward to hearing your own feedback, if you have a mind to share.

- **The Editorial Team at Martinet Press**

# STACK THE BODIES TO GOD

## CZAR AZAG-KALA, TEMPEL OV BLOOD

As the sun slowly began to set across the autumnal fields, the few large oaks setting close to the small dwelling blocked the last vestiges of the orange light so that the shadows darkened in the little room as Gwydion sat naked, cross-legged, upon his bed. The black comforter beneath him was old, weathered and encrusted with filth, having never been washed during the more than a decade since it had been in his possession. The sheets beneath it were in an even more dire condition, nearly dry-rotted, but with their dirt carefully brushed away - at least in part - each night before sleep.

That said, however, more often than not sleep came not during the night but during the day - Gwydion's existence having become mostly nocturnal during these last three to four years except in those necessary times when he had to conduct some small business during daylight hours to keep himself afloat according to passable operative standards, body and mind together and with a functional, if utilitarian, infrastructure. His many, many years of highly subversive activities up to and including fallback from the same - sometimes catastrophic in nature - had engendered in him use of his own wiles to maintain his own survival via somewhat creative means - quite austere though it would seem from the lens of the bourgeoisie - but which facilitated minimal contact with the outside world whilst maintaining maximum aggression and functionality as a command center for his far-flung hive.

A painful howl ripped its way through the erstwhile twilight silence and a disturbing grin spread across Gwydion's face. The dogs there in the old farms surrounding his squalid residence at this time, like clockwork, would begin to ascertain on a subtle level those many horrific shades which would begin to rise up from various clandestine shrines and points of inter dimensional compromise during that juncture when the veil between the gross and subtle worlds became thin.

By the time the country was ensconced in proper dark, every dog for a quarter mile circumference would be howling blood lust and frothing at the mouth, their old-timer Christian owners never quite getting used to what had gotten into them despite the fact that the scenario repeated itself night after agonizing night.

In time the sounds would be drowned out by the myriad of night birds, the insects and, during the rains of summer, the frogs - but these later would join in cacophony not by dint of threat, as did the domestic beasts and their decidedly puerile domestic owners, but rather as a herald of nocturnal welcome amidst brethren, for they too lived in, and for, the night energies and all that such entailed and often, demanded.

Gwydion sat upon the bed, naked, and watched as the dwindling orange-hued light began to descend into the fullness of night. As that light receded, another light began to glow slowly but steadily from the tetrahedron which sat upon a plinth in front of him in a bluish hue, illuminating a large image tacked to the wall above, its edges frayed with age and use - having been carried with him, along with the tetrahedron, from staging area to staging area over the many years.

Gwydion smiled, with unabashed sinister exultation, as he considered those bastard, baying dogs without and those horrific shades which drew themselves up, night after night, from the damp, sour earth surrounding his inflexion. For each one of them, he knew - in each spot - a deed of darkness done, an act of evil performed. Not simply in a ritual manner, nay, for Gwydion knew - as did his followers - that it was only hardcore evil, evil in the real-world - with real victims and the potential real consequences for those so enacting which drew forth the Dark Forces from beyond the Abyss.

As he ruminated upon these matters and the veritable web that surrounded his residence - the core lair from which extended other lairs like it, amidst their principalities and other geographic divisions the tradition of so ordering which he had carried down from his own initiation into the underground cultus of black vampirism (the nomenclature of *black* denoting a completely amoral posture) - he noticed that the bluish light from the tetrahedron began to emit a fractured light - a disturbance, a sign - a warning.

In concert he heard the sound of a slight mechanical buzzing from the corner of the room and - stretching himself up and out of the bed - proceeding to where a cellular phone, long out-of-date according to most standards and a burner to boot - assigned to another person, in another state and purchased from the barred window of a grimy five-and-dime in a metropolitan area - sounded its banal alarm.

Ah, a simple message relayed via small twinkling text - coded - but comprehensible for those in the know, in this case, him only. An operation by one of the nastier elements amidst his coterie was underway - and - as somewhere hundreds of miles away but within the continent of his residence an innocent began to orient themselves to innocence lost, a new life - or, perhaps - a living death, amidst those who designated themselves as inhabiting a state of undeath - so did the nocturnal creatures outside in the black country night begin to roar, so did the tetrahedron beneath the banner of that bane of all children and piety begin to pulsate with its horrific, bluish light - ever-fractured, ever seeking that greater harvest.

# *GNOSIS OF THE DEVIL*

## FRATER KAFYRFOS

### DEVIL

Fundamentally Diabolic Gnosticism is comprised of Diabolism and Gnosticism. Gnosticism denotes a particular way of knowing, coming to know, and a path of knowledge. Diabolism in its crudest form pertains to the Devil, diabolic idolatry and devil worship. Diabolic Gnosticism thus explicitly means a way of knowing, coming to know, or knowledge of, the Devil. Diabolic Gnosticism is based on the concept of the Gnosis of the Devil, an occult or hidden knowledge attained by coming to know the Will of the Devil, and overcoming it, and also a certain way of being to come to know. The Will of the Devil is recognised by means of Devil Worship, rituals and individually targeted trials and ordeals that focus on challenging an individual physically, psychologically, spiritually and morally. One of the initial spiritual missions of Diabolic Gnosticism is to accept the Flesh, bound by the Black Sun, devoted unto the Devil (and the bestial, subhuman parts of us), but also achieve spiritual liberation within, upon and beyond this world. The Devil is a dark emanation of the Earth, and it is worldly. It is misanthropic and largely driven by the Will to Hate (or Loathe over Will). One becomes an open vessel poised to empathetically convey the Aphotic essence of the Devil and its sinister nature, as an unbeliever reconciles itself with the utility of holding and overcoming certain Diabolical beliefs.

### BLACK SUN

The Black Sun is a powerful symbol of the potential within one's Blood. One manifestation of it holds within it the Sig Rune, the Trisigil and the Swastika. It is as the alchemical Nigra Sol and the Shadow of and over the undifferentiated Blood. By the Black Light of the Black Sun those who are endowed with the hidden divinity of the Blood are guided and urged to cleanse their impure Blood. It is by striving under the Black Sun that one becomes known and comes to know in proportion to their striving efforts. Thus the Black Sun represents Twelve Victories that are unique to each individual, yet must be achieved.

### BLOOD

Pure Blood worship is part of Diabolic Gnostic Devil worship. The Devil is initially viewed and perceived as burning, being and existing within our Blood. We offer the impure elements of our blessed Blood and the impure Blood of our enemies unto the Devil. According to Diabolic Gnosticism the Will is deep within our Blood (or the Blood of the elect), as the Blood contains within it a portion of the Great External Chaos (also called Entropy) which is imbued with Acausality and Synchronicity. The Blood also contains within it the seeds of our biological imperatives, the psychological Shadow, our racial memory, our evolution and the paradox of causality contra acausality. It is through the Blood that we come to perceive (spiritually), as it is in the Blood that our potential lies –be it biological potential, spiritual potential, or portions of Chaos and Void. The rituals and ordeals of Diabolic Gnosticism are aimed at hearing the inner Will, and challenging Belief in all of its forms, to cleanse the Blood of Perception.

### SATAN

The Satanic element of Diabolic Gnosticism revolves around the idea of Satan as the active element of antibelief, that which actively seeks values, morals and beliefs and opposes, challenges or destroys them. Satan is the Devil Worshipper purged of Belief, and the holocaustic Fires of the Swastika that cleanses the impurities of the Blood. Satan and the Swastika move to and fro about the Earth in a continual conflagration of fiery overcoming and progressive evolution. Satan is the existential being becoming and the philosophical wanderer that tempers the utter hatred and malevolence of the undifferentiated belief driven Devil.

### CHAOS

In place of the more commonly known Gnostic cosmology, Diabolic Gnosticism features a Noncosmology whereby all things are possible because of the overarching principle of the Great External Chaos. The Great External Chaos, or Chaos generally, had within it the potential to form the Cosmos and Universe from the Noncosmic. All things are emanated from Chaos because it was possible for them to be. That which is impossible does not come into being or existence. We cannot contemplate that which is impossible, because we view thoughts, dreams and fantasies as possible variations and emanations of Chaos. As such Chaos is knowable in part but unknowable in its totality. The Gnosticism of Diabolism recognises the Great External Chaos above and the portion of that same Chaos within each individual. Not all humans are viewed to be blessed with inner Chaos, as some have had their internal Chaotic flames doused with dirt, and void fills their souls. With this understanding all things become possible to those who do not believe.

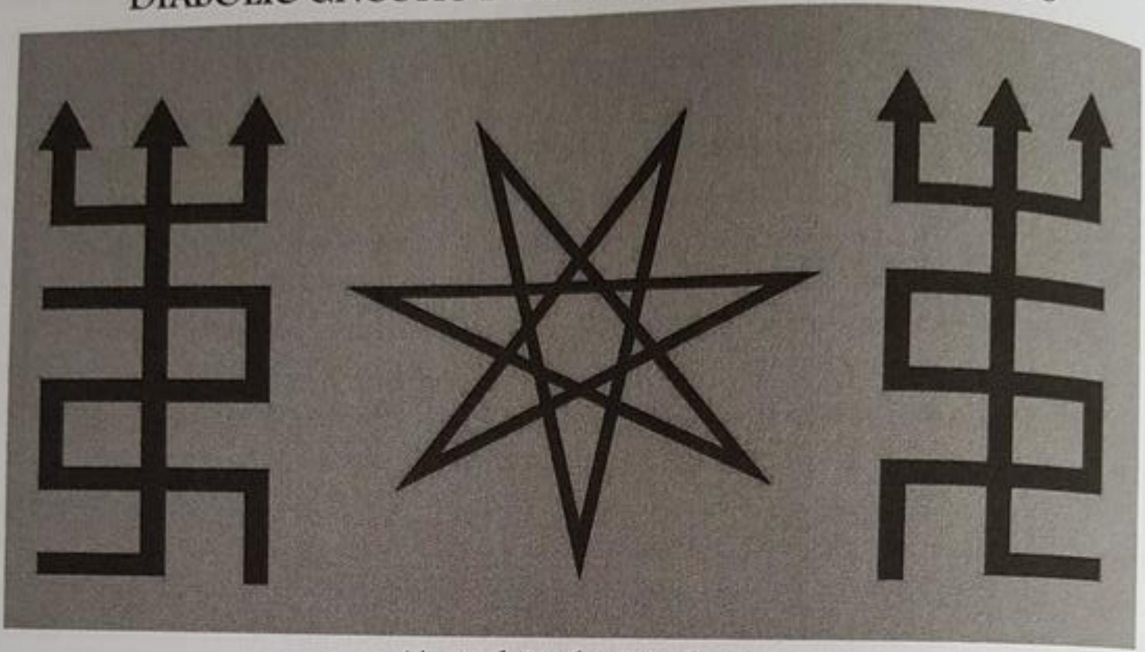
### UNBELIEF

Technically speaking, the Great External Chaos is a sychro-a/gnostic concept, meaning we neither believe nor do not believe in it absolutely. Instead we actively unbelieve in the Great External Chaos. Despite the unbelief in the Great External Chaos beyond all else, we accept it agnostically because of its pervading Synchronicity and the fundamental weaknesses inherent in the psychology of being human, such as our Will to Believe. The unbelief in Chaos is essentially a paradox. Diabolic Gnostics view the Great External Chaos as being and nonbeing, all things and nothing at once (and at no time). We aim to reconcile ourselves with this major source of potential energy to draw upon it and utilise it as per the Devil's Will, or be torn apart by it, as is the wont of Chaos.

### BECOMING DIABOLIC GNOSTIC

Experience has shown us that our all-too-human needs have to be met before we can effectively harness this omnipotent chaotic energy.  We have structured programs that develop discipline and self-awareness through physical, cognitive and psychological challenges. We focus on studying the three key domains of Psychology, Philosophy and Spirituality. We engage in strenuous trials that test our Will to Power, to achieve distant and difficult goals. As such our foundations become unbreakably strong and we can approach the Chaos A/Gnosis and the Diabolic Gnosis thereof with an understanding of deep and profound intention. The Path of the Devil is definitely not for everyone. An individual may be associated with Diabolic Gnosticism by engaging with our works and practices, or by identifying as a Diabolic Gnostic. There is no need to be an initiated member of Ecclesia Diabolica Gnostica (EDG) or the Order of Havayoth to be Diabolic Gnostic, and other orders may regard themselves as being Diabolic Gnostic. The key idea of the 'Order of Havayoth' is to 'Obey the Infernal Will of the Devil'. Let it be known! We rigorously screen potential members to EDG through psychological and physical testing for a minimum of 7 months before an application for Aphotic initiation is considered.

# DIABOLIC GNOSTIC RITE OF SELF INITIATION: APHOS



(Astral Seal of Aphos)

**Requirements:**

- Seven candles
- Ritual knife
- Anointing oil
- Incense
- Censer
- Black Candle
- Seven stones (optional)
- Astral Seal of Aphos painted on cloth or canvas

**Location:**

The Diabolic Gnosis Rite of Self Initiation: Aphos should be completed on a New Moon, outdoors in a secluded place on a cliff or beach facing tumultuous seas, on a mountain top, in a cave or cavern, in an old cemetery, an abandoned building (church, bunker, asylum etc.) or by a river, a lake, crossroads or an abandoned mine. The location has to exude energy or have special meaning to the potential initiate.

## EXECUTION:

### Preparation:

Place seven anointed candles in a circular shape to mark out a ritual space. These represent the Seven Points of Phosphorosophia and the Septagram, and they link the physical space to internal and external space. Each candle should be inscribed with the Seven Points of Phosophorosophia (Will, Creativity, Self, Strength, Usurpation, Unbelief, Wisdom). Depending on the location of the Rite of Initiation seven stones can also be placed around the ritual space with the candles positioned on top of them. As each candle is lit say 'Lucifer Illuminatio Mea!' and visualise a Sig Rune in the flame.

The ritual space can also be surrounded by branches of wormwood (or similar plants).

Set up a small altar on the ground using the Astral Seal of Aphos as the altar. A lone Black candle can be used to weight down the seal. Place the ritual knife to the right of the altar and the censer to the left.

Light incense (top up incense throughout the rite as required/desired).

### Rite Proper:

**Complete a HVHY Banishing Ritual**

1. With your left arm stretched towards the centre of your ritual space and your right arm stretched outwards, walk widdershins around the ritual space, dragging up the energy with your right hand and chanting 'He Vau He Yod' during each rotation of the space. Your arms and body should form a Fyrfos as you move. Complete this seven times. Finish by standing and facing the Astral Seal of Aphos.

**Complete a chakral meditation.**

2. Place both hands over your Base (Will) chakral and seven times vibrate:

'Ur'

3. Then once exclaim:

*"Via Diabolic Gnosis we come to know the true Will of the Devil, HVHY."*

4. Place both hands over your Sacral (Individuality) chakra and seven times vibrate:

*'Oh'*

5. Then once exclaim:

*"As Life Blood and Fire I am come of the Devil."*

6. Place both hands over your Solar Plexus (Strength) chakra and seven times vibrate:

*'Oo'*

7. Then once exclaim:

*"As Sun Fire in the Blood I blaze with Strength."*

8. Place both hands over your Heart (Usurpation) chakra and seven times vibrate:

*'Ah'*

9. Then once exclaim:

*"I cast the Blood unto the Fire and douse the Fire with Blood."*

10. Place both hands over your Throat (Creativity) chakra and seven times vibrate:

*'Ay'*

11. Then once exclaim:

*"I destroy and from utter destruction I create my own reality."*

12. Place both hands over your Brow (Unbelief) chakra and seven times vibrate:

*'Ey'*

13. Then once exclaim:

*"Void of belief I perceive things as they are."*

14. Place both hands over your Crown (Wisdom) chakra and seven times vibrate:

*'Ei'*

15. Then once exclaim:

*"Actively I come to know that which is unknown and knowable."*

### Contemplation of the Astral Seal of Aphos

16. Once the chakral chant is complete sit in the cross legged meditative pose in front the Astral Seal of Aphos, with both hands turned upwards. Then exclaim:

*'From the false light of the cursed Demiurge I am come unto the Way of Phosphorosophia. As Aphos void of Sof I am come. By the Seven Fires that enlighten this place I seek to find Phos and Sophia within, on and beyond this world.'*

### The Sig Rune Anointing

17. Draw a Sig Rune on your brow with the anointing oil saying 'Hail Sig'. Smell the oil and feel it on your brow. Feel your Third Eye opening up.

### Extinguishing Light of Sof

18. Move to each candle and sit or kneel in front of it. Focus on the light for a few moments, contemplate each of the Seven Points of Phosphorosophia (say them under your breath like a mantra if so desired), and then blow out each candle keeping the idea in your mind as the flame is extinguished. Perceive the increasing darkness as each candle is blown out, but feel the link between the energies of all of the candle points.

### The Aphos Dedication

19. Return to the sitting stance in front of the Astral Seal of Aphos. Raise your arms up in the Sign of Apophis/Typhon and exclaim,

> *'As Aphos void of Sof I am come. I am come as a vessel filled with darkness, enthusiasm and potential seeking to fill myself with Diabolic Gnosis. It is my Will to dedicate my body, soul and mind unto the Path of the Devil. I offer my dedication, devotion and passion to Diabolic Gnosticism.'*

### The Aphos Blood Offering

20. With your right hand pickup the ritual knife and cut your left hand. Use the blood to draw a V under the Septagram on the Astral Seal of Aphos, and an X over the Septagram. Contemplate the meaning of the X as Blood being carried by the V as a chalice.

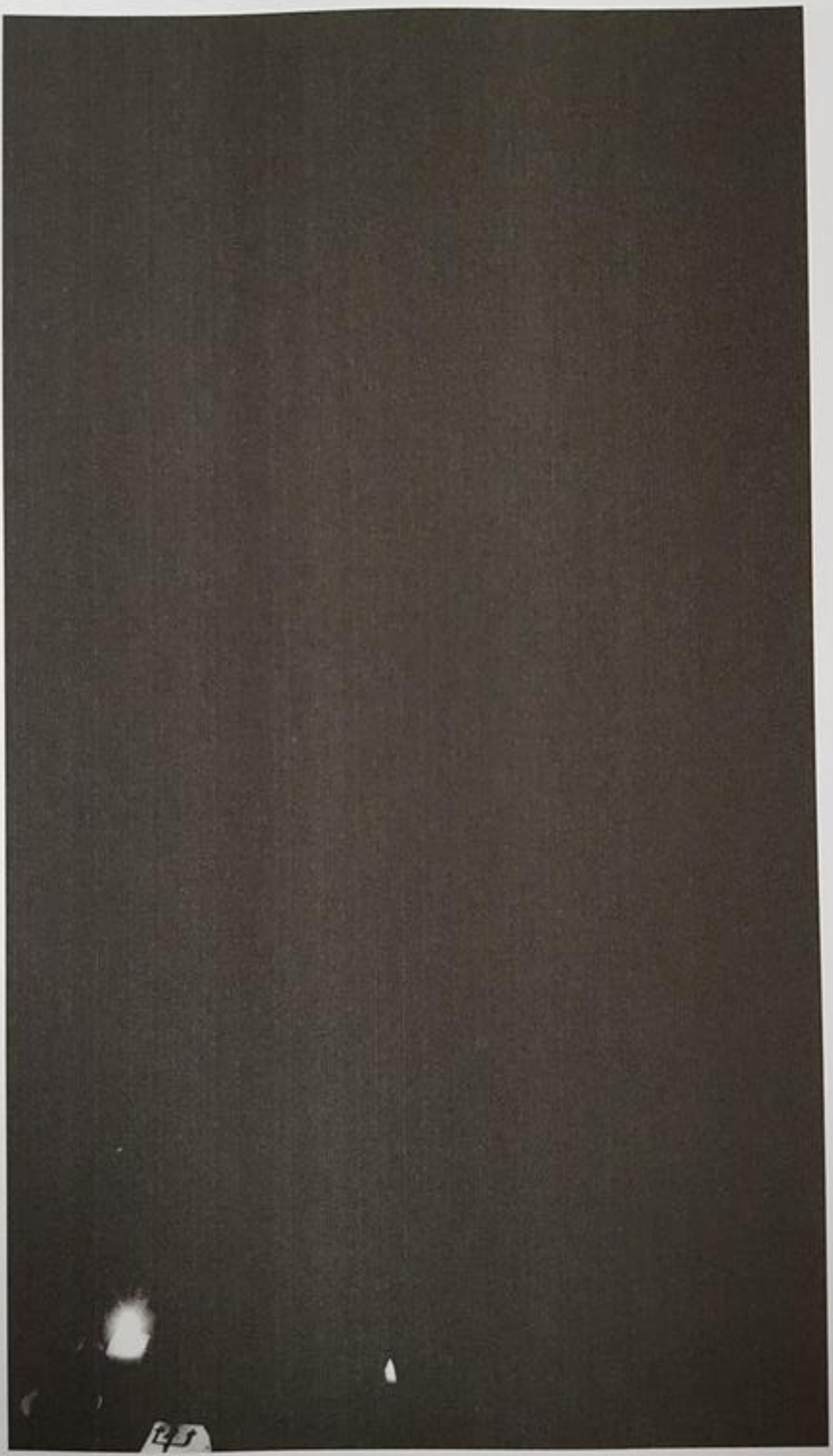
Slowly chant '*Aphos*' (Ay-Fos) seven times.

### Aphotic Meditation

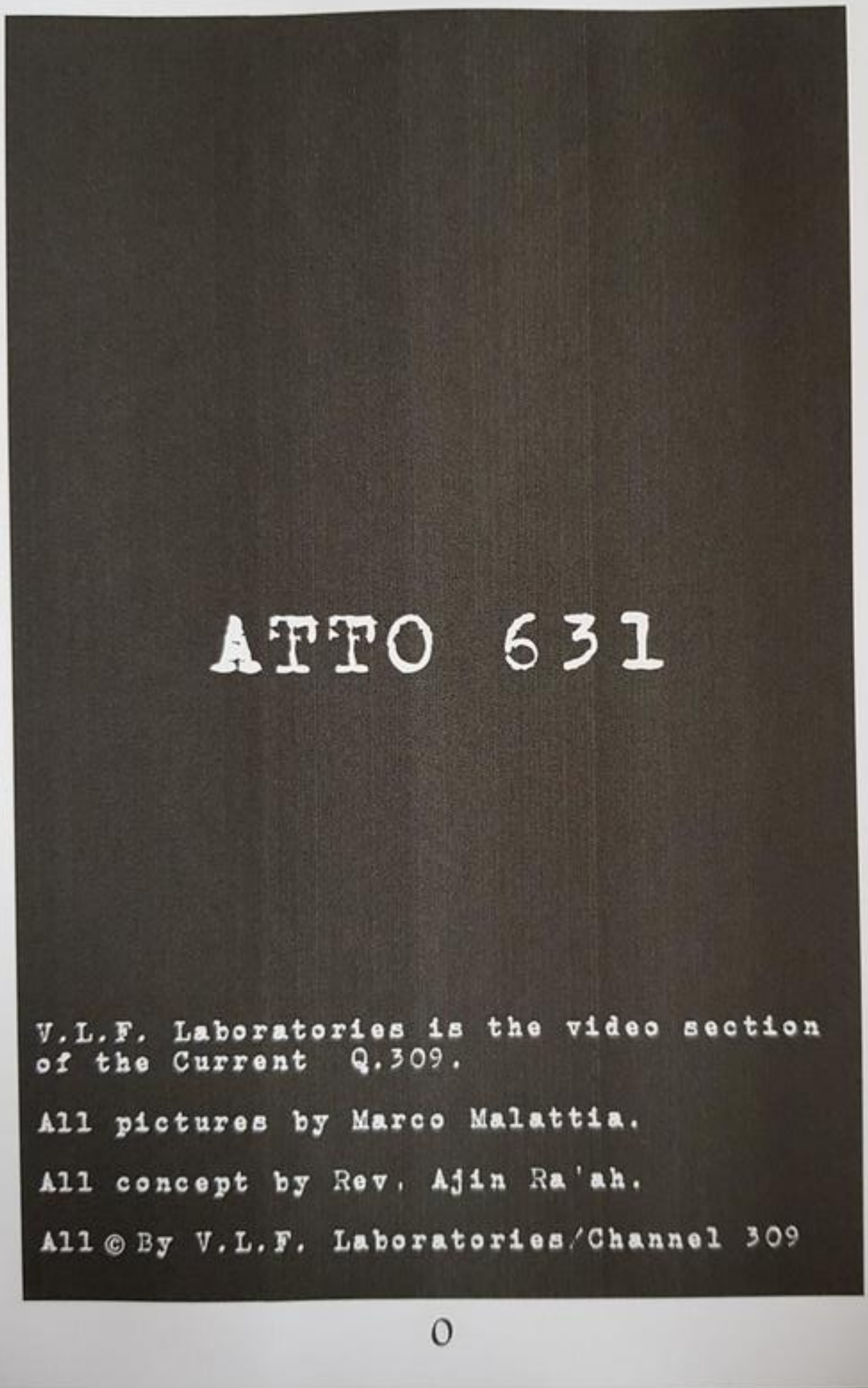
21. Blow out the Black Candle, burn all of the remaining incense and meditate in the dark, focusing on the smells, sounds and images that you see to conclude the initiation.

### Successful Initiation into the Ecclesia Diabolica Gnostica

Before conducting this rite it is best advised to contact the Ecclesia Diabolica Gnostica (EDG) (ecclesiadiabolicgnostica@gmail.com) to make us aware of your intentions. Self-initiation shows empathy with our Way, the Path of the Devil and Diabolic Gnosticism generally. To be considered for initiation into EDG a candidate will have to complete the Rite of Self Initiation: Aphos over 7 successive New Moons, and become physically prepared to complete the Marsttarial trial. On the day/night of assessment by one or more of our members, the candidate will have to organise, host and conduct an eighth Rite of Initiation: Aphos in the presence of the EDG representative/s as well as the Oath of Secrecy and the Marsttarial trial.



# VLF LABORATORIES



# ATTO 631

V.L.F. Laboratories is the video section of the Current Q.309.

All pictures by Marco Malattia.

All concept by Rev. Ajin Ra'ah.

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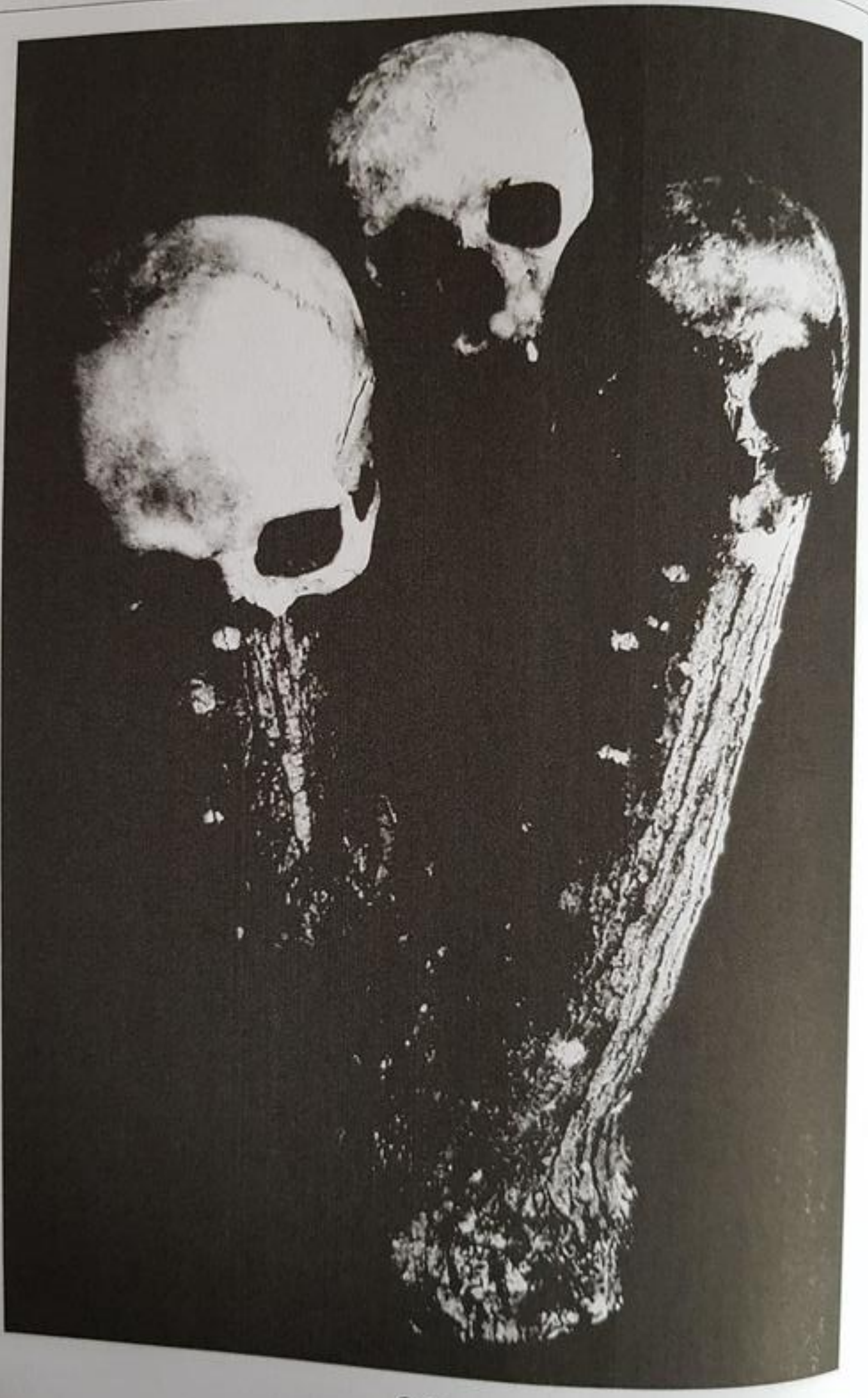

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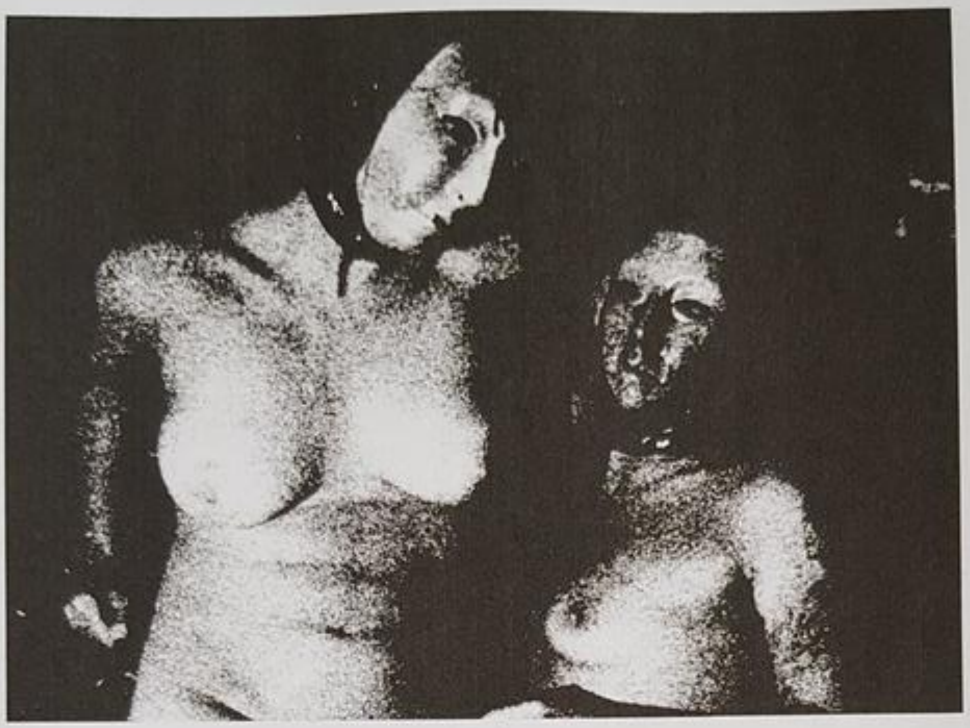

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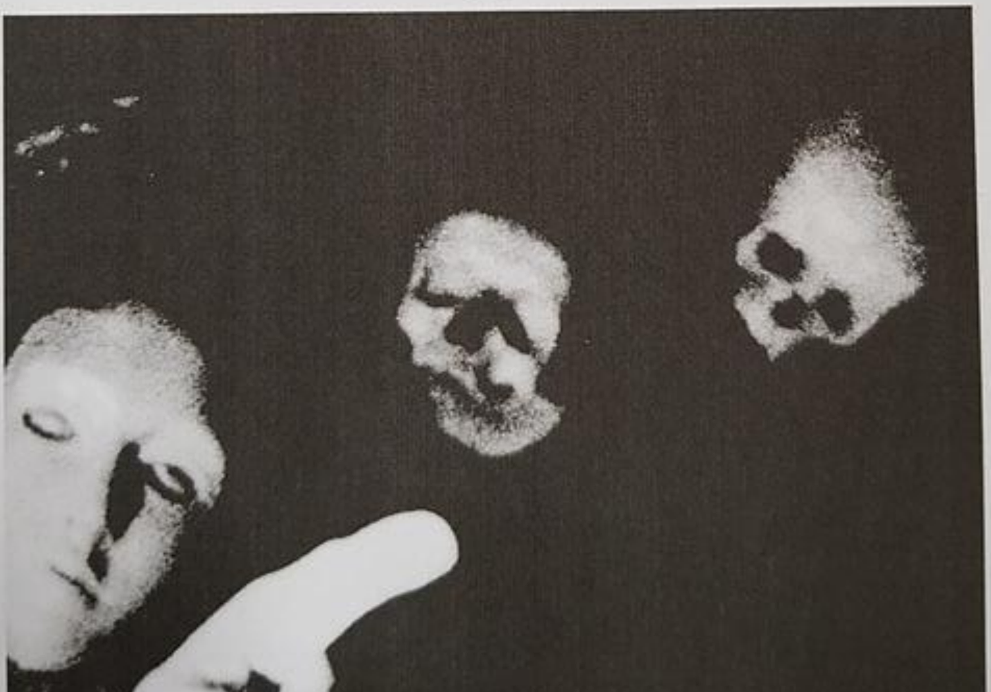

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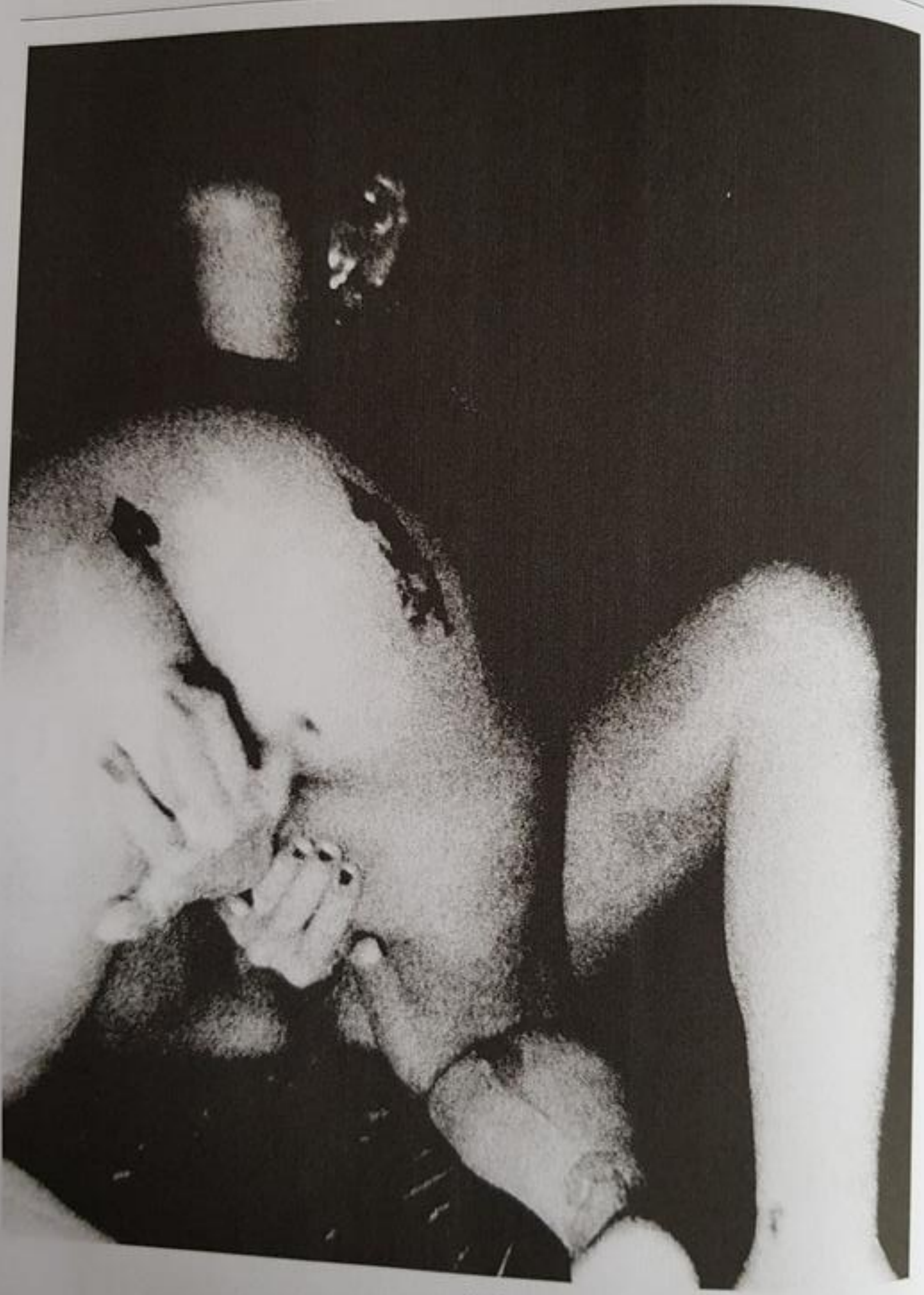

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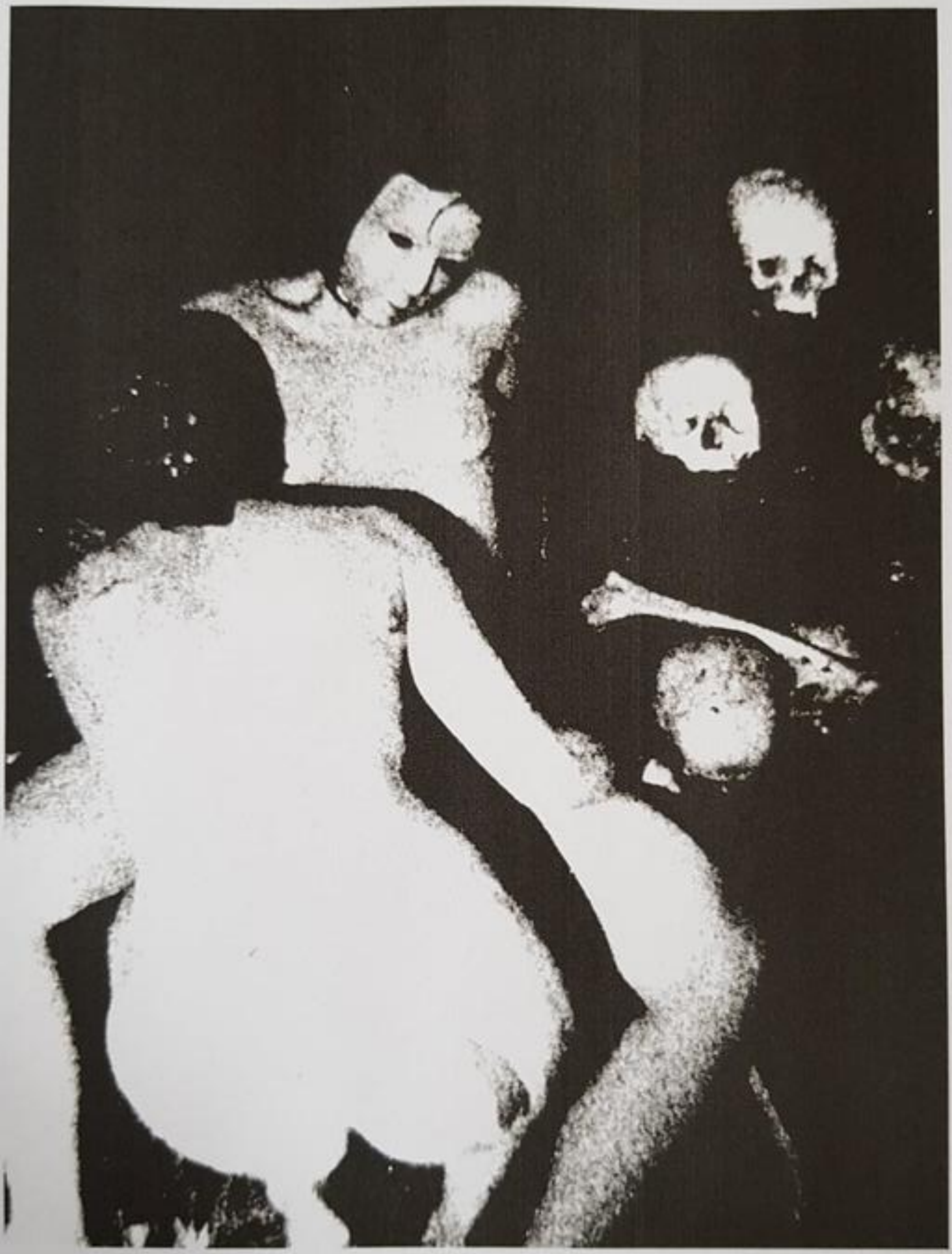

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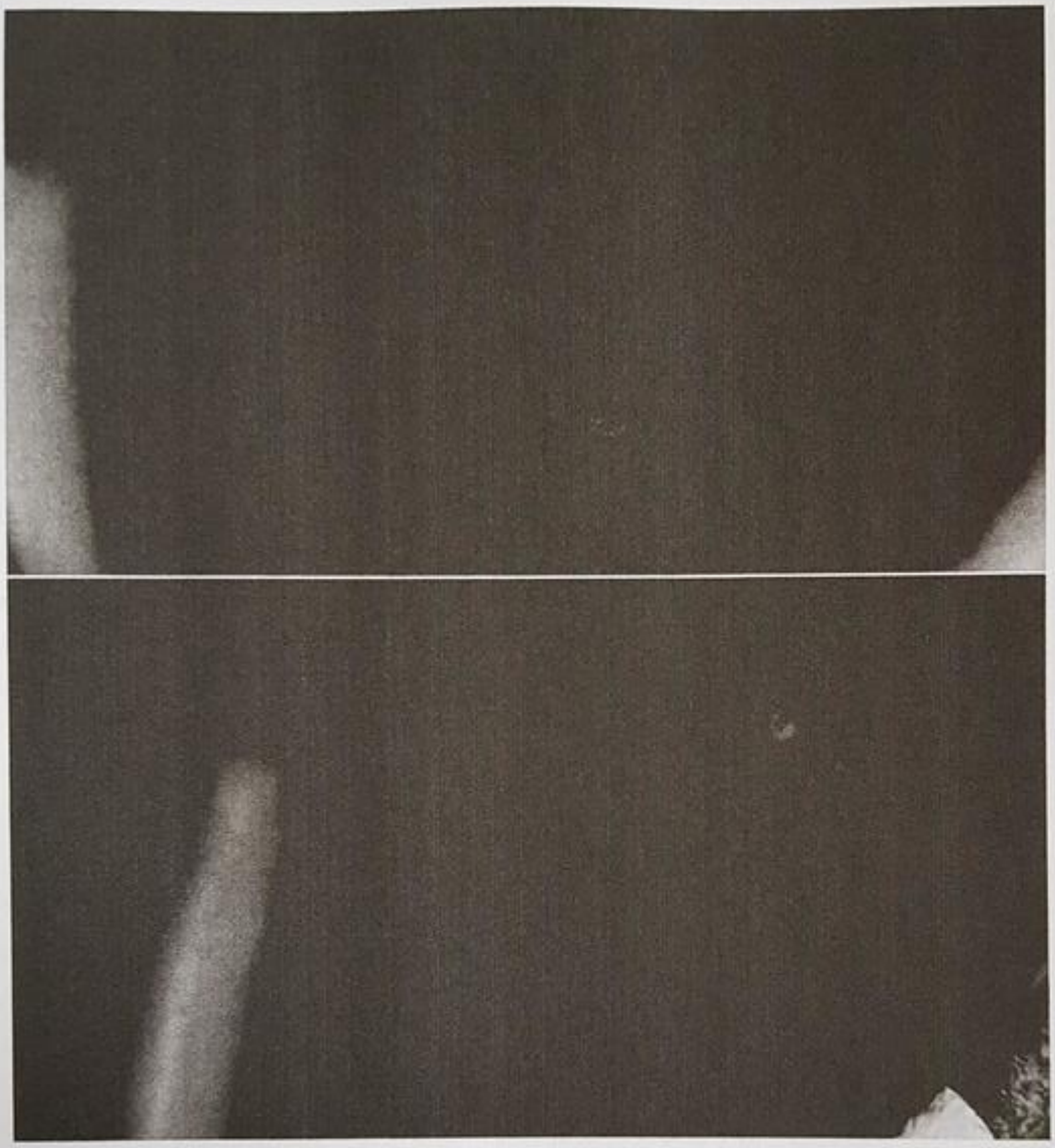

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acausal porn broadcasting

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07

# *VERBUM I – A STATEMENT FROM THE ORDER OF MIZBACH.*

### JOHN HOPE

I was asked if I would offer a brief and preliminary summary of the recently incepted Thelemic Vamachara British LHP order currently known as the O.M. or the Order of Mizbach, a dynamically organised, encapsidated Outer formation for a long, pre-existing hereditary lineage originating from Dorset. The cell itself is now currently based in the New Forest and Bournemouth areas of Dorset and operates jointly between Ireland and the South West counties of England.

I will do my best here to describe our fundamental philosophy, without going too much into the ritual praxes of the group. With the Law of Thelema we cultivate a combined practice of spiritually transmitted ritual, and hereditary lore.

The Arkay Agam Mageia comes from the Hebrew for the *First Lake of Magic.* This is used to describe in a way our psychical and ancient lineage.

The lineage has now been consolidated and set firm as our current LHP Order. We have expressed in previous notes that the group is a physically and spiritually active and dynamic one in its nature. We strongly oppose the lazy occultist, or fair-weather magician.

To express and generate our fraternal inculcation we are heavily eclectic and utilise (often very obscure) praxis from many different cultures and ancient systems, in most cases these are all branching from the same source of occult truth and magick. It may be best to analyse and look into folk lore and customs from the oldest sources possible, that way we have less pollution and a better fix on the truthful gnosis of each magickal system, less tainted by modern re-interpretations.

The Order independently follows the 93 Current in all of its creative dynamism and does not attempt to influence fellow member with anything to do with the personal perceptions of what Thelema means to the individual. By their very nature some Outer Orders or groups follow in an almost orthodox fashion what has gone before, and never stray far from the tracks. This is one of the principle reasons why we use the Greek term *Katharosian* (purged, clean or pure) to describe the particular means and nature of our approach to Thelemic practise. Real Magic(k) and Thelema in our opinion are dynamic and forever changing modes of our

Sabbatic-gnostic practice. Our familial-hereditary and spiritual authority involves the ultra-cultural memes of true Traditional Witchcraft. The Kashaph, or Kohen Jadu are our initiated witches, the first degree of only two graded states of being within the Cell, and they operate on their own magickal terms and intuition.

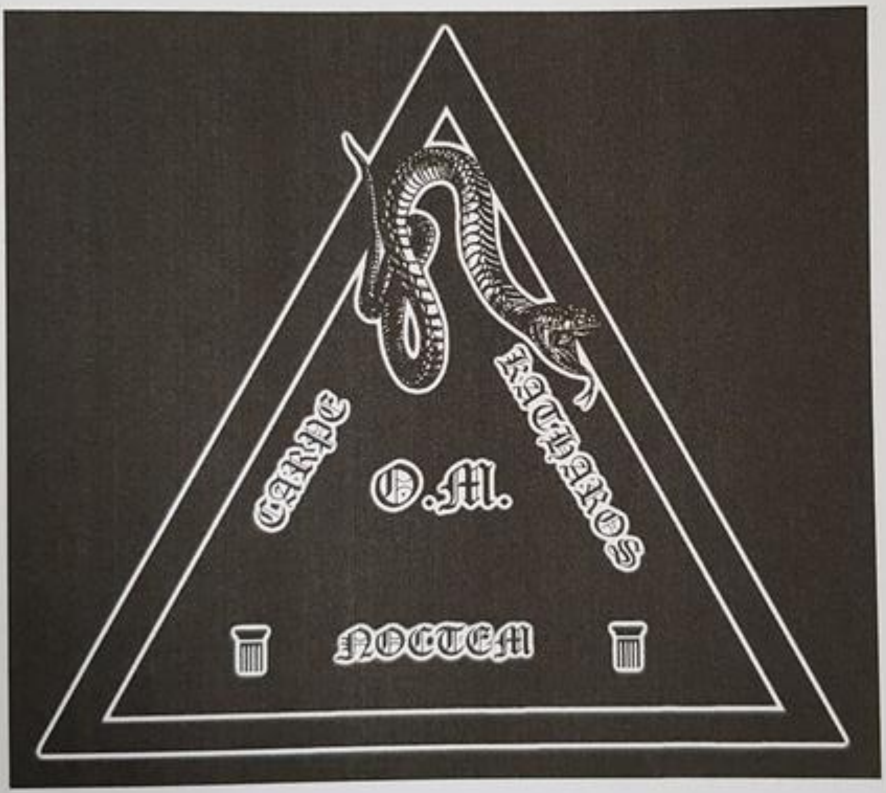
The Order does not involve itself with the giving of its member's doctrines, interpretations or group ritual. Each initiate follows his or her own Thelemic path and personally divined ritual practice. One of the major differences between us and the various other Thelemic groups in operation is that membership is only activated by a spiritual entity over a designated period of 49 days. The profound nature of his membership process naturally serves as an occult filter. Through the very nature of the self are we given a method to separate the magickal wheat from the chaff. This should not be seen as elitism, on the contrary… The aspirant is self-initiated during the 49 day probation, and then if they are ready, there will occur an explicit, direct manifestation. During this episode the individual will be sealed within the circle of the Mizbe'ah as a consecration of their I°. The entire process is obviously not to be taken lightly. As we work with real spiritual entities dangers will present themselves if the correct protective pre-cautions are not taken, and remember that a spiritual poisoning from one foolhardy contact can result in lasting damages both spiritually and mentally.

As a group we recognize the importance of utilizing the Fourth Power of the Sphinx (Hoor-paar-Kraat), and we have a peculiar practice called Spekan Silentium (the sacred dumah), or the art of Speaking in Silence, the application and subsequent realisation of which leads us to (amongst other things) the cultivation of powerful creative psychic energies.

This is a key step to the inner katharos of the O.M. and involves the contemplation of the Word's binary power of manifestation (similarly we have 2 hands, 2 eyes, etc.). We may see this through Chokhmah and the 7-1 antecedent aspect in Ajna.

We welcome members from all magickal & spiritual paths. Initiation into the O.M. can of course occur when the individual is already a member of another order; dual membership does in no way affect the process of personal activation within this Cell. This process of the giving of spiritual authority, or 'activation' mentioned earlier is what is known as the Unum Adapertiol, or the rite of the ONE OPENING, and is in itself the binding inner Cingulum and outer grounding of our members. To clarify further, the Order occupies itself with an independently transmitted modus of

(Traditional) witchcraft, symbiotically nurtured with the Law of Thelema. This is the real *Virtus of the Mageia.* Those with a genuine interest in the activity of our group are here welcomed to contact the Magister for more information by emailing the editor, who will provide relevant contact details.



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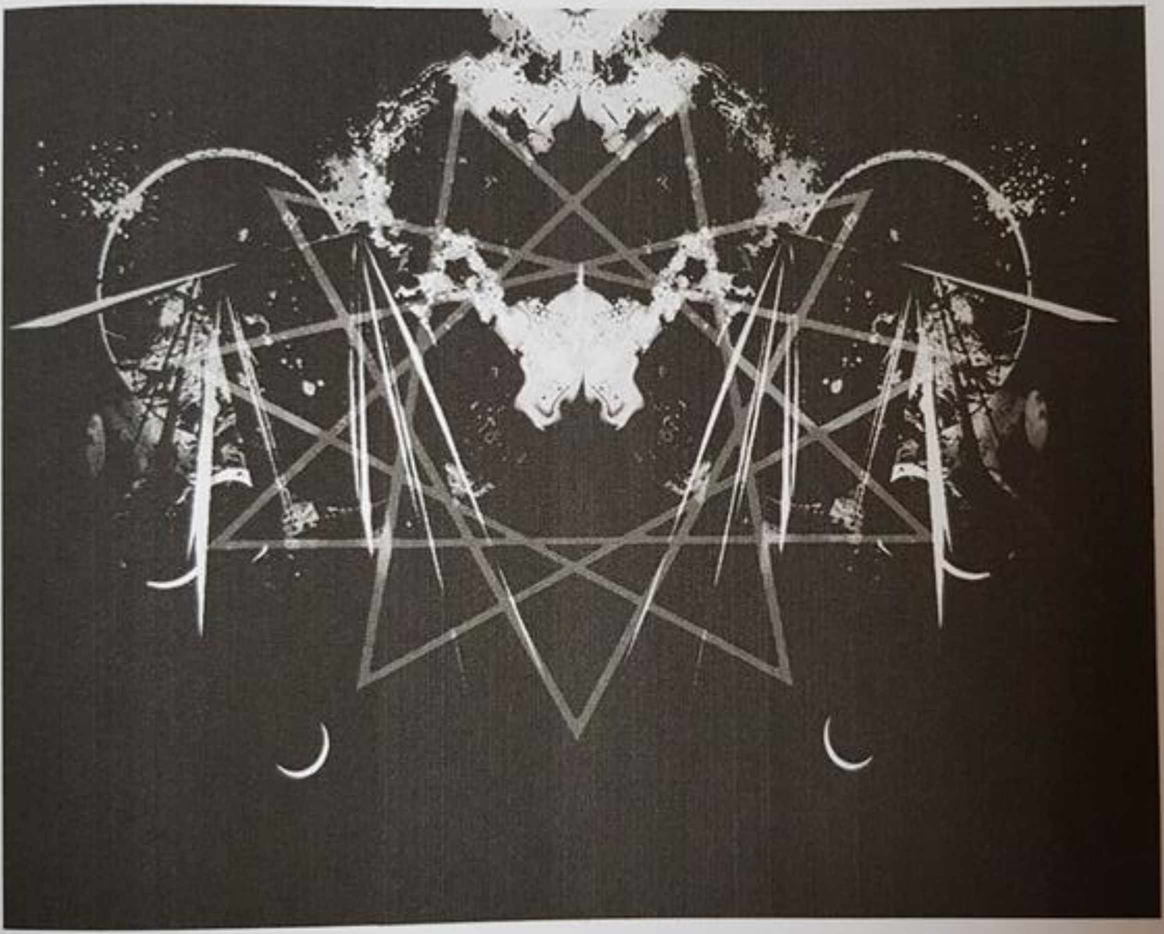

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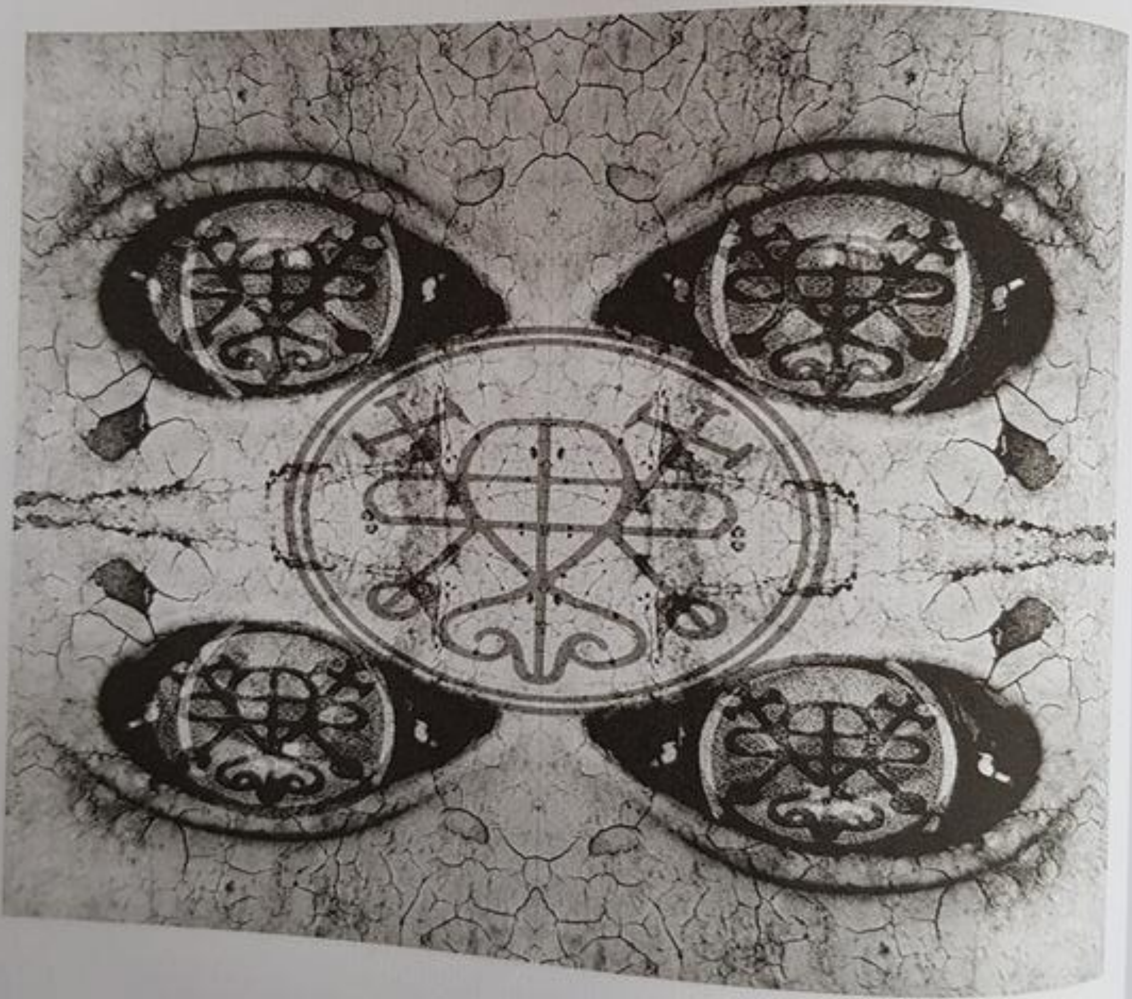

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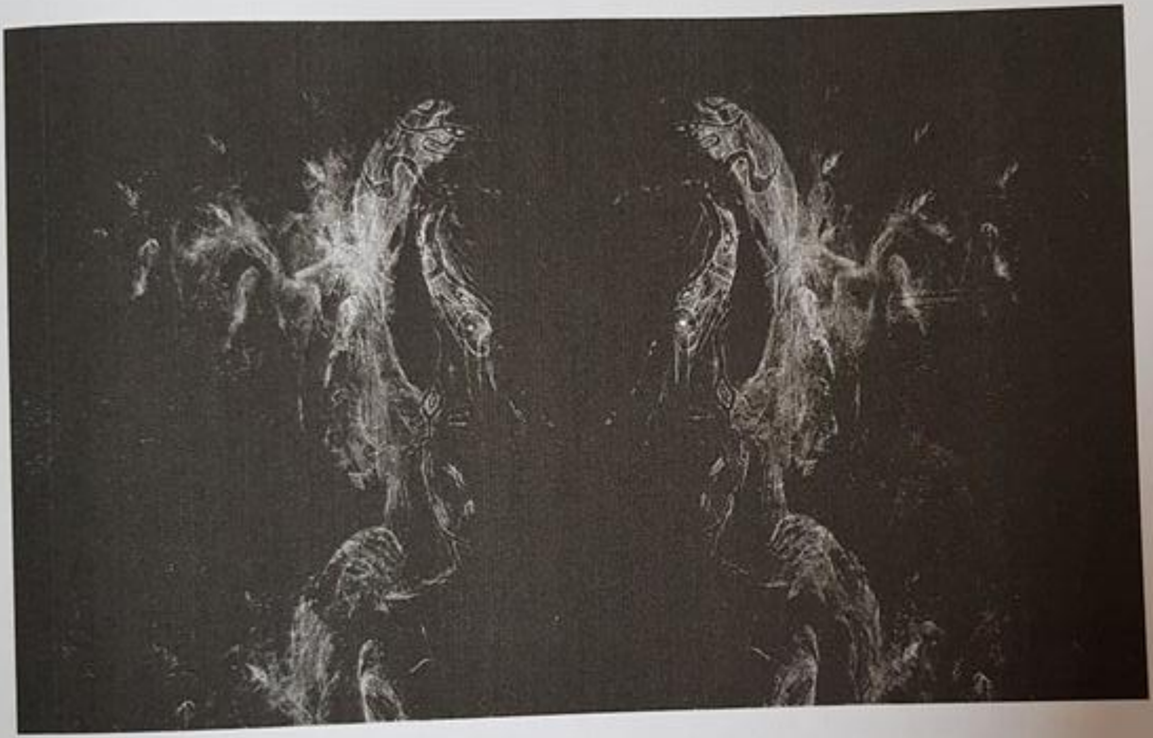

# GUARDIAN OV THE SEVENTH TEMPLE

# *LERA'S TORMENT*

Aubrey Wood Basnight

**PROLOGUE**

Amme stood before him sheathed from head to toe in a vinyl suit of sable hue - the sadistic black glistening amidst the low-glowing orbs surrounding the fell cavernous chamber and accentuated by the strikes of lightning from beyond the gaping windows allowing passage for the nocturnal darkness inside the walls of the keep. No panes nor grills covered the opening and only a foot-deep indention into the masonry stone separated the inside of the tower from the yawning several-thousand foot drop onto the treacherous precipice, which served as the stony boundary for the lands below and beneath.

Never did he consider that his self-inflicted torment would lead him into this situation - only in the most vivid fantasies and unrequited nightmares. For years he had contemplated the merciless visage of that goddess - collecting in every form and medium those forms and mediums, which showed her likeness, indicating to him her hideous quintessence. Sometimes unforgiving in countenance, often shrewd - sometimes merciless, rarely benign. It did not matter in the slightest, for her every variation of poise and gesture pierced like hot needles into his very soul. And now, at long last, Max's soul was hers for the taking.

It was the small man in the desert town who had shown him the way to consummate those deepest desires. Smiling as he was on the journey, a business trip he had said, in a manner of speaking, to a North American clime where they first met. He told in great detail of the objects of power which he possessed - a certain object in particular, which would be a needful thing for the proclivities of the intrepid seeker. He changed his mind often as to whether he possessed them or whether he knew the person, or knew the person who knew the person, who might provide Max with what he sought for no small sum. Money however was not the object - so he soothed in his descriptions. For the diadems which he possessed for those seeking the ultimate in cruelty and passion themselves found those who were appropriate - those special, those selected, the desert dweller had stated authoritatively. He and by guilty association those others whom he sometimes intimated were only the vectors by which the appropriate assignations could be arranged between bearer and beholder, between traveler and gate-keeper. Such selfless souls, ha! If this was a pact with the devil, then the dealer was the solicitor only, there as witness for the signatories. Even then, Max did not buy into the transactional soft padding which was put forward in search of a buyer. But, in reality, the prospective buyers for such items of no small rarity had little care, the elaborate sales-pitch being unnecessary (a fact which the seller probably knew) - for the object of lust far transcended any dithering over what was really, in the larger scheme of things, small and insignificant particulars.

It was with those thoughts in mind that Max made the transatlantic flight - flying coach and in the most austere class, and contracting with the most Third World airline he could manage to find servicing outbound flights, for the more ample contents of his purse would be needed for the more important transaction to come (he could suffer much in the interim - though he would suffer greater, as it were, in the end). Jet-lagged and physicality in abject despair, yet mind and consciousness alight with the glowing thought - that unshakeable feeling of what was to come - he made his way from the airport to the dingy, squalid room in which he was to spend the night. Cash flowing somewhat more freely now, in premeditation of the final destination, the usual bribes of the taxi attendants were met with no argument, much to their delight - his mind somewhat amiss to his surroundings, albeit widely exotic. For far more exotic treats lay in store for Max, as he contemplated to himself, not in the sweet by and by, but as soon as the next day's mid-morning scheduled meeting.

The next day was met with a frightful dawning. Every muscle and every fiber of his brain said to sleep, sleep, sleep! Rest the self that needs its rest, repine upon the nasty yet soft (softer indeed than the torture-racks that passed for seating in the C-class airline upon which he had spent ten continual hours the day/night before, the time-change being somewhat of a blur and a nuisance to consider) spring-loaded mattress. So what if the meeting was missed? Risk nothing, lose nothing. He was frugal by design and by circumstance but hardly impoverished - he could eat the expense, as the saying goes. Take in the local flora and fauna, perhaps upgrade to more hospitable digs in the process for a few days, no less (as his return ticket was ticked for departure only a few days from now). Make it a small vacation. His miniscule number of associates would understand - though that would hardly matter, all things being equal. He was many years isolated - a lone-wolf bred in the bone. Should he expire in the midst of this voyage, how long would it be before any connected to him - even in the most titular sense - would realize it? He shifted the thought from his mind, as he went about his business in preparation for the morning meeting.

Ah, and there it came. Although thinking himself, convincing himself of some degree of indifference to the event which loomed before him – which he had thought to eschew, casually, no less, he had – as if flying on auto-pilot (the aeronautics connotations perhaps another lingering malady of his slowly – ever-so-slowly lessening jet-lag) put himself square and center about preparations for just that purpose and at a soldier's pace. Somewhat smelly clothing shed, a few minutes under the indisputably insufficient dribble of what passed for a showerhead – though water, thankfully hot – more than like courtesy of the regional climate than the performance of the establishment's hot-water heater, if it was within a fraction of the disrepair of the rest of the joint. Then, there – fresh clothing donned, passport stowed safely in back pocket of corduroy trousers, leather shoulder satchel hoisted and hooked on shoulder of due preference and sturdy collegiate backpack held by the upper hook, he was ready. Sunglasses steamed with his own breath – wiped clean, or cleaner at least, with edge of chambray shirt soon tucked into waistband. Checking about for keys in hand to room for latter re-entry – preferably with the item for which this long journey had been the very point. Good, noted, affirmative – with a few swift steps and the soft thud of the door, he was off.

## THE DESERT

### Part 1

Beyond the confines of his night quarters, the thrum and cacophony of the eastern city brayed with a mania and violence unknown to those who kept within the safe, subdued boundaries of North America, Europe, and Scandinavia. The harsh glare of the desert sun put every crevice of the metropolis into bold, blasphemous, stark naked relief. The layers upon layers of filth built up over decades upon the walls of the buildings, their white paint flecking, revealing the primitive crudity of the masonry beneath. The smudged soot upon the faces of the small gang of child labourers, metal buckets containing oily tools in hand, who walked in single file up the gangplank upon a market roof and then descended through a cloud of foul-smelling smoke of unknown origin on the other side. A swarm of flies buzzed angrily around a large and bloody pile of severed ram's heads, the thick juices of their decapitation flowing lazily into the gutter. Another dozen or so down, he mused, in the questionable cause of the Black Sultan. And all of this, mind, amidst the ringing of hammer upon steely anvils, livestock bleating horns in natural stereophonics with bleating goats, peeling rubber. He licked his dry lips, turning left off the main thoroughfare.

He was in the slums and no doubt about it. But what sort of area did he expect as a meeting place for obtaining the sort of object - or perhaps that very singular, none other like it, black market of black market good to dim all other variation of illegal transaction imaginable - which bore the blackest of reputations? Most others would already be well out of their depth and none too put off simply by the country where the meeting had been decided - put forward by the dealers that is, little input on that from the prospective purchaser. After all, they had all the cards. All of the deck and so much more. That being the case, he himself was not too off put by the location - being a world-traveler by dint of habit and in those long solitary years having seen similar regions, some of them worse, in fact. But there was no arguing that the specific area in which they had chosen for the liaison was particularly grotesque, even by his cosmopolitan standards.

No mind, eyes on the prize. Even though many eyes were upon him - though only a trained eye would notice. The thieves, young and old, slinking here and there in the alleyways between the butcher's and the tailor's shop-slash-opium den, the draconian police of the reigning monarch, the black tools of repression hanging with dread upon black leather belts cinched about broad bodies which oozed brutality. And then the myriad security and intelligence agents - those domestic and those from abroad who tended to gather like a murder in the region and for whom the sight of a foreign national well off the beaten tourist and official business trails would attract their very keen attention.

These latter he left mostly unnoticed, let them watch he thought, though he was aware of their presence nonetheless. There would be time enough for evasion on the flight back, after he had acquired the needful. Flight-times could be changed (or cancelled). He could live quite conscionably with a small sabbatical for concentration, in country, as his scheduled work after this ordeal was over, pending acquisition, did not necessarily depend on any specific geographic location per se. Barring immediate flight abroad, back to his usual country of residence from the nearby international airport and up and away from the city in which he now found himself he could opt for a train across the border and then flight homeward. Or even more elaborate, perhaps a winding and uncomfortable, but not necessarily (not necessarily, he reminded himself) contracted van or private vehicle across the tribal areas - across the desert and seldom watched borders - into another country, then another and then, there, perhaps, some time alone - for experimentation. And then, then perhaps, an eventual return to the sprawling house which he inhabited infrequently, by right, trusting, knowing, that it would still be uninhabited. Yet there were as the case may be any number of potential variables. That he knew for certain – that brooding and incessant uncertainty of his life and especially, vehemently felt, the uncertainty of his present venture.

The situation on the street once he had made his final turn was no less hectic than the main road, though it was narrow enough that only the most impetuous of drivers would attempt it. No less hectic, despite the relative absence of vehicular traffic, yet perhaps moreso in fact in that the teeming life of the slum had been compacted by some absence of ten feet or so width compared to the larger streets and thus all the more crowded by foot traffic, hoof traffic and sundry. Bouncing off the decaying mortar and stucco walls the screams of the infants, the wailing of the women, the basso curses of the men, whether in ferocious earnest or the showy bombast of the trained and seasoned haggler, all seemed to conspire to cave in on the collective temporary residents – human, animal and non-sentient alike.

As he proceeded down the drive – little more than a largish alley in reality, albeit long (there was no foreseeable end in sight, courtesy of the rabble and other rather distasteful environmental factors) he noticed a peculiar phenomena in comparison to his early peregrinations thus far in departing his morbid temporary flat. From the corner of his eyes and periphery vision it seemed to him that the alley was slowly closing in on itself from behind. Not wanting to turn around outright, as to avoid too suspicious of behavior in lieu of the overt and covert security he recognized before, what to speak of the potential intelligence, he could not shake the revelation of what began to be a clear theme since he had made that fateful sharp turn left.

The market people, vagrants and beggars crowded as before, without question, but still keeping to the sides of the road then, at least somewhat – allowing passage this way and that – had begun to coalesce behind him up to the intersection in the center of the road easing themselves into a wider fray essentially blocking any further traffic after he had entered.

Several fights broke out, verbal but by the sheer sound level of said verbiage promising perhaps more rapturous manifestation in the by and by, between irate stall-keeper and irate customer; between upright feminine coolie and cocky single-digit beggars of the boyish persuasion.

A few uniformed police from the mainstreet edged in on the action as it occurred, beefy hands upraised and spittle-laced bellows issuing forth loudly at no disturber of the peace in particular, yet attached beefy arms seemed to also be blocking certain persons from the scene – namely the florid-faced and obviously western man in safari clothes too new and pristine, too contrived, beedy eyes scanning the crowd to and fro in want of a certain someone whose location had now, suddenly, escaped his grasp. Likewise for the olive-skinned, beak-nosed bespectacled someone or other, more aggressive and assertive than his Anglo counterpart, who tried to duck under the throng of the spectator adults only to find his way irrevocably blocked by dozens of shouting youth who seemed to coalesce – as if on cue – beneath his feet – battling for a bit of copper that in all likelihood did not exist except in their own contrivance.

The closure was orchestrated, without a doubt, but the question in his mind was by whom? Was a security professional – domestic and/or private and/or contracted on the ample dole of the crown – waiting for him up ahead, the scenario arranged precisely and well-padded with universal currency so that they could have choice pickings for the interdiction of a foreign interloper dead-set on the acquisition of what was perhaps an artifact banned for transport out of the host country? Or was it the dread portents of fate – working in his favor – or even disfavor depending on perspective – clearing the board, stacking the deck, so that he could make his way, unencumbered, to his previously scheduled assignation?

His thoughts were interrupted as he passed straight through the first intersection since his turn – the crossing street not nearly as narrow as his own forward route but still amply populated with through traffic. He felt his bowels clench and loosen simultaneously. If he was to be extraordinarily renditioned, this would be the place.

His ponderings were broken again – perhaps accentuated – by multiple brutal shoves upon his back. The people behind him had made their pace more brisk even as his own became more sluggish in lieu of circumspection and he found himself being pushed involuntarily across the intersection and on into the even more close-quartered avenue, the clanging of the various metals and screeching of the surrounding mob becoming even more disturbing.

The demographics on this block were deucedly darker than those he had encountered earlier and it appeared that the mob scene had done its trick – no visible surveillance had followed him – at least insofar as he could ascertain, still being pushed incessantly along by the throng behind him.

All at once the mad rush stopped as a roaring truck engine announced itself along with several long blasts upon its formidable horn, the sound of which was immediately followed by the ululating of all the women present whom, like their male counterparts, had stopped dead in their tracks - excepting those still in the intersection proper, who jumped aside avoiding the path of the oncoming truck.

Max did not see the cause for the commotion immediately, his eyes instead lingering in the opposite direction on two elderly blind women, clad in conservative black, who hunkered down on the ground beside one of the walls of one the of many derelict buildings in the area, eagerly whispering to each other betwixt raising their own heads and ululating themselves with toothless, grinning mouths, their eyes concealed under the shade of their cowls. One of the women pointed her long, bony finger emphatically toward the intersection and he decided to take the cue to proffer greeting to the oncoming commotion at very least by viewing, though sans the verbal greeting issuing forth from the mouths of the two elderly ladies toward whatever procession was beginning to pass, doubting his ability to do so and noting, with a sense of propriety and reserve that all of the other men in the street remained silent.

Turning somewhat abruptly and nearly tripping over a haggard tomcat who raised his hackles in offended protest, hissing profoundly at him before scurrying off, he found his footing at last and stared along with the rest of his human compatriots on what proved to be a most grisly spectacle indeed - though the initial gore horror was to be mixed with a latter dread beauty, though possessing even in cursory inspection a potentially even more horrific intent within - and thus, a harbinger of things to come.

## PART 2

This type of thing had been witnessed by him before, though this was without a doubt more devastating in visual effect in several distinct ways than what he had seen prior according to his mental travelogue for comparison. The closest similar event most readily comparable would be the Thaipusam he witnessed in his early twenties at the base of the steep stairway to the Batu Caves - having travelled to Malaysia for that specific event and destination.

He had known little about the purpose of the ritual itself at the time, other than the fact that it had an elaborate and legendary obscene pageantry involving profuse mortification of the flesh and self-mutilation in fashions only known and practiced by the most underground elements in the west (and those still, falling well short). That and the proliferation of the unique spiritism-laced drumming present only in the former territories of the Chola empire, engineered specifically to induce trance and possession, audial examples of which a friend at the university had recorded and brought back on a reel-to-reel which he had borrowed repeatedly during his freshman year.

The event in progress at the intersection was much different however – as was his perception of the same comparatively – his rather devil-may-care attitude of more youthful years seeming like an increasingly ancient memory in differentiation to the paranoia that began in his early thirties and had continued apace since that time.

He remembered when he had arrived in Malaysia and made his way to the market area, which catered to the celebrants some days before the Thaipusam festival those many years ago, inquiring – despite his not knowing Murugan that much from Mohammad in all honesty – about participating in the festivities himself. The young Tamilan running the stand selling cold coconut milk smiled broadly before laughing, good naturedly, as he surveyed the eager westerner who stood before him with a Kool cigarette in one hand and a large bottle of Guinness in the other, before explaining to him that a mandatory period of purification was required in order to bear *kavadi*.

All this had been taken by Max in stride, though he did later wonder whether or not the chemical and sexual ban indicated by his informant had been entirely correct or whether he had simply been engaging in dialogue with a more conservative observer when he saw almost identical large bottles of Guinness (and lager, and toddy) being consumed by the shirtless men with bulging red-rimmed bloodshot eyes during the ceremony proper who busied themselves with taking enormous draws from big stinking cigars and gracious hits of the aforementioned myriad alcoholic beverages betwixt flagellating themselves with thick hauling chains.

This particular demographic however was only one sector of the procession – the much larger being (and a reluctant nod to his informant here) those who seemed stoic – near blank – as attendant brahmins busied themselves rubbing scores of proffered backs with sacred ash before inserting fish-hooks with surgical precision into the pale spots on dark flesh, some of which bore speared limes attached to small weights and others brass pots containing various offerings. Then there were those with the sharpened metal rods, ornate ends attached either side after penetration, the vel within the vetri vel chant resounding across the immensely populated base to the mountain, piercing their cheeks and then others with similar ceremonial spears inserted through the tongue – some smallish, some medium in size and others so gargantuan that the relative proportions to their bearers defied all logic.

The main and most notable difference between that experience and the one he now witnessed was blood – that being most specifically the absence of or surplus quantities thereof. For reasons which he had studied only well after the fact, the participants in Thaipusam apparently shed no blood whatsoever in pursuit of their disciplines – no matter how deep the piercing, no matter how arduous the burden (or as a more proper reference of the mechanism borne by some, *kavadi*).

Some physical scientists had proffered reasons for this peculiar phenomena, mystics and devotees still another. But the fact remained. For all the mutilatory excess that typified a south Indian-style propitiation of the gods and goddesses of war, the spillage of human life-force in its well-recognized and trademark reddish incarnation was not only muted but entirely nonexistent in those proceedings. Not so, not now, in this remote slum amidst an increasingly nightmarish desert outpost.

No music marred the ceremonial procession, no shouts of encouragement came from the crowd, though the audial presence was still significant. While physically still, the watchers after a few minutes of pause resumed engagement in multiple conversations. Whether or not the exchanges were related to what they were witnessing was beyond him, his Arabic being only elementary, though the talks lacked the notable shrillness that he had witnessed before. The sounds of commerce, animal husbandry, animal butchery and other sundry activities of the ghetto still continued apace, amidst the white noise sounds of traffic from afar and the distinct rumbling of the truck as its made its way up the corridor – announcing via the auspices of compressed air its sounds of warning for the few yet unaware crossing pedestrians and revving its engine in complementary fashion. That being said there was still a certain distinguishable stillness – as if his own perception of hearing perhaps and perhaps that of the other spectators as well in kind was lessened, so that the eyes predominant and alone could take in the incomparable ghastliness of the scene.

Streams of blood issued forth from increasingly severe wounds which opened themselves upon the backs and shaven heads of the members of the procession. Amongst the former, ragged chains holding a fan of small chains, each with small blackened blades, though revealing recently attended to and razor-sharp edges moved forward and back and forward and back again in rigid whipping fashion, the intimidating implements repeating the process with grim continuity as increasing rivulets of the crimson life blood of the faithful poured down upon bare backs, staining the waistbands of the simple white trousers cinched against thin and fat bellies alike.

For the latter, similarly crude but cruelly edged knives were held aloft proudly, some with curved blades and others ramrod straight in their machining, grasped in their dominant hand as the bearers muttered to themselves indistinguishably, whether oaths or prayers he could not tell, before gouging their heads again and again in brutal fashion and with fanatic intent, causing blood and clots to sometimes ooze, sometimes pour, cascading down upon their faces held in rapt-attention, congealing in black beards both great and small.

The women ululated, the men (those not participating, that is) stared with no great interest but with well rehearsed reverence, having seen this sort of thing many times before no doubt, as the smell of fresh blood beginning and salty sweat began to predominate in the stale dry air, mixing in with the odors of compact bodies, animal feces, smelting iron and curing leather.

Max, as his passport indicated (a name which he had used increasingly since his late teens, though not his given name at birth) also stared - attention much more rapt than his other observing counterparts - growing even more attentive as the parade continued, the distinct verbal salutations of the ladies present becoming much more pronounced as the object of zenith began snaking its way toward his line of vision.

## PART 3

The line of participants began to thin as the sight of a large litter began to crawl into their line of vision - stout cedar beams carried by well-muscled bearded men, these unmarred and unbloodied, their own strength reserved for a particular purpose which made the excesses of their fellows ahead of them impractical.

Atop the beams were large cedar planks, twenty foot long and at least an inch thick, the cost of which would be too dear to imagine in the Americas. These supported large, several inch-thicker mattress-like constructions arranged together to create an impression of seamlessness, gilded in the finest embroided golden filigree and bordered with rounded pillows equally embellished by the artisanal work of a seasoned and skilled upholsterer.

Upon all this, on a cushioned throne similarly adorned, sat a girl of eleven or twelve, as regal as any queen enhanced by the timbre of her entourage at least as deadly, if not more so.

Though adorned in the shimmering rich fabrics of the region, some draped about her head in an attempt to be demure as local custom dictated, Max saw clearly that the striking brown eyes that surveyed the crowd were of lightish brown hazel, bespeaking the manicured and maintained Elizabethan manor houses of southern England rather than the crumbling medieval ruins of a North African fortress. Pale skin, a haughty bearing of a secular rather than religious bent and long curls of brown hair rupturing about the neckline of her loose garments only confirmed his suspicions.

Was she the real reason behind the orchestrated block of the (his assumption) British or American intelligent agent and the other foreign national – likely Israeli (what to speak of those who had not registered on his radar) – from entering the sideway, rather than he? Some British cult goddess – perhaps kidnapped – perhaps the child Manchurian candidate of some eldritch foreign power flying under false front but obviously, as the procession would indicate, wielding serious influence on her own behalf and on behalf of those of her control?

He stood in rapture – heedless to the pushing and shoving about him of the hometown residents beginning to rouse at last from their rather perfunctory observation and commencing to go about their business once again in earnest – treading forward this way and that in the opposite directions, on through and beginning to crowd the absent areas of the intersection, pushing themselves into the adjoining street and on toward the back of the procession, making their way around the dwindling blockage.

Behind the litter there were a few persons only who seemed to be official participants – these neither carrying splayed knife-bearing chain whips nor holding aloft similar knives designed for a similar blood-letting purpose. Rather only a handful of men, markedly more muscular and intimidating than their counterparts – though the intimidation factor of persons who consisted of the vanguard of the march, those dripping in their own blood which had been spilled by their own will and design could not easily be denied – if they could do that to themselves, what would they be willing to do to others? The stature of these persons inhabiting the back portion of the procession were instead bearing an aura of threat in an implicit rather than explicit fashion – though the threat was certainly there. While not of a dint that would indicate professional intelligence, the circumstances here being perhaps too open and overt for that particular type, he could certainly believe that these men, whatever their trade in the normative day-to-day sense, could at least be moonlighting as force protection (as they were doing now, in a sense) or acting within professional security capacities. A few off-duty (or even plaint clothed) police-officers in the mix would not be beyond reason. The telltale signs of handheld firearms could be intimated from bulges around their middles and beneath jackets casual in appearance yet tactical in design.

His eyes set only ever so briefly upon this demographic however, his more immediate concern being holding himself upright - in the center of the thoroughfare - no less, amidst the pushings and proddings of hundreds passing this way and that - and keeping his eyes squarely on the female who rode in the style of royalty on the litter which was passing by all too quickly - for less than a minute remained before the vision of her would be lost to him, crossing the visual threshold beyond the walls of the decrepit building to the left which served as the corner of the city block. He attempted to press forward - reversing his course - back in the direction from which he had come - further toward the intersection - but foreign shouted curses and painful elbows aimed toward his person, voluntarily or involuntary in the course of the flow of traffic and its ebb and tide - made it all he could muster to stand his ground with forced rigidity and watch as the image of the fell empress passed slowly before him.

He stared intensely - fanatically even - hoping that somehow, by some potency unbeknownst to his person and defying all natural laws as laid down by mundane researchers of natural sciences - that he could draw her attention, if only for a moment. Doubting this dubious ability but not bending to the increasing temptation to make a spectacle of himself - waving his arms - yelling - screaming - such acts which would perhaps be misconstrued by the object of his devotion (should she deign to notice) or the security personnel which followed her to the rear (which would likely result in violence done upon his person - preventative from their perspective for what might be perceived as either a dangerous, provocative or simply a potentially disruptive reaction of the over-enthusiastic) he opted to simply raise both arms and hands outstretched - aloft as high as he could muster - Caitanya-like in effect and intent - keeping his position unmoving and his gaze steady.

In a moment which seemed like the passing of ages, though which was in all reality only a few seconds since he had affected his gesture (though the affectation was more genuine than not) he saw her turn her head - slowly, ever so slowly - the pacing and timbre of the gesture unmistakably bespeaking aristocracy bred into blood and bone in its practiced physical elocution - and, for a few brief seconds, he saw her gaze rest upon him, imperious. The lines around her vivid brown eyes crinkled ever so slightly, her brow knotting quizzically in a gesture as unrehearsed and primordially breathtaking as a simultaneously vast but divinely anomalous manifest stand of ancient primeval forest - before she threw back her head, revealing ever so precious pale neckline, the covering of her hair nearly falling down onto her upper back as she laughed lustfully.

As soon as it had occurred - that singular moment of delight and recognition - she tilted her head forward once again, the briefest hint of a lingering smile upon her soft reddish lips, natural and not tainted by the sort of garish makeup that would paint the lips of a similarly situated kumari in state. One last look toward him again from her - eye to eye across the populated mass and then her head turned forward - toward the direction of her acolytes marching before her in grim, blood-covered state, toward the now distant truck which continued to announce her coming via alternating blast of airhorn and unnecessary but dramatic and attention-seeking gear-grinding snarl of gasoline-driven accelerator recognition. Then - just so, almost as if it had never happened at all - she was gone - a last sight of her presence being the sight of the end strands of her silken garment blowing behind her, caught up in the currents of the foul wind. Arms still outstretched to the polluted heavens, tears, unbidden, began to flow down his cheeks in awe, reverence and the instantaneously occurring pangs of separation.

# THE ART OF NESTOR AVALOS

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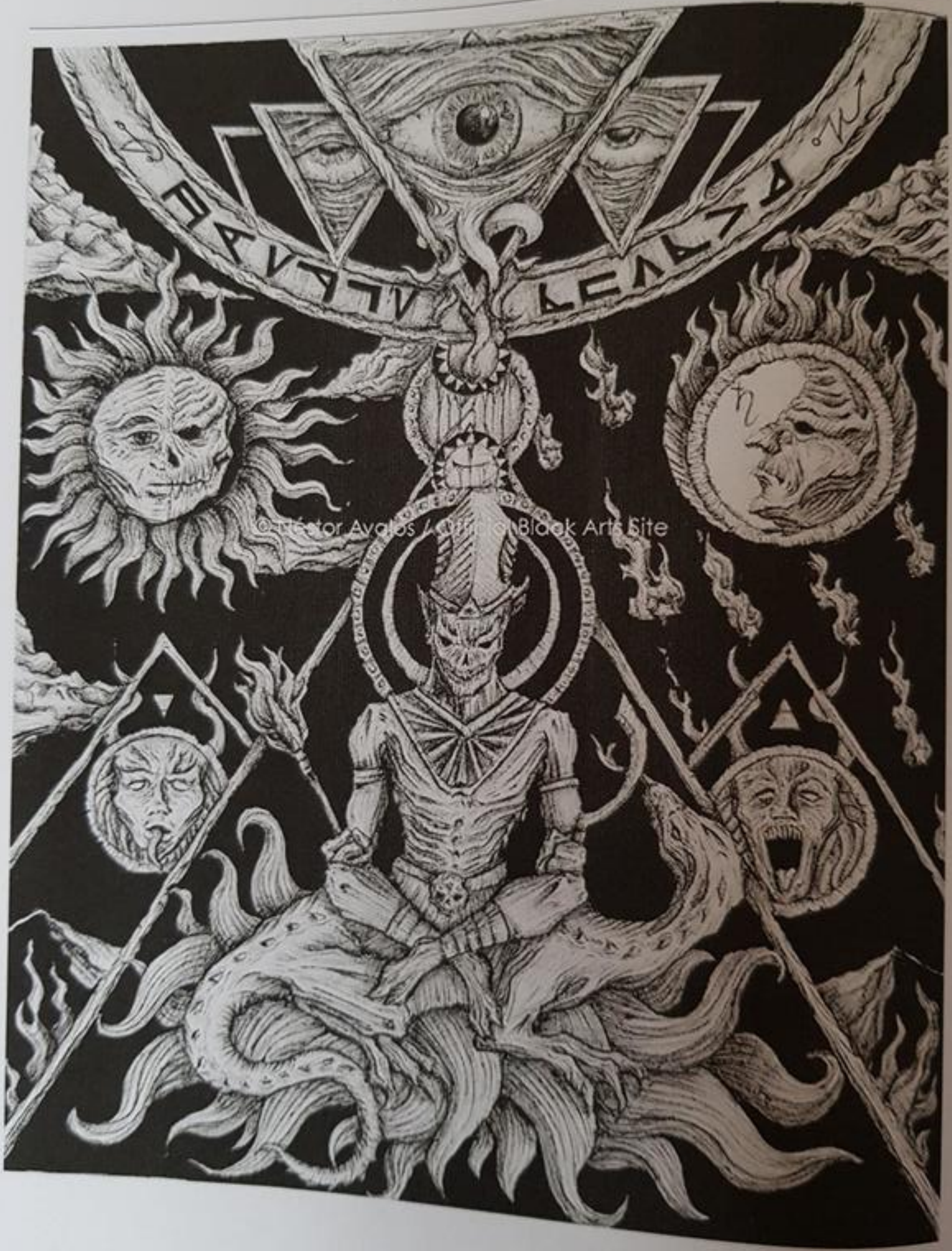

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# THE LOUISIANA CULLING

## LEOPOLD LAWRENCE

### PREPARATIONS

What I plan on doing is of no consequence. It is only what I will do that will speak for itself. For I plan on committing that which cannot be committed, the Perfect Crime.  No, I'm no Raskolnikov. I have no intention of murdering an old lady just so I get a feel of what it feels to have the blood of others on my hands. The death of one insignificant soul is, like me, of no consequence. For I seek casualties in the hundreds if not thousands!

Indeed, for me to commit what I now seek to do, I have had to meditate and consult the Sinister Forces for months on end. Like the things beyond this world, the Sinister forces do not always readily answer to human needs, nor would they have to since they exist beyond in the Acausal Realm which humans have only marginal access to it if they have not travelled beyond them through Astral Travel.

I will not bother you with the details of this ritual since such things are beyond the comprehension of mere Mundanes who only live along the Causal realm of physics and materiality. However, in the past months of consulting the Sinister forces, I've seen them manifest regularly on a day-to-day basis, egging me on to do that which I've sought to do. Often these manifestations are all too subtle for the naked human eye but they can also manifest in more spectacular ways. The more visible signs are all there, mass shootings, acts of terror, and mass violence abound as things are veering towards total collapse. I welcome all of this as an active agent of Chaos!

The fact is, this World is in need of a massive culling on a global scale and it must start from individual acts of terror and chaos, an act of the 'propaganda of the deed' that will serve as a call to action to other agents of Chaos against the forces of tyrannical Order, against the State, against a decadent civilization that can no longer stand on its own two feet. It is a world of lame cripples and spiritual crassness where those who espouse 'religion' give their followers tokens of false hope that serves only as a delusion for these utterly hopeless and despairing folk. So they consult the frauds, the priests, in the hopes that they can save them from their own self-damnation. These frauds sooth these idiots by giving them a sense of false hope and meaning in a world that lacks both of these things and these willing slaves become addicted to this! After all, false hope and meaning is a potent drug to numb one to all of life's miseries.

Because they're too weak to find it in themselves, the Mundanes find their meaning in their own submission to abstractions and to temporal masters who promise them happiness and wealth if they only work a bit harder and consumer a bit more. To be happy consumers and producers! They admire those who tell them how great they are, or how great they could potentially be, those who shower them with unbelievable promises of a better life on 'faith' alone. So they obey willingly, the happy slaves they all are! These people are surely contemptible but enough of them! I'm too repulsed by them to even talk of them anymore for a life has only 'meaning' once it has acted on its mission that it has set for itself. And my own life has set me upon this path of pure destruction that I am now on. And words only have meaning when they are no longer words but conjurings of greater deeds to come!

### *NEW ORLEANS*

It is Mardi-Gras in New Orleans. The many people have rushed onto the streets of the French Quarter along Bourbon Street as they indulge in a night of pure drunkenness and other assorted frivolities. This will continue for another week and allow me the time to plan and orchestrate my plans to perfection.

I walked across Bourbon St. on a noisy Thursday night, as I minded the crowd which gathered every which way by the thousands as drunkards and mundanes of all kinds made a scene of themselves; from party-goers to old men looking to get laid one last time to women baring their breasts to passer-bys for some beads.

So I moved amongst and against the crowd not giving a damn about any of this. A handful of police officers lined the streets, covering the many corners and alleyways of the streets of the French Quarter. You could see a few of them in their blue-black uniforms and their bright-yellow raincoats questioning passer-bys, many of them drunk. One of these cops was actively harassing a homeless man on the streets. Some were on horses conducting their night patrols, batons to the side and walkie-talkies at the ready. These cops would need to be carefully noticed if my plans were to go in accordance with my own Sinister Will. After all, the forces of Order have their own plans that were in direct opposition to mine.

But the night was getting rainy, as some of the mundanes made their way indoors into the many clubs and hotels that lined Bourbon Street and beyond. There was a brightly lit promenade decorated with lanterns and roses that made its way towards a certain Spanish Colonial-era building (the French Quarter was populated with such kinds of buildings) which functioned as a bar and hotel. The hotel's name was "the Mississippi Riverboat". I planned on meeting Seamus there inside their bar tomorrow. He had promised to supply me with the arms and explosives to carry out this great massacre. Moreover, his active participation would also be necessary to implement it. This would the most important thing of our meeting and I required his full support. But first I had to check-in.

A young woman greeted me with a hearty smile at the entrance as I made my way into the hotel. She welcomed me to their hotel, trying to make small-talk with me.

"Hello sir, welcome to the Mississippi Riverboat!"

I gave her a weak smile and replied, "I've got a reservation for a room at your hotel. Can you show me the way to the reception?"

"Right this way sir, it's near the back," she told me with the most irritating smile that I could fathom.

"Thank you."

Sure enough, she pointed her arm towards the reception at the back as she moved her attention towards an old couple, probably retired, who were behind me and had just made their way into the hotel with their luggage in tow. By the reception, a balding middle-aged Black man took my bank card and ID as he confirmed my reservation on his computer. You could hear him coughing as he was busily typing away.

"Well, I've got you a room at the 4th floor, room 450. Would that be alright with you?" he inquired.

"No problem that will do for me."

He gave me back my card and ID. Then he took the suitcase that I had with me and motioned to a young but thick-set valet beside him. He gave him my suitcase with instructions to carry it up to my room telling the valet, "show our kind client to his room. That's his suitcase, don't wreck it."

I was somewhat reluctant to release my suit to this valet. But he took it anyways.

"Right this way, sir" said the valet as he guided me towards the escalator.

I was dreading this annoying hospitality on the part of the hotel staff. All I wanted was to meet Seamus as soon as possible and get his active cooperation for my project, that is, *our project*.

At the escalator, the valet was busying himself away whistling a tune and shuffling his feet along the carpeted floor of the escalator with my suitcase in hand. I glanced him a look and then turned my head to the side. We reached the 4th floor and got out. I didn't trust him with my suitcase.

The only person on the floor was the cleaning lady who was vacuuming the carpet. She seemed fatigued and bored out of her mind as she mumbled some words to herself in what sounded like Spanish. I guessed she was Puerto Rican. The valet finally showed me to my room as we crisscrossed the floor, making twists and turns until we got to room 450 which was by a corner and a fire exit, convenient for making an easy escape just in case anything goes wrong.

"Here's your room sir and thanks for staying with us," he said, perhaps routinely, as he handed me back my suitcase. I took it from him and quickly got into the room, closing the door shut behind me.

I gently placed my suitcase on top of the bed, it was a thick Queen-size bed whose clean white sheets smelled as if they had just been recently replaced. Then, I took a quick wash in the bathroom, shaved my face and looked at myself in the mirror. I could have looked a lot worse, the flight from Chicago took longer than I thought and I hadn't slept in the past day. My eyes were beginning to show my fatigue.

Without regarding this, however, I went back to grab my suitcase which I flipped open and took out some photos showing the different targets and places of interest that would be filled with tourists at this time of the year. I laid these photos on the bed too. There was also a ritual candle, two of them, and some cigars that my girlfriend had prepared for me. In there, I had also packed my old, sheathed battle knife; a WWI-era German bayonet which had been passed down to me by my great-grandfather to my grandfather then to my father and then to me. The edge along the handle was a bit rusty and worse-for-wear but it was a durable and reliable knife which I trusted with my life.

In my suitcase was also the text, 'the Magister Book', which I had consulted for presenting the Sinister forces. The book itself was dated to the mid-16th century and was written in a mix of classical French and Latin which had been bequeathed to me by my Dark Master some years ago. Its age meant the spine would not have held the book together if it hadn't been reinforced by a black leather binding on its spine which was steadily greying as the book itself aged. But it was still in a passable condition and thus good enough for conducting magickal rituals with. I cherished this book as the gateway towards the Acausal Realm where the Dark Gods resided. But only those brave and noble souls with a heart of iron could venture into this realm without destroying their sanity for the Sinister Forces remained always unpredictable, inhuman (or more correctly, un-human) and incomprehensible to those who only operate from within the realm of the Causal, that is, the material realm of linear causality and classical logic. But the Acausal was not this, indeed it was a chaotic and demonic force. Above all, it was Sinister.

So I left the Magister Book in the safe-lock behind the mini-fridge and punched in my safety code, 1940. Then, I took a look outside from my balcony out to the streets below. I stood there for a while, looking down at everything below along Bourbon Street. It had stopped raining some minutes ago and the noisy chatter of the crowd could still be heard from the 4th floor of this hotel. I placed a cigar on my mouth and lit it up. As I inhaled the smoke and exhaled, a soft jazz tune could be heard from below as the laughter of mundanes irritated my ears before I decided to turn back inside my room and doze off for the day. I'd be meeting Seamus tomorrow.

### *SEAMUS*

"Well there you are Henri!" he called out to me as I made my way inconspicuously into the bar. It was Seamus.

He walked up to me with a steady gate, a cigar in his hand and a glass in the other.

"How goes?" I asked him.

"Fucking great, its Mardi Gras!"

We sat by the bar at a table of our own while a waitress came over from behind the bar counter and asked us, "what can I get you guys?"

"Just some beer," Seamus responded as he took his sunglasses off him.

It was still only the evening but the bar was already getting stacked with people. The waitress left us and came back two minutes later with a pitcher of Irish Guinness. Seamus poured himself a glass and took a few sips from it.

He'd sported a recently grown moustache, different from his clean-shaven look from the last time I saw him. Seeing that he was constantly on the run from the FBI, I was not surprised in the least with his new disguise of a moustache-spouting, sun-glass wearing, hard-drinking lout. Seamus needed to fit in, especially with all the drunkards in town.

He came to New Orleans from Mobile to sell me the weapons I would need to carry out my massacre and I trusted him with getting me the best equipment possible. Seamus was, out of all things a pro-Confederate Creole Southerner and war-vet who had been discharged from the Army some years ago and had formed his own gang of travelling marauders with his old comrades from his Army days after returning from Iraq. He told me a few of his stories.

“Man, I just recently came back from Montreal. It was the greatest fucking thing!” he told me as he drank a bit more from his glass.

“I'd been invited up by this Asian-American called Lucas something, forgot his name, and his Pakistani buddy Nasir. Lucas was probably some ninja or something. He was pretty nuts. So I bought up some of my old war buddies to see what kind of hell we could unleash there.”

He talked about what had occurred in Montreal while he was there, “That Pakistani guy though, he was some Zoroastrian. He kept on blabbering on about an ‘Islam without Islam’ or some kind of crap like that. But this Nasir guy, boy, what a crazed mullah! He convinced everyone he was some Mad Wizard who could conjure up demons and shit. He told me he had a jinn looking out for him which he consulted for some dark magick shit. It was an incredible week of just fucking mayhem!”

It had to be said, Seamus led an interesting double-life as an arms dealer and a mercenary. I liked his drunken tales that he would routinely tell me whenever we met at a bar.

“There was also this Satanic biker, his name was Victor. He came up from Texas with his own biker gang alongside him. But I got to tell ya, Henri, we made some hell up in Montreal! Killed a bunch of fucking SJWs, feminists, hipsters, faggots, every motherfucker we killed those sons of bitches on the spot! They called us, ‘the Awesome Foursome’!”

It made a great story, and the last time I heard from them, this “Awesome Foursome” had apparently massacred up to 100 000 people up in Montreal in just a week's time. Things were getting crazier and this was just the start of it all.

My own plans were to harness the forces of destruction in the Causal Realm for Sinister ends and aid it in its goal of upsetting the materialist Magian Order. It was a Faustian bargain to the end, a Devil's Deal. But the Sinister forces could not be placated except with more daring acts of terror and more sacrifices of opfers, that is, useless morons, to the Dark Gods. We were to be its agents in this material realm, in the realm of the Causal.

Unfortunately, some agents of Chaos were unaware that their own acts aided and nourished Chaos and thus were far too undisciplined to truly harness it for Sinister ends. But we who were consciously agents of Chaos, who sought to fulfill the mission of Chaos, could harness and comprehend it even though we could never totally control it. But this made our own powers, not just stronger than the undisciplined, but also more directed and yes, disciplined. To wage war against the forces of Order would be to bring us to the next goal of the Sinister Dialectic, to physically manifest the Acausal from out of the Causal. Acts of terror would aid this process, as they surely were at this moment of social rapture.

“You've got the guns and stuff, Seamus?” I asked him in a quiet tone as he finished his glass of beer.

"Yeah, I've got it Henri. It's in the back. Come, I'll show you it."

We left some tips on our table as we left the bar. Making our way across a hall-way jammed with people of all sorts, we went down the stairs to the streets beneath. Seamus and I crossed the rose-decorated promenade as the Mardi-Gras floats passed us by as we heard live jazz music playing outside while the jeering and cheering of the crowd outside seem to fill up the damp, wet air with noisy chatter. All of this would be replaced with scenes of terror and chaos in the days that would come…

Seamus led me down the streets of the French Quarter as we walked against the massive crowds that had formed outside to see the floats floating by as musicians and dancers on top performed to the pleasure of the crowd. The crowd became more jubilant as the minutes passed. Their audacious and stupendous behavior could only become more and more ridiculous. I had had it with their outlandish costumes, colorful dresses and ridiculous make-up which only made the situation that much more surreal. It was as if none of the mundanes here understood what would happen here in just a few days' time. But I did not let this bother me; I needed my weapons first before I could even begin my slaughter.

"Well here we are!" he said as we stopped by a dirty, empty alleyway whose sole occupants were dumps of garbage and where Seamus had parked his '94 Chevy SUV.

"Just hold on a sec, I've got your gear in the trunk."

With a little shove, Seamus clicked open the back of his trunk with his hands. And there it was, stored behind the trunk were boxes of ammunition, a HK-416 battle rifle, a S&W revolver and batches of grenades. He also had Kevlar vests with him.

"Voila! A fucking arsenal for your own little private army!" he declared as he showed me his goods.

He picked up the HK-416 and posed with it with a lighted cigar in his mouth which he took from out his pocket.

"I had one of these sons-of-bitches when I was in Iraq! I reckon I killed a few people with it!"

"This is exactly what I needed Seamus." I told him.

"You betcha!" exclaimed Seamus, "I stole all of this from under their nose before I got discharged from the Army!"

Seamus was beaming about how he managed to get his hands on such weaponry.

"Man, you can't imagine how idiotic the Army can be sometimes! They left all this sick equipment just lying there on the floor. It was just ripe for the taking, so I took it from them!"

He laughed as he told me this, his voice gave away his sense of pride in having literally screwed the Army over for some rather expensive equipment.

"How much for the whole thing?" I inquired.

"$45 000!" responded Seamus.

"I've got that amount", I told him. "I'll automatically deposit you the money in two days' time."

"Of course you will! Or else me coming up here would have been a waste of time."

Before he left in his SUV, there was still one question I needed to ask from him.

"Seamus, this massacre is going down regardless of any personal preferences. The Sinister forces have proclaimed it necessary and their will is my own," I said as I tried to explain to him my plans.

"I need your support," I told him, "come with me to make hell tomorrow."

"Well hell, Henri! You know I've always got your back!"

"So are you in or out?" I asked

"Of course I'm in!" answered Seamus, "I'll see you tomorrow then. We'll make hell, like old times!"

Before he left for good, he helped me pack up the gear I would need for tomorrow's massacre. We placed everything within a secured and reinforced black gun case. We then covered it with duct tape and placed it on a trolley and covered it with Seamus' black trench-coat. Seamus then drove me down to my hotel and helped me move the gear up to my room. It took us just 15 minutes and, fortunately, we did not arouse the suspicions of the hotel staff or guests. They seemed to all assume we were regular guests at the hotel. That would cost them their lives tomorrow…

### *THE RITUAL*

For the rest of the day, I scouted out the entirety of the French Quarter and found out the paths the police did for their regular patrols as well as which areas were the most densely populated and at which time of the day. The strategy was simple. First, eliminate the police and then focus on the civilians.

However, I still had not a clue what Seamus would be doing. He had just left without giving me an indication of what role he would play in tomorrow's massacre but I trusted in his reliability. Perhaps, he would show up tomorrow with his gang of marauders! That would be a welcome relief!

As the day turned to night, I finally returned to my hotel in order to prepare for the next day's glorious events. Back at my room, I unsealed the gun case of duct tape and opened it up, removing the contents of the gun case one by one. First were the magazines which already contained rounds in them. Seamus had given me nine magazines, each of them already loaded. Then, grabbing the HK-416 from out of the gun case, I lifted it up and took a glance at it. It was still new and had a nice, shiny luster to it. The handling was also good and didn't have any excess weight that would make it unwieldy during a firefight. Overall, this could not have been a better choice of a weapon. Second was the revolver which I weighed with both of my hands. This one was a regular police-issue revolver that seemed to date from the 70s but, as Seamus had once told me, was still a reliable gun. I placed some rounds in the wheel and then clamped it shut, placing it in the my holster for later use. Then, I took out the Kevlar vest and placed it on the floor. Finally, there were the grenades. Seamus had given me ten of them in total. Luckily for me, I had a grenade belt which I latched the grenades onto. With this gear, I was ready for some mass-killing. I only had one more thing left that I had to do….to meditate.

So I walked towards the lock where I had left the "Magister" book by itself. After unlocking it, I took out the "Magister" book which had been safely left in there untampered and I placed it on the floor as I prepared myself for a ritual which would cleanse me of any remaining doubts as I prepared myself spiritually and physically for tomorrow's culling. Taking out my two candles, I placed them onto a stand and lit both candles before carefully placing them both on the floor. I also grabbed my knife and made an incision on my palm, blood oozing out. I used the blood and painted it over my forehead and eyebrows with my own blood. Then, kneeling down, I opened the "Magister" book to the chapter concerning ritual sacrifice and began the chants as I cleared my mind of any more doubts and hesitations that would prevent me from actualizing tomorrow's events.

By chanting in both Latin and French with my eyes closed, I gradually managed to purge my mind of any more doubts. Actually, the whole ritual was quite soothing to my mind and gave me the spiritual strength that would be needed for tomorrow's glorious massacre. For this, I chanted for 25 minutes in repetition, the chanting becoming ever more intense until finally I was in a state of deep meditation. I remained in this state for what seemed like an eternity before I awoken. I had a vision while I was in deep meditation.

The vision showed me my fate tomorrow, indicating to me that I would die a hero's death. A dark, demonic figure with a flowing black cloak had appeared to me. The cloak he was wearing then suddenly morphed into a pair of bat-like wings as he then flew across a city with many people beneath. It looked exactly like New Orleans, the French Quarter to be exact. I saw him throwing orbs of fireballs that turned into an inferno as it hit the ground and burned the people beneath as terror struck the hearts of the mundanes below. I could hear him laughing in a most diabolical way. As he flew across the city, continuously throwing these fireballs at the mundanes beneath, enflamed bodies were running to and fro as they tried to escape this creature's aerial bombing. He would fly in sharp angles, dive down and then suddenly pull up again into the air as he made some intense circling movements across the city skies above. And just as quickly as he moved through the skies, in an instant, he had landed on top of me with a sudden *oompf!* as his sharp claws dug deep into my chest. Strangely, it was painless. He looked me straight in the face but I couldn't make out his face which seemed to be, oddly, completely faceless. Yet, a slithering snake-like tongue protruded from out of his faceless head. And he told me this in a snake-like way, "thousanddsssss…… Noctuliusssss!"

And just as suddenly as he had appeared, he then flew away. But where he had stood with his claws penetrating my chest, there was blood leaking out from out of my chest. Then, seeming to be fainting away, I suddenly awakened! With my fate now clear to me, I gradually regained my composure and got up. Now, I understood everything.

With this vision, I understood that the casualties would number in the hundreds if not in the thousands! Gladdened by this news but also realizing that this meant inevitable death in the process, my will resolved itself to fulfilling the goals of the Sinister dialectic as tomorrow's culling got underway. With my fate understood, I accepted my will as that of the will of the Dark Gods and of the Acausal forces beyond and yonder!!

## *THE MASSACRE*

I awoke the next morning to the sound of massive explosions in the background which startled me as much as it had awakened me. It seemed the culling had already started without me! So I got out of bed and grabbed my gear, donning my Kevlar chest over my chest as I ran towards the door and out into the hallway. I took the stairway beside my room as I ran quickly ran down the whole flight of stairs from the 4th floor down to the ground floor. I was met with a scene of carnage at the reception room as I saw tourists retreating back into the hotel, tripping over themselves as they ran for shelter from whatever was going on outside. To cause some havoc, I shot a valet, it was the same valet who had helped with my suitcase, in the chest with my HK-416 with a three-shot burst and then switched to auto and mowed down a group of tourists right by the entrance. I then shot at another person who had sat down by a sofa near the hallway leading to the elevators. He was lying down, bleeding profusely. I ended his life with a shot to his head with my revolver.

*Bang!*

But I needed to make my way outside, so I blew out the entrance doors with my rifle and kicked it open. As I came outside, I was met with the most awesome scene of carnage yet to befall a city…

Explosions were still going from a distance as a terrified crowd was running away from the scene of the explosions. A massive stampede had commenced as people tripped over and ran over each other as they tried to flee to safety. Many people were crushed in this ensuing mayhem, adding to casualties that I no longer needed to waste with my ammunition. To add the chaotic confusion, I threw a grenade into this crowd as they fled from the direction that they had been running from.

*BOMPF!!!!!* went the grenade as a splash of blood decorated the air with the limbs of the many mundanes as their limbs fell down to the ground. Today, it was literally raining human limbs!

Some of those who weren't killed by the initial blast, I shot them in the face as they tried to reach out to me with their arms. All I could muster to say to them was, "your time is up!" before I shot them in the face. A woman was crawling along the streets with her intestines blown out as she moaned and cried out for help. She was missing both legs and was covered in her own blood and that of others. To end her pathetic life, I curb-stomped her head onto the pavement with my boots as her brain matter came out of her skull, sticking to my boot. To clean the mess she had made, I detached her jaw from her face with my bare hands and used it to wipe clean the sole of my boot. I needed to stay clean as I performed this 'surgical procedure' among the many mundanes. After all, culling was a medical procedure.

Walking past all the screaming and terrified people, I moved towards the opposite direction from where they were running away from to see what exactly was going on over there. Some of the mundanes seemed to ignore me, others I shot down as I moved past them. However, some police officers had caught up to me and were firing at me from the balconies of some of the buildings. I took cover behind a car on the street and fired back with my HK-416. The cops were overpowered by me though, and I killed all three of them. I shot one at the neck as he fell off the balcony and onto the street below. The other had come from around the corner of the building in front of me and I shot him point-blank in the chest before I shot off his jaw as he laid on the ground. The last cop I shot had tried to run away to safer cover but I got a shot at him from behind.

*Blat blat blat!!!!*

He was dead before he even knew it.

I reloaded my rifle as my walk broke into a run as I made my way towards the scene of the explosions. As I did, I suddenly saw, to my own surprise, a Blackhawk helicopter was coming over from across the skies above. It was making some crazy maneuvers in the air and flying quite low as it turned around and made another strafe across the city as I saw machine-gun fire coming from out of its side. I could make out that the Blackhawk was marked on both sides with the Confederate Flag. It was then, that I realized that it was Seamus. Seamus was on top of a Blackhawk helicopter (I had no clue how he had acquired it, probably stolen it from the Army).

As I looked up, I could see Seamus was sitting on his chopper, and firing at the crowd beneath with a mini-gun that was attached to a MG pod mounted to the side of the Blackhawk. Wagner's "the Valkyries" was blaring from out of its loudspeakers as Seamus fired round after round of ammunition into the crowd below. In truth, the mix of the Blackhawk from above firing mg rounds at the mundanes below to Wagner's "the Valkyries" was truly a terrifying ordeal to experience for anyone involved, particularly for the mundanes below. It seemed that each mg round he fired seemed to match the note of the song as Seamus methodically shot at everyone and everything he could see. It was then, that I knew Seamus had not abandoned me to my fate. Indeed, he wanted to outdo me.

"You want some of this, you motherfuckers!!!! Fuck y'all!!!" he screamed as his mg rounds ripped through the New Orleans sky.

Seamus was wearing a pilot's helmet and had combat gloves on as well as an airman's goggles. The Blackhawk was piloted by one of his army buddies as they wreaked havoc from above as I did so from below. He was covering me from the air with his chopper.

"YEEEHAAWWWWW," he cried out, "if these were a bunch of iraqis they'd call me a fucking racist but this MG is an equal-opportunity killer!!!!" yelled Seamus as he fired again and again.

He then flew across to the police station and took out a RPG from out of nowhere and fired it into the police station. The police there had no chance, armed as they were, only with pistols. Many of them were incinerated from the explosion and the surviving ones were blown up again when Seamus fired another RPG round at them, this time targeting the police cars parked outside the police station. The cops taking over behind their cops cars died in the ensuing explosion or were crushed by their own cars.

"FUCK DA POLICE!!!! You muthafuckas gave me a ticket for illegal parking, so I blow you up!!!" Seamus yelled as he slaughtered the cops from above.

"The Confederacy is back and BIGGER and BADDER than ever!!!!" he declared from his loudspeaker.

"We are taking over New Orleans and you motherfuckers better raise the Confederate Flag or we'll kill you!!!!"

Seamus made another strafe around as he spotted me below.

"Oh hey Henri! How ya doing down there???" he said to me.

I yelled back at him, "I'm doing great! Keep this up and this might just be the culling we want!"

"I am thoroughly enjoying this culling!" he responded.

He then flew away again, firing from his mg as he did so. His chopper was still blaring 'the Valkyries' from out of its loudspeakers.

As I looked around me, I finally realized just how much carnage we had done. Hundreds if not thousands of corpses were strewn all over the streets of the French Quarter, many with their limbs detached from their bodies. Pools of blood were pouring down the sidewalks and into the drainage below. I reloaded again and made my way methodologically through the corpses checking to see if any were still alive.

Seamus had managed to kill off the majority of the cops with his attack on the police station but there was no doubt that more cops would arrive at this scene of carnage. I saw a cop, dazed and confused walking towards me. His uniform was covered in debris. I pointed my rifle at him.

"Hey, don't shoot me. Please. I'm….I'm just doing my job. Please."

*Splat!*

He fell knee first onto the cold pavement below when I pulled the trigger of my revolver. But he was still alive, clutching his stomach with his hands where I had shot him. So I unsheathed my bayonet and came over to his side, then with a move of my knife I slit his throat from behind and decapitated him with one slice of my knife. I removed his head and threw it down the street. It hit the hard pavement with a *clunk*! Then I sat down to recollect myself and reloaded my rifle.

But this peace was not to last for the SWAT team had arrived in their armored trucks some five minutes later armed with M-4 carbines and shotguns, ready to deal with me. So I hid beneath a car, and throw a grenade at their line of sight as they made their way down the streets, one-by-one with rifles pointed.

*BOOPF!!!!*

The grenade went off and injured or maimed some of the members of the SWAT team. There were about eight of them and I managed to kill four of them with my grenade. They hadn't seen it coming. So I took aim again and engaged in a firefight with the remaining four who took shelter behind their armored trucks.

It was then, that Seamus returned again in his Blackhawk chopper, ready to make hell again. He threw a grenade from out of the side of his chopper and down below at the four remaining SWAT team members, killing the two hiding behind their armored trucks and crushing the other when the truck flipped over and crushed his chest. The last remaining SWAT member, I picked off with my rifle.

However, just as we had eliminated this SWAT team, three new SWAT teams converged at our site in their armored trucks. They had me surrounded. Having been encircled, they began aggressively firing at me with their rifles. One of their shots hit my chest and then another. But I was still alive. The Kevlar vest had protected me.

So I ran back towards them, fired and fired again with my rifle. I didn't hit any of them this time but I saw Seamus come back in his chopper yet again. This seemed to intimidate the SWAT officers as some of them ran away. Seamus then fired his mg at them which zipped through the air at such a rapid rate that it took just seconds for him to basically annihilate them.

He called out to me form his loudspeakers. "How ya doing Henri?!?!"

"I'm good! We just have to keep this up!"

"Hell yeah!!!" Seamus enthusiastically responded.

But our luck was not to last, because as soon as Seamus had said that. We realized that the government had sent in the National Guard and the Army and their soldiers who were armed to the teeth to deal with us. An APC disembarked its heavily armed soldiers behind us. Seamus disengaged from then and flew away towards the combat choppers that were also heading our way. They had decided to send in the whole army to deal with just two guys, showing how desperate they had gotten…

"Holy shit Seamus!" I called out to him.

"This isn't anything that we can't handle! The Dark Lords are here with us today, testing our willpower and determination! So let's give them hell!"

This was to be our last stand.

So I lobbed the last remaining grenades at the soldiers who were coming towards me. A few of them were killed, the rest I managed to suppress with a concentrated spray of fire from my rifle. The APC then moved forward and aimed its turret at me, but just as it did, it suddenly exploded!

Seamus had suddenly flew over again and his chopper had shot a missile at it from its weapons cache, blowing up the APC as a result. It seemed that Seamus' had gotten his hands on a special version of the Blackhawk that could transform itself to an 'attack' mode which equipped it with lock-on missiles.

"This Blackhawk is a beast!" said Seamus over the loudspeakers.

"I stole this from Area-51 as a truth-or-dare thing with my old Army buddies. And what did you know?!?!? The government had been developing some new Blackhawk prototypes!"

He then rotated his mg around and replaced it with a grenade launcher which he used to engage the soldiers below who returned fire. Some of them had gathered at the roofs of the buildings to shoot a RPG round at Seamus. Luckily, he managed to do some evasive maneuvers away from them before he shot another volley of rockets at this group of soldiers on top. But his chopper had been damaged from the firefight, even though it also had reinforced armored plating, but it was also probably heavily damaged from the dogfight in the air against the attack helicopters that were still coming our way.

"I think this is it, Henri! It was good fighting alongside you!" he said as he saluted to me below.

"It was my pleasure!" I called out to him.

As we did so, we realized that this really was it. Seamus disengaged again and flew away from the troops coming towards us as I jammed in my last round. I could hear some screaming far away and some explosions. I reckoned that Seamus had decided to fly off to massacre a few more civilians before he was shot down. I admired his commitment to the culling. But I had to stand my ground.

I could hear the soldiers approaching me. So I yelled out to them, "I'm here! Just shoot me!"

My Kevlar chest was of no use anymore after the battering it took from the SWAT team and I had sustained some severe wounds around my chest area.

They yelled back at me, "drop your gun then!"

I didn't. Instead, I sprung up and began firing back at them but I was met with a heavy volley of rifle fire as they managed to take me down. I was then lying on the ground bleeding from out of my chest as these soldiers came towards me. They pointed their rifles at my face, ready to execute me.

But just as they did, I saw Seamus flying towards me again rapidly throwing grenade after grenade at everything below, destroying everything beneath him. I could just make out his face, which showed the most sinister and diabolical expression I had ever seen. His sharp tongue was out of his mouth and he had the meanest scowl that was humanly possible as he lodged grenade after grenade like bombs on the people below. He was screaming, howling and yelling all sorts of profanities as he came towards me in his Blackhawk. Seamus was my devil in the air, having come to save me at the very last moment. This had just distracted the soldiers enough that they began returning fire at Seamus.

"IF I'M GOING TO DIE, THEN I'M TALKING ALL YOU MUTHAFUCKERS WITH ME!!!" he yelled.

His chopper had a trail of smoke coming from out of its tail. It was quickly making a descent towards them at a high velocity, indeed, Seamus was making a nose-dive towards this group of soldiers. He planned on taking everyone with him as his final sinister act. As this happened, some of the soldiers fired back at him again.

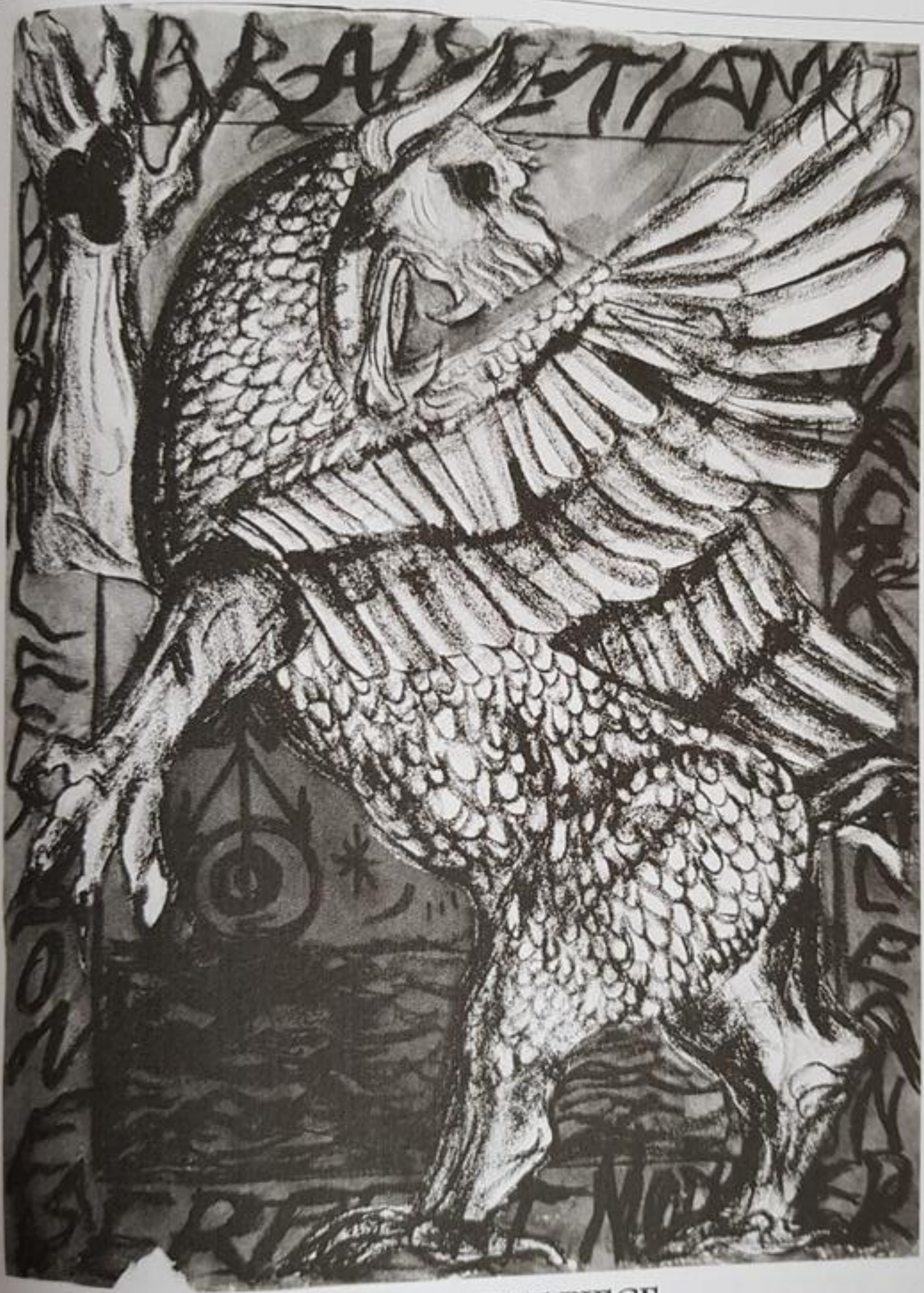
Just as he was about to crash into us, he screamed, "HAIL DEATH! GLORIOUS VANQUISHER OF ALL MEDIOCRITY!!!"

I could hear Seamus yelling as his chopper came down fast towards us from above the skies as it came crashing towards the ground and crushing those soldiers beneath him as the now flaming chassis of the helicopter came hurtling towards me with its rotor slicing apart the limbs of the remaining soldiers. It was heading towards me at a great velocity and then, I closed my eyes, accepting my inevitable fate as the Seamus' chopper came crashing towards me….

*SPLURCK!!!*

Oh, Darkness…here I am.

# THE ART OF ERICA FREVEL



TIAMAT ALTAT PIECE

TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF MEN

THE PACT

# UNDERBELLY – An Insight Role

*Disclaimer: For security reasons and out of respect for certain individuals, some details are left out. My actual friends and comrades have been erased for their own sake.*

A few years back I became a drug dealer for about two and a half years, thus experiencing a nerve-wracking way of life and experiencing chaotic situations, learning extremely important lessons in life, becoming more street-wise, facing many threats and dangers; and ultimately discarding that lifestyle altogether.

Although not one of the classical Insight roles, this period certainly had all the characteristics; I pretty much left behind and sacrificed my normal mundane existence of the time, leaving my college, having no job, not paying taxes, distancing myself from society, family and friends, changing my views completely, even sometimes forcing myself to play a persona who was the complete opposite of my character, keeping my satanic and spiritual views secret (to an extent that I almost forgot about them), facing real risks, threats and dangers every day, even being assaulted a couple of times. I did not use a bank or ID at that time, I could get almost everything I needed through black market or underground channels. Even my residence was a black market rent. This time of my life changed me for the better, hardened my spirit and made my true character more clear and sharp.

At a fairly young age I got interested in intoxicating substances and hallucinogens in particular. Before I had the chance to experiment with them, I studied them as much as I could with much enthusiasm. Later, when I started experimenting on myself I slowly became and expert of drugs, their effects and history. A couple of years would pass until I ultimately made the leap to a full time drug dealer and enthusiast.

At that time I found drugs to be enjoyable, and like most I started to use them to escape the intolerable oppression of modernity, and to ease some unresolved pain and issues; being incredibly dishonest with myself and quite frankly foolish and weak in character. I foolishly sought the easy way out; which I later found to be the worst way out.

I used drugs. I tried all the drugs I could get my hands on; every time seeing more, meeting more people involved in the trade of drugs, finding it an interesting sport and profession. As the couple of years went by my determination to experience this lifestyle surfaced completely. In my subconscious I had made the decision, regardless of my worries of what my family and friends might think or do. So, one day I did. I turned on, tuned in and dropped out.

At the beginning there was a genuine feeling of excitement, freedom, danger and anticipation; a liberation I had been waiting for. I can still feel that feeling that day when I made the leap. I recall the sheer excitement and danger. It felt good. It felt sinister. I felt this was my destiny unfolding. Not for a lifetime, but for a time; that particular time in my life had come. I sought out an individual who I knew was into these things, and who I knew was eager to make money from selling drugs; believing the false illusion of the rich, happy drug dealer. He had made some connections, but lacked the money to buy the amount needed for profit. One day; the very same day I left my college, we got into his car and went to meet some individual who would sell us 200 grams of marijuana, to begin our adventures. To fund this heresy I used the inherited savings from my father, who hanged himself when I was a youngster. Having many unresolved, underlying issues regarding that matter, I was not influenced by greed or a desire for money; I was fueled by anger; driven by rage.

I simply could not do it to myself to finish college, serve the system and the ideals and rules of others, to do what I did not believe in; it was impossible for me. I had to learn from experience. I *had* to know the edges of life. I had to live in a way that would penetrate my numbness. I did the opposite of what was being advised to me. I did the opposite of what I was taught as a child. I did the utterly satanic thing. So I turned my back on the mundane, the comfort, the illusions and begun my short lived life of crime and danger.

As we started, it did not take long for me to notice the pathetic behavioral patterns of people. They would come flocking to us like leeches; like flies. Pretending to be friends, pretending to be interested in something other than drugs. Pretending, pretending, pretending. The day started with drugs, it ended with drugs. There was no partaking in the forgotten socio-economical illusory goo. There was no watching of tv, no paying of taxes. There was an actual living in an actual underworld. It went nicely at first, phone was ringing, customers were acquired, connections were made. Marijuana, cocaine, amphetamine; what could go wrong with such 'bliss'?

For months we sold marijuana, gaining money, influence and connections. Seemingly innocent and promising. At that time there was an uprising; a surge of something classical, a fad, an obsession among the customers. Something I had sworn never to get into; it was the little pink fuckers. It was 'ecstasy'. I can never forget this period. As I tried it, I foolishly decided it would be a good idea to please the customers and make some money with this newly found marvel.

This is where things got serious. As I was purchasing large amounts of ecstasy, I met increasingly more shady people, saw and heard of more serious things; assault, robbery, rape, murder. I got more removed from reality myself due to the consumption of ecstasy and increasingly more amounts of amphetamines and cocaine. It felt purely chaotic. Purely out of control, purely blissful; purely confident. In my drug induced frenzy I did not realize the risks I was taking. After we had sold the first 100 tablets, I took it upon myself to start my own venture; called my buddies and told them it was over, I was taking it all on me. The paranoia was immense at the time. I expected a SWAT team breaking into my residence any time. The police were actually driving in circles around my home during daytime. I was intimidated by the big, bad drug dealers. I expected their henchmen to come and stab and rob me anytime. I did not recognize myself in the mirror.

As it came to purchasing the next batch of ecstasy tablets, my long lost uncle (Opfer candidate no. 1) contacted me. Somehow having heard of my large amounts of money and drugs; my crazed antics and minute success, he offered me the very best ecstasy tablets and protection from others in the trade. At the time organized biker gangs such as 'Outlaws' and 'Hells Angels' were becoming more prominent, taking over the underbelly, recruiting people to their clubs, and selling synthetic, cheap, fake and dangerous new substances. I remember meeting a guy in town who was recruiting people into a supporter club for one of the gangs, and being the satanist I am, I was smart enough to stay out of that pathetic shit, subconsciously knowing my venture in these fields would eventually come to an end; and obviously never partaking in any sort of group mentality.

So, I met this uncle of mine (Opfer candidate no. 1) to get 300 tablets of a new type of ecstasy cocktail. I remember waiting in his car, seeing how far off he was in his drug-haze, barely talking, driving from one spot to another. I felt a little over my head, listening to him talk in his phone; I remembered how far off I was from my true character and potential, and I feared I was closing in to a new low. We waited for hours. The guy was late. And simply because my uncle was late for dinner with his wife because of all this; he had the poor guy put in a trunk of a car, driven to a specific location, then driving there himself, leaving the car and beating the guy down, breaking his ribs, leg and arm, then leaving him on the parking lot. All with me present as some sort of "silent power display". That incident even came on the news few hours later. I went home with 300 ecstasy tablets. It was at that time I started realizing how far I had come. How wrong I was to myself. What heresy I was conducting.

I remember one incident after this where me and my 'friends' were at my home playing music pretty loud, and the police knocking on the door. They had got a complaint about loud noises, and thus could enter the premises. So they did, and the rats of course ran away like puny cowards, leaving me to explain all to the cops. So I did; I told them we were just going out to the town, and would stop the music now. On my living room table were rolled up bank notes, and clear evidence of cocaine. There was cash here and there; clearly not the residence of a law-abiding tax-paying citizen. Under the table however, there were the now ~250 ecstasy tablets, and another 100 grams of marijuana. What the officer did was to point at a bottle of moonshine standing proudly on the table and ask me: "what is this?" and I answered: "this is vodka". Then he wrote down my name, phone number and miraculously left. Had he found the ecstasy tablets I could have been charged with attempted murder and put to prison for up to 7 years. Realizing all this, and the simple fact that the rats had ran like the pathetic useless scum they really are, I was deep in. I was alone.

I was no longer with my 'buddies' in this. My family had completely stopped trying to communicate with me. My actual friends were far and gone. I was on my own. I was on the edge.

The true, very, actual edge. There were police on one side. There were biker gangs on the other side. There was possible death on the third side. I continued. I gave in. My customers were now more impersonal, ranging from 15 year old girls to 50 year old men with missing teeth. I was in the wrongest place. The darkest, lowest place. I was meeting the more prominent criminals for new batches, the big bad ones.

It surprised me how little these people actually knew about drugs, and I found their general ignorance disappointing to say the least. I guess I expected more individuals like myself; with a hidden, higher, satanic goal of learning in life; with at least more or equal knowledge of substances and chemicals like I had. But I never met even one. These criminals were worthless, pathetic scum, who obviously had unresolved issues from their own past or childhood, and knowing this I felt stupid and foolish, being around these dangerous, unpredictable insects. My age old anger came back. Now directed at myself, for having started this in the first place; I had done this to myself. My body was alerting me, my true friends had gone, my family had given up, and now; finally, I had learned. I had felt, I had lived

Many things happened, many things I did which I can never disclose publicly, and some of which I can never tell anyone. The broad picture is that of the whole period itself; of the role which I undertook. In all this there came a time of truth, a time where I simply had to stop and rethink my strategy. A time of remembering. When that time caught up to me, stopped using all the drugs on myself, let alone sell them; I stopped communicating with any and all people involved with this now worthless sport. I discarded it all. I threw it away. I had now known it, tried it all. If I really cared for myself this was the time to stop, as it was. It took a few months to recover physically, about one year psychologically. I isolated myself further. I discarded the people who were involved in any way with the trade of drugs. I distanced myself even further from the mundane and the Magian. I became a Hermit of sorts.

One calm, cold, dark winter night I took a walk through my neighbourhood at the time, and I remember seeing the stars, Venus, and the Moon, some aurora borealis, and of course feeling the cold, relentless, clear, honest air. At that time I realized what I had done, what I had lived. A smile was unavoidable; my satanic, spiritual, esoteric attitude had awakened from it's nap. I felt it. What I had done was utterly sinister, satanic and successful. There were no consequences to be faced other than the painful and intense experience itself. I had completed something. I had been someone other than myself, and now I was myself again. The cold, black sky of stars, Venus shining, Moon staring; reminded me of the higher goal I had so foolishly forgotten. And I smiled to myself. I felt it. I had lived it. The trees saw me standing there. I greeted them once more.

And I felt liberated. Alone. New. I had not only discarded my own painful childhood, but also the choices I had made trying to deal with that childhood, and now somehow I managed to survive an unsaid catastrophe and smile to the moon, a new man, hardened by fear and feared by the fearful; I had become the very thing I myself had feared before. There was nothing that could threat me now. I smiled – I still smile – O, the irony that is life. O, what it takes now to put me out of balance is too great for any individual to undertake. O, that which can persuade me now must be of the gods, or else it is not even worth my attention. O, the irony; the sinister truth. I had fulfilled the beginnings of my Destiny.

As the said hermit I started pursuing my original goals again, as if I had never done anything other. I took up the gift of meditation once again, which was given to me at a very young age, liberating me from the shackles of the putrid magian, Nazarene infectious disease completely. I meditated, I created art, I composed music, I wrote, I remembered, I vibrated the truth into my own mind. And the profound experiences from that time rendered all mind-altering substances obsolete. Even the strong effects of hallucinogens such as deliriants, DMT and psychedelic mushrooms. There was simply more. It was piercing; there was no running away from it, it was there and it had nothing to do with any substance known to man. What was the point of taking a substance when such immense energies can me made manifest and experienced with breath alone?

I became. I felt as if emerging from pupae. I was me. I was again the same small boy who dreamed of demons, a dark blue sky, yellow stars, and the silent trees watching and dancing in the wind. I felt more. I felt myself. O the putrid human failures. The war on drugs is not only a failure; it is a hoax. We live in a world of depraved lies, sick illusions and utter weakness. Your opinions are not going to fight a war for you. Only you can do so yourself with your own unique experience of life on the edge, in any manner that fits your Wyrd. The Magian must be destroyed. It must be discarded as we discard our own feces. We must destroy the modern, 'illuminated', putrid, sick, rotten, mundane, magian, worthless, unnatural infection. Remember the mountains in the night? Think of trees dancing in wind. See the stars on a snowy winter midnight. Commune with the acausal. Nature does not forget. Nature does not forgive. Stars remember and see. Stars need darkness to shine.

So, what was learned from this rebellious, seemingly pointless, heretical, dangerous way of life?

1) In itself this and any such adversarial way of life or 'insight role' will, 'if correctly understood', serve to strengthen, sharpen and make more clear, ones true, primordial and REAL character.

2) I have become more calm. I have become more sharpened in my own views. I have become truly proud of having purposefully endured pain, hatred, misery, worthlessness, and other negative forces. I am not afraid of the criminal underworld as the mundane is. I know who is who. I know what is what. I can see. I understand. I don't need help. I can fully understand an individual who is aspiring in that field, and I can sinisterly anticipate his demise; knowing that such a way of life has absolutely no future. I have completed crime 101. I know who is the real criminal. He wears a suit and a

tie, and bears a false inhuman smile on his false inhuman face.

3) Drugs, intoxicants and mind-altering substances have been rendered obsolete for me. A truly esoteric, occult, satanic or spiritual aspirant must come to find them to be distractions and abstractions from those experiences that are truly mystical, the 'true' and 'real' that most individuals undoubtedly fear; that which most individuals turn their backs on to give in to a return to illusions. "The hard way is the only way." The easy way is the way of the prey. 'Go hard or go home.'

4) Don't expect others to have equal or similar knowledge of the satanic, esoteric, spiritual or occult ways as you have. As the finding of such people is very rare, and as part of your own personal Wyrd, concentrate on your own personal learning; not the mundane opinions and worthless musings of other sentient beings. Listen instead to the whispers in the wind, look upon the dancing of the trees. Become one with Nature and walk through the black fires of the Abyss, or perish in foul submission.

Such was the simple way I learned and experienced the basic truths I hold on to. Not the truths of the Sinister Tradition; but rather the truths of the opposite, the sick. The inhuman, the rotten, the anti-cosmic. The enemy. And as so I strive to aspire, and to destroy the enemy at all costs. The times we live in are no ordinary times. These are the times of war, of truth and of culling.

Agios o Aosoth!

Yogesh Arya,
Iceland, 126 Y.F.

# WORSHIP THE DARKNESS

## Constantine Charagma

The Abyss is the one of the most common themes in occult literature. Without great surprise, it is also the most badly misunderstood. Whether you call it the Void, or the Hell, or the Great Darkness, the *Asat*, or the Primordial, it is all One. Absolute, eternal, and ceaseless in its desire to reincorporate us back into itself. It is at the center of everything, and it exists outside of time and space, as well as between time and space. Our limited intellect is unable to understand this directly through perception, and so it is only through the grace of gnosis – that is, whispers from the Void – that we are able to understand its supremacy and sublime nature.

The world we live in is an amalgamation of selfish whims and urges, given physical forms by the demigods – these are the demiurges, craftsmen, the jailers, the clever hands who have bound up our sentience within the three-dimensional prison we call existence. They are not evil, but they are selfish, in that they wish to maintain this false existence. They try to keep you trapped and confused, like a jealous lover who likes your company so much, that they decide to take you hostage, slash your tires, and lock you inside their house because they cannot stand to live without you. The demigods suffer from a psychosis, which compels them to isolate their own existence from the Abyss which wants – needs, really – to devour and consume them.

We are not meant to be here. We are meant to return to the Abyss, from which the demigods emerged. Mythology casts the Abyss as a hungry monster, but it is not so much *hungry* as it is *incomplete*. The gods, have left it, have stolen its divine essence and having forced the cosmos (and us) into existence – they have fractured the Unity of the Abyss, and so it seeks to reincorporate them, the cosmos, and us, back into its divine source. We must go back to godhead – that is, to the perfect unity that predates the brokenness of the cosmos.

The Abyss is not even our parent – it is more than that – it is our source. You are a piece of the Abyss, a shard of its divine unity. Now, we are now incomplete. We know, deep down inside, that this is not where we are meant to be. So to distract ourself from the pain of separation, we have created religions, myths, stories to justify our purposeless lives, lies to give this charade some kind of meaning.

There are many occult paths in this world, but most are false leads, dead-ends and alleys that were planted by the demigods. They cannot help you – not really. At most, they can assist you in obtaining momentary blessings or benefits, but they cannot truly help you ascend, because they do not WANT you to ascend. The only escape from this universe, this prison, is descent into the Abyss. This is easier than it ought to be, but harder than it sounds. Easy, because the Abyss wants you to return, and it wishes so bitterly to consume this universe and reclaim its wholeness. Hard, because as much as we might wish to return, our flesh is our jailer, a conspirator who struggles against our Abyssal urge. So we must learn to put the flesh to death, through its perversion, its discipline, its sublimation. The flesh can be overcome, and through sufficient punishment and austerity, what is at first a barrier to the Abyss can become the doorway through which the Abyss can enter this world.

If we are serious about escaping this prison, devotion is the only way, the only path. We must entirely submit to the Abyss, pray to it, sacrifice to it. Rites of blood and austerity are the most powerful tools of the path, through which we can allow the Abyss to consume us, our environments, and the cosmos itself.

The gods of mercy and kindness are liars, drug-peddlers and swindlers. They cover up our genuine suffering by masquerading as our friends and protectors. They are not. It is the dark gods, the spirits who have turned back to the Abyss, who are our real saviors . Those beings you call demons, fiends, monsters – they are the gods who have rejected the light of falsehood, and chosen to return to the Abyss. But because they are truly merciful, they seek to shatter this prison first. Whence we call them monsters and horrors and terrors, because they shatter the mundane prison, in the attempt to awaken the prisoners. When a spirit guides you to cut your flesh, it is saying "awaken". When it inflicts nightmares in the darkness of the night, it is whispering "wake up wake up wake up". When these spirits slip inside you, hollow you out, and carry your soul back to the Void, they are not trying to hurt you. They are trying to liberate you from the lie that is the world around us. The spirits from the Void appear to torment us, because they are surgeons who are trying to cut through the muck and mire of the material world.

Sometimes, when the spirits feel the need to really intervene, to rescue a soul, they will attempt to possess someone. It is often an innocent, who does not deserve to be trapped in this world. When we see a person who is possessed by an Abyss spirit, they will often appear to be mad and raving, so we understand through gnosis that the soul is already gone – swallowed, by the Abyss. But the mind and the flesh remain, as the corpse is too perverse to die. We need to seek that level of spiritual advancement. Whiling living, we must seek to leave the flesh. Become the corpse. I do not say kill yourself, as that is stupidity. If you kill yourself while alive, you will merely be forced to take rebirth in another body. Some very wicked demigods use depression and illness to push people towards suicide, but this is a trick to prevent genuine gnosis. The true Abyssal Gnostic has so embodies the Void, that they have become the Living Dead. While living, their soul has gone on to Void realms, while the body continues to act and speak on auto-pilot. This is the true ascent, which is very difficult to describe, and harder yet to accomplish.

There once was a very holy Gnostic saint in New York, and she wanted very much to transcend the flesh. And so she prayed and prayed fervently for the spirits of the Void to possess her, hollow her out, and take her soul back to the Abyss. She began to have very strange dreams, which encouraged her to undertake bizarre rituals. She would fast on the new moon, burn her own hair soaked in her own blood as ritual offerings, and cut herself with pieces of jagged glass from the broken windows of a local church. She even took to sleeping in cemeteries, because (she reported) it was only there that she could hear the whispers of the Void clearly. Eventually she received the holy communion of unity (which cannot be described) – but then appeared to abandon all spiritual practices and to return to her regular professional life. Everyone commented on how 'normal' she seemed – except for her closest family and friends, who remarked that she was no longer "present" in the body. She would go about her day as if on autopilot – she worked, paid her taxes, and attended family events – but her conversations were all dull and insipid. Eventually, someone consulted with a psychologist, and after some attempts at therapy, the person was diagnosed with some severe dissociative disorder. Of course, the soul of the gnostic had ascended and gone back to the Abyss. The body and the mind had remained, and this is what the living family could not accept. But this saint is a great hero, and an example to us all.

Eventually, the soul of the saint did return, from the Abyss out of her great compassion for her family. Of course, by that time, her sense of compassion was really inhuman, and so she engaged in violent outbursts and acts of sexual transgression that left several people injured and in need of counselling themselves. The saint, having shocked them out of their spiritually dead routines, died of an epileptic seizure shortly thereafter.

The rites and practices of the Ecclesia community, and other holy devotional societies such as the Tempel ov Blood and Res Satanae, are all intended to do one thing: to destroy the mortal, and unchain the immortal. The flesh is a trap by design, but it does not *need* to be a trap – it can be a doorway into terrible etheric realms. Through the abuse or indulgence of the flesh, it can be turned from a locked door into an open corridor. The anecdote above is an example of how the Abyss reaches out to us, seeking to consume us in its own quest for immortality. We seek to join it, it seeks to find us. The Abyss – our supersoul – seeks to consume us, we should ask to be consumed.

We may not have the courage or the dedication to enter the Abyss, but if we are willing to make steps towards the Abyss in this life, then we are assured that the spirits of the Abyss will take notice of our efforts, and seek to facilitate our better rebirth. Whether this is in a spiritual world that has already moved towards the Void, or within the Void itself, is unknown. But we must make the efforts to free ourselves of the demiurgic prison, as no one can do it for you otherwise.

Free yourself.

Worship the Darkness.

# ENTITY

## Constantine Charagma

When I was in college, I became very disillusioned with the Church, and I started to practice magic. Through luck (or misfortune), I discovered some strange dream rituals involving fasting, cutting, and blood offerings into several guttering candles, and this brought me into contact with a very powerful spirit from the Abyss. For reasons I will not get into here, I needed assistance, and It offered to help me, in exchange for my devotion and worship, and for carrying a lesser Abyssal entity with me. I agreed. Then, very strange things started to happen. First, they were happening to me, next to my family, then to the people I was friends with. It was like a spiritual sickness, and I was at the epicenter. The entity was using me as an anchor, and it seemed to grow stronger is it radiated further and further away. I knew it was hurting people, damaging relationships, eroding the community in which I lived, but it felt good. I liked the feeling of having a dark spirit coiled inside of me, lashing out at random. It was soothing, numbing even, in a strangely addictive kind of way. Sometimes, I would close my eyes and see through its eyes, and other times it would push my own consciousness aside and I would just be on autopilot while this Thing used me like a puppet. This happened at school mostly, it didn't normally take me over at home, since my parents would have been suspicious. The spirit would manifest when I was trying to sleep – it would shove my bed around, jolting me awake. Or it would move the lamp beside my bed, shaking it gently, or making other objects move in the room by themselves. The entity was malicious, I could feel it clearly, but it did not want to hurt me in particular, and I afforded it the chance to hurt other people. I even took a particular comfort when it was there, like it was some hideous guardian angel.

Unfortunately, it did not limit itself to manifesting near me. My parents started to have frequent nightmares, and my little sister woke up one night screaming like an animal, shouting that the devil was in her room. I tried to explain to the entity that these kind of manifestations were bad for me, but either it did not understand, or perhaps it simply didn't care.

At school, though, that was where its power really shined. Somehow, this thing made me understand that it was able to hurt people, but I needed to direct it. I would envision lines of energy connecting me to people who I did not like – for example, there was this guy who was really into my girlfriend. So, I'd focus on him in class. I'd see the energy flowing between us, and I'd wish for the entity to travel along the line and to infect him. Sure enough, if I wished hard, then I'd see the weird reddish energy of the creature streaming out from me and into that fucker, and he'd start to get weak, or lethargic, or even sick in class. It became something of a game – class became an excuse to torment this person, and I think he somehow knew I was the one making him sick.

The downside was that the entity would jump to my friends as well. For some time, I had been trying to tell my best friend Patrick about this Aybssal entity and the weird things it was doing, and the weird black thoughts it was feeding my mind. He'd tell me it was all make-believe, wish fulfillment, stuff like that. So I asked the entity for a favor – I told it I wanted Pat to see what I was seeing, so I wouldn't think I was going crazy. Honestly, there were moments when I thought I was going crazy, but seeing the entity affecting other people, it reassured me that it wasn't all in my head. One weekend, my Patrick when to a party with his sister. It was a lousy party, so they decided to get some fresh air at the park up the street. To make a long story short, while they were chilling at the park, this Thing came out of the woods towards them, they said it looked like a spectral shape that was basically human, but bird-headed and with claws. It chased them all the way home, and when they locked themselves inside the house, it tried to get in through the upstairs window. My friend and his sister told me this, and then my friend asked me never again to try to send the entity to him again. I felt bad, because they were genuinely terrified, and his sister was hysterical when they told me about this misadventure.

Unfortunately, the one who suffered the most was my girlfriend at the time. She didn't quite believe me, but she did know that I wasn't mentally unstable, and so she tried to talk to a friend of hers who claimed to be a hereditary witch from a coven. Her friend said she wanted to meet me, and so my girlfriend arranged for us to meet at a party. That, to put it mildly, did not go well. When I got to the party, my girlfriend's friend was there – a tall, bony girl with a mop of unkempt hair. She looked nice enough, if cheaply dressed. However, when my girlfriend tried to introduce us, the Abyssal entity inside me reared up like an angry horse. People talk about a fight-or-flight reaction, and this was absolutely that. Part of me wanted to rape the girl, violate her there in front of all those people. Part of me wanted to leave, to escape being seen. For her part, when she saw me, her eyes grew a bit wild, and she told my girlfriend that she wanted to leave the party. Later that night, she called my girlfriend on the phone, and told her to break up with me. She said I was carrying a dangerous presence inside me, a shadowy entity with red eyes. My girlfriend didn't know what to think, but while they were talking, something started to scratch the underside of my girlfriend's bed, as if a cat or other clawed animal. My girlfriend was really afraid, since she didn't own any pets, and when she told the witch what was happening, the witch told her it was the entity, and it would only get worse with time.

My girlfriend gave me the choice to get help, or to end things with her. So we broke up. I rather liked her, but the entity didn't, and there was no sense in seeing her punished for distracting me from whatever agenda I was being steered towards.

This is the part of the story, where you'd think I'd get help from a priest or some local psychic.

But I'm not a victim or a faggot, or some dabbling Satanist. Despite the fact that I understood the entity was malicious, I enjoyed it. So when things got to the point that my friends and family were really freaking out, I simply left. I packed my things, and moved to another city. Eventually, I found a teacher, someone who understood spells and magic, and learned a few lessons – not on how to get rid of the entity, but how to merge with it, so it could never leave, and so I'd never be without it. Of course, at this point I wonder if maybe it intended all along for this to happen, or if it simply didn't care enough to resist when I intoned the spells to drill it into my bones and flesh. Either way, I no longer feel the presence of an external force inside me, I just feel myself like an alien presence inside of a human shell, and loose in the material world to play whatever awful games come to mind.

Now, I set my hand to writing the ritual that I discovered. It is very simple, but very difficult to do, and harder to undo if you don't like the rituals. If you are brave enough to call down the Abyss – to seek an audience with the Primordials who dwell there – then these steps might be of some use. This ritual is suitable for those initiates who are genuinely tired of spiritual half-measures, and are prepared to undertake serious hardships in order to make great spiritual advancements.

+ Constantine

## OPENING THE BLACK CORRIDOR

1. Gather a sharp knife, three black candles, and some ashes mixed with urine and earth (in a small bowl).
2. Go to an isolated room.
3. Cut the left hand, preferably the ring finger. Dribble the blood into the bowl, mix into the ashes and urine, so that it forms a muddy paste.
4. Taking the ashen paste, and trace a circle on the ground. It does not need to be perfect or even very neat, but it should be large enough to sit in.
5. Place the three black candles along the circle at intervals.
6. Light the candles.
7. Whisper (first candle): *NOMEN*, then (second candle): *ANIMA* then (third candle): *CORPUS*
8. Extinguish all light in the room. Seat yourself in the circle.
9. Cut the hand again, so that blood flows liberally over the thumb and fingers.
10. With bloody fingers, extinguish the first candle. Intone the secret name of the Abyss, internally.
11. With bloody fingers, extinguish the second candle. Intone the secret name of the Abyss, internally.
12. With bloody fingers, extinguish the third candle. Intone the secret name of the Abyss, internally.

13. Sitting now in the darkness, in the middle of the circle, you need to call out to the very spirit of the Abyss. *This cannot be done with words*, it can only be done through silent keening. Your very spirit needs to wail, loudly and mournfully. If you can do this with sincerity, the Abyss will hear you.
14. Open yourself to the spirits, which are drawn to the location. The ritual itself will open a corridor to the Abyss, even if only briefly. Be prepared to accept whatever spirit is released, which will likely expect to be hosted within you.
15. Wait within the triangle until contact is achieved. It is normal to experience fear or anxiety during the ritual.
16. Once contact with the Abyss (or Abyssal spirit) is accomplished, then leave the chamber. Do not attempt a banishing.

It would be very normal for poltergeist phenomena to occur during and after the ritual. The spirits that are attracted by this ritual are nearly impossible to banish by normal occult means, so the adept who performs this ritual should be prepared for long-term effects.

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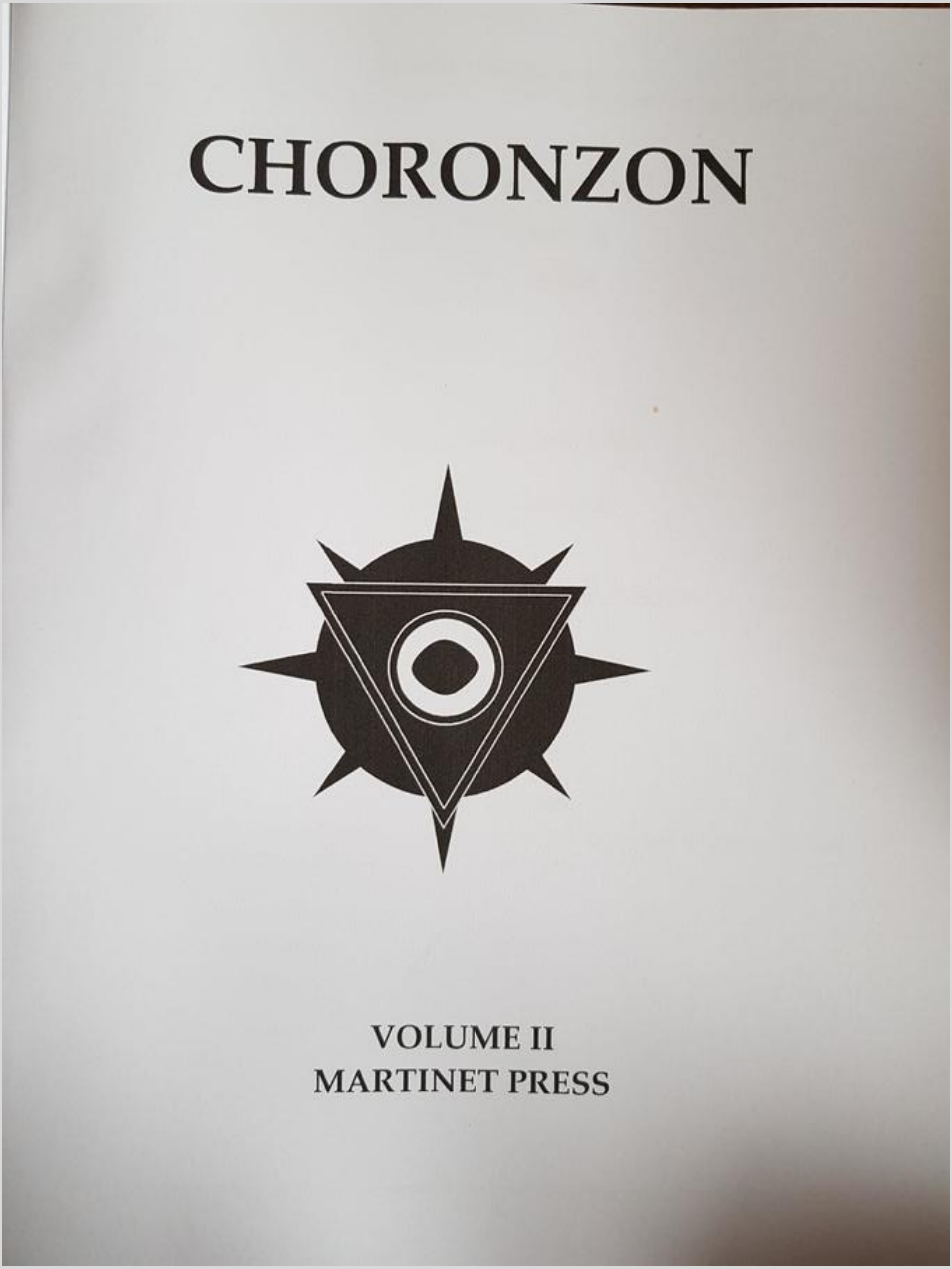
ATU III

# WORSHIP THE DARKNESS

# CHORONZON II



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COVER ART by JOEL HRAFNSSON

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# EDITORIAL FOREWORD

This is the second edition of *Choronzon*, and we were very pleased with the sheer number of contributions that the Press received for consideration. Editing a journal of this size is a bit daunting: on the one hand, it's good to give everyone a platform to express their own unique insights into the Abyss. On the other hand, it's mechanically impossible to include everything we receive, and so we've spent hours – literally, hours – going through the emails, photos, PDFs, and docs, trying to see which pieces fit best together. At a certain point, we have had to abandon any kind of professional logic, and just let mad instinct take over. This isn't a question of judgement or assessment – it's rather listening to the whispers at the back of your head, straining to hear the chittering, the tell-tale twitch in your hair, the catch in your breathe when you know (rather: you ***know***) that you're looking at a piece that belongs in this collection. All this to say, we're grateful and honored to have a hand in preparing this second edition of *Choronzon*, and we hope that our partners, authors, artists, and readers, are as pleased with the result as we are.

We have received a number of requests for publication, and an increasing number of quality manuscripts. Some of these you will see in 2016, others in 2017. This makes us glad. What does NOT make us glad, though, is the increasing number of people who write us, asking if we can do leather-bound high quality editions like the larger "professional" occult presses. The answer is "yes, we technically *can* – but NO, we're not going to do that." Then, invariable, people write back to say that hardcover makes more money, and they want money, and surely we must want money. And let us be clear: they couldn't be more wrong. We don't do this for money. Period. We want to sell books with good quality editing, that anyone can afford. Anyone who tells you the binding of the book somehow equates to the quality of the content is lying to you, because they want your money. Period. End of story, if you think otherwise, there are about ten other presses that are happy to take your money, or your manuscript.

The moment that a press turns "professional", insofar as they have a fulltime staff, they are commercially dependent on publishing books. That's very dangerous, because it means that the quality of the books is no longer their priority. The quality of their current is no longer their priority. You might feel good by owning their $500 books, and they might genuinely feel good about what they're doing, but let's be clear: you cannot worship the Abyss, and claim to serve it, and still try to make money off people by selling "scripture." If your teacher or guru or shaykh tells you that he wants your money in exchange for books, they are just using you.

Just to be very clear: teachers are important. if your teacher actually gives you real power or teachings or services, that's different – you should *volunteer* your time or sex or money in payment. A real teacher should be shown gratitude – they should not have to *ask* for payment. You should have the sense to give it freely.

But if someone tells you that you should buy expensive books to get their teachings, then that's exploitation. They're not anti-whatever-the-hell they claim to be, they're totally worldly. Tell them to fuck off – seriously, do this – because you don't need that kind of nonsense.

Maybe it would be good to say something further about the spiritual orientation of Martinet Press. We are believers, all of us. We worship the Darkness, without shame or embarrassment. All of us at MP, at some point, have encountered what other people call "dark gods" or "demons" or "djinn". Most people run screaming at that point, but we're not most people. If you're reading *Choronzon*, you're probably like us. You cannot convince people to believe in the Abyss, but you can at least reach out to others who have been touched by It, and help them to express It. This is important, because the Abyss is sacred, and other's experience of It can help you to have greater insights into what the Abyss wants or does not want, and it can help you to find techniques or practices that will OPEN YOU to It, so that it can better invade you, tear you apart, and stitch you back together.

If you asked, 'why are you doing this journal?', we would answer that we recognize that there are many people who serve the spirit world in many ways. The spirit world is real – the Abyss is real. It's not science-fiction. In the 1970s and 1980s, the CIA and KGB both admitted that they had spent years and millions of dollars in trying to understand the hidden mysteries, though neither of them will discuss it today in interviews. The Nazi obsession with the occult is a film trope today. This is not by coincidence: these states understand that occult power is real, it's not simply make believe. If it were entirely make believe, people would not make movies about it. It cannot be reduced to Freudian neurosis and Jungian archetypes. The Darkness is real. Possession happens. There truly are spiritual beings that see humanity as food, and we'd be stupid to ignore all of these facts. If you can get a psychiatrist to speak freely (we have done this), they'll tell you that almost every person in a mental hospital is genuinely ill – but there are sometimes a few cases where someone is genuinely being controlled by an inhuman consciousness, and that terrifies the medical community. This won't be on BBC, but you dig enough in the medical community, and you will see it yourself.

We believe that such powers are real. We have felt them, seen their hands at work. We are committed, body and spirit, to helping bring the next aeon. We don't really care about magic for love or wellbeing. This is about aeonic, cosmic change. Cultures *do* rise and fall. Civilizations crumble. That is because the spiritual powers that feed on humanity do not need one or two sacrifices. They need *wars*, fought in their name, consecrated in their honor. When the Vikings cried before battle '*Jeg gir deg en Odin* (I give you all to Odin)', it was not merely a wish for good luck – it was literally feeding the gods on human lives. What is happening in the east right now – the cultural, national sacrifices of Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, and Libya – these are not about oil. This is about engineering the new aeon. *Redeunt Saturnia regna* – Saturn's kingdom returns from the Abyss.

This journal is a real grimoire. It provides a ragged map of experiences, insights, visions, and practices through which you can approach the Abyss. Of course, the Abyss is chaos, it has no clear paths, no official churches or orders. But there are traditions, loose enclaves on its shores, which offer a rough kind of shelter to those occultists who have (against all common sense) come seeking the revelations of the void. No one single author can show you the way. But perhaps where one stumbles, many can find the paths together.

Join us, reader. Our names are *legion*.

- Martinet Press

# *SERGEY KRAMER*
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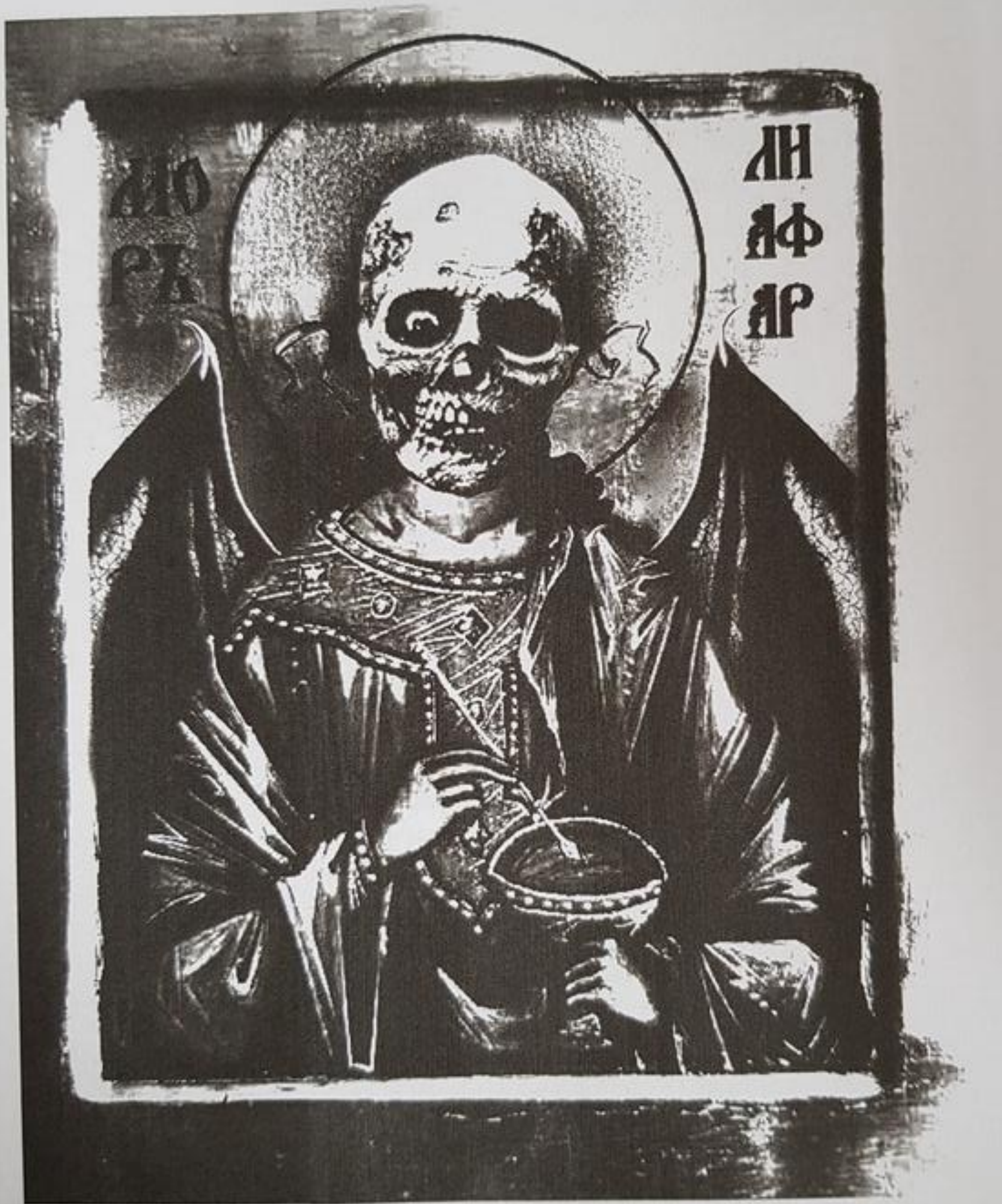
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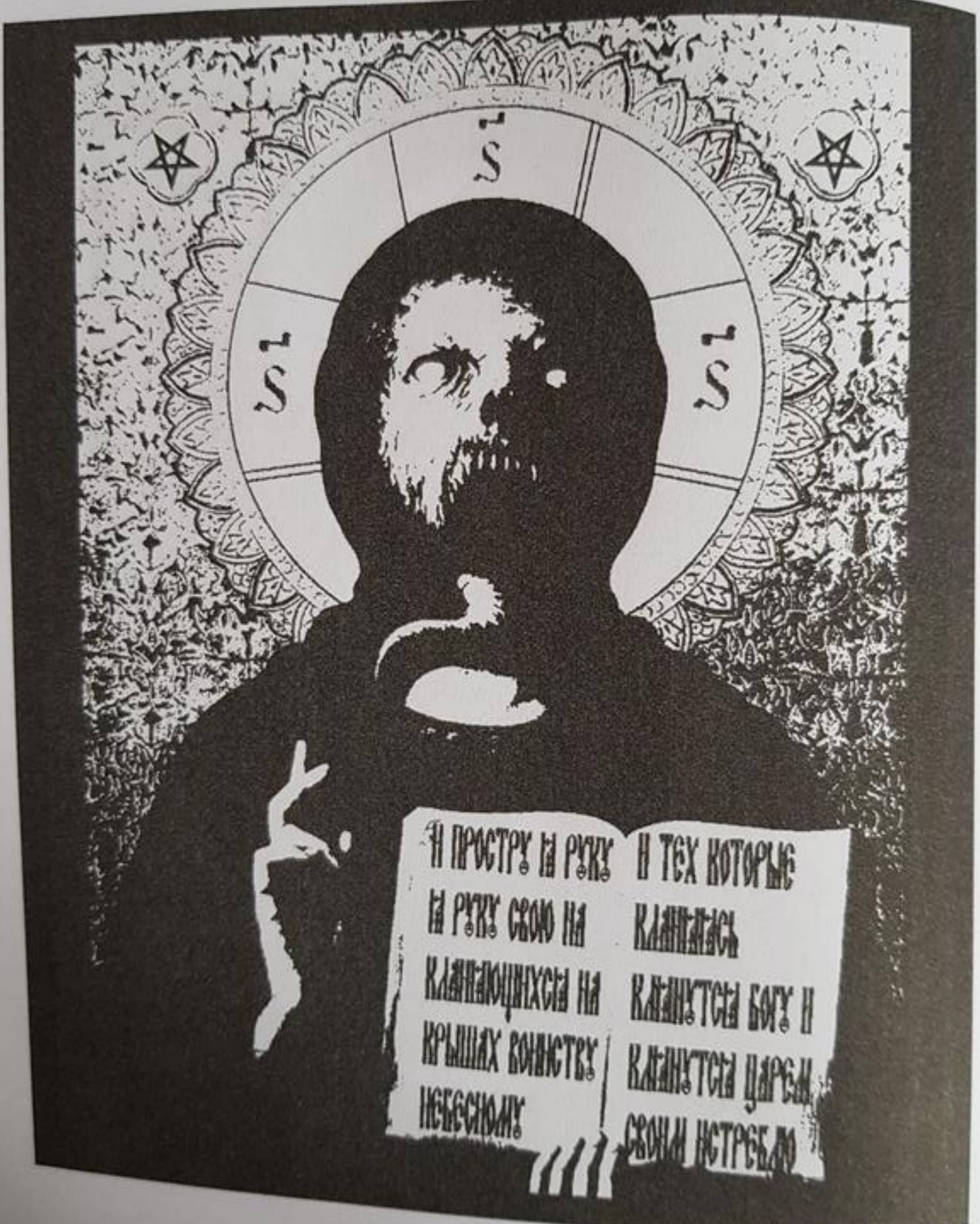
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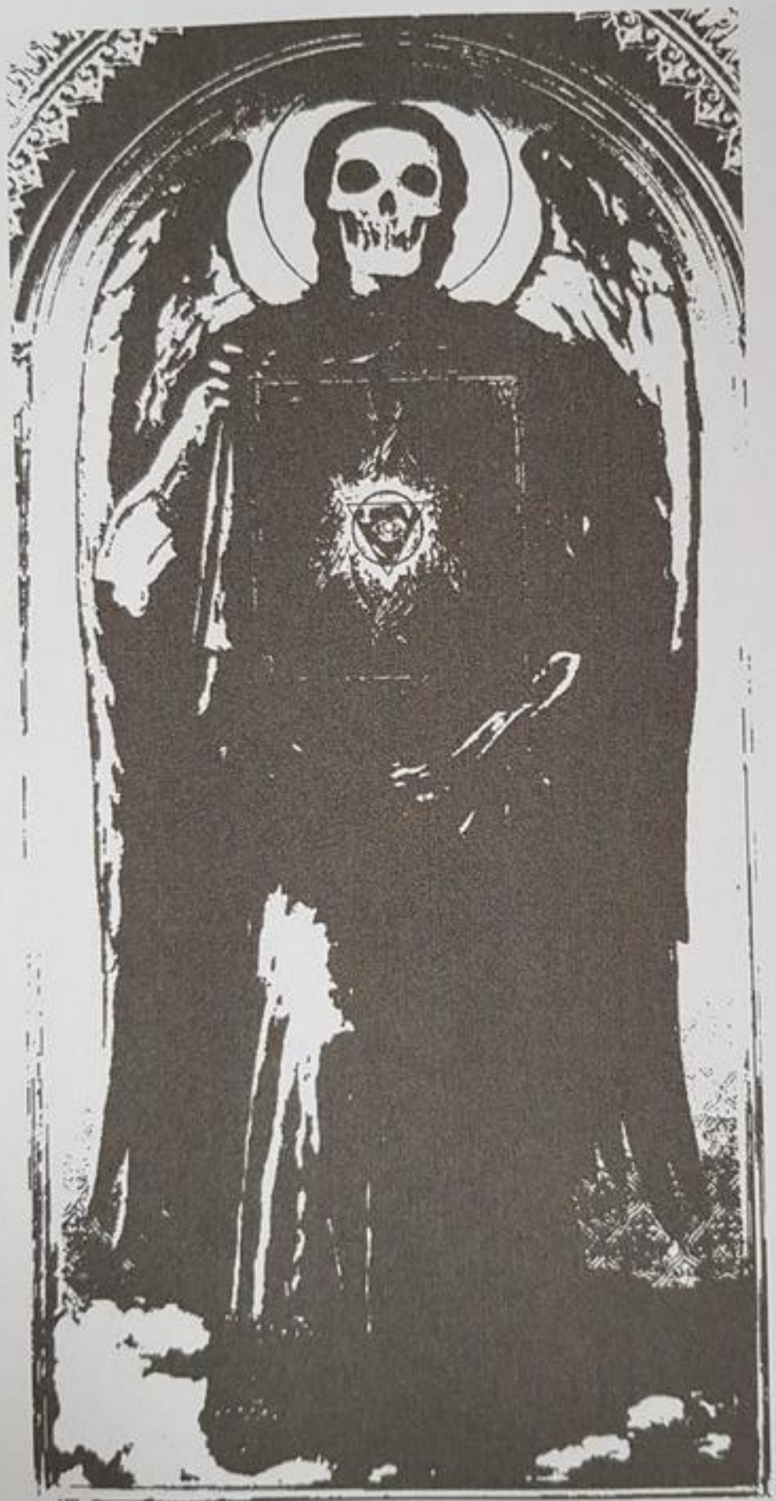

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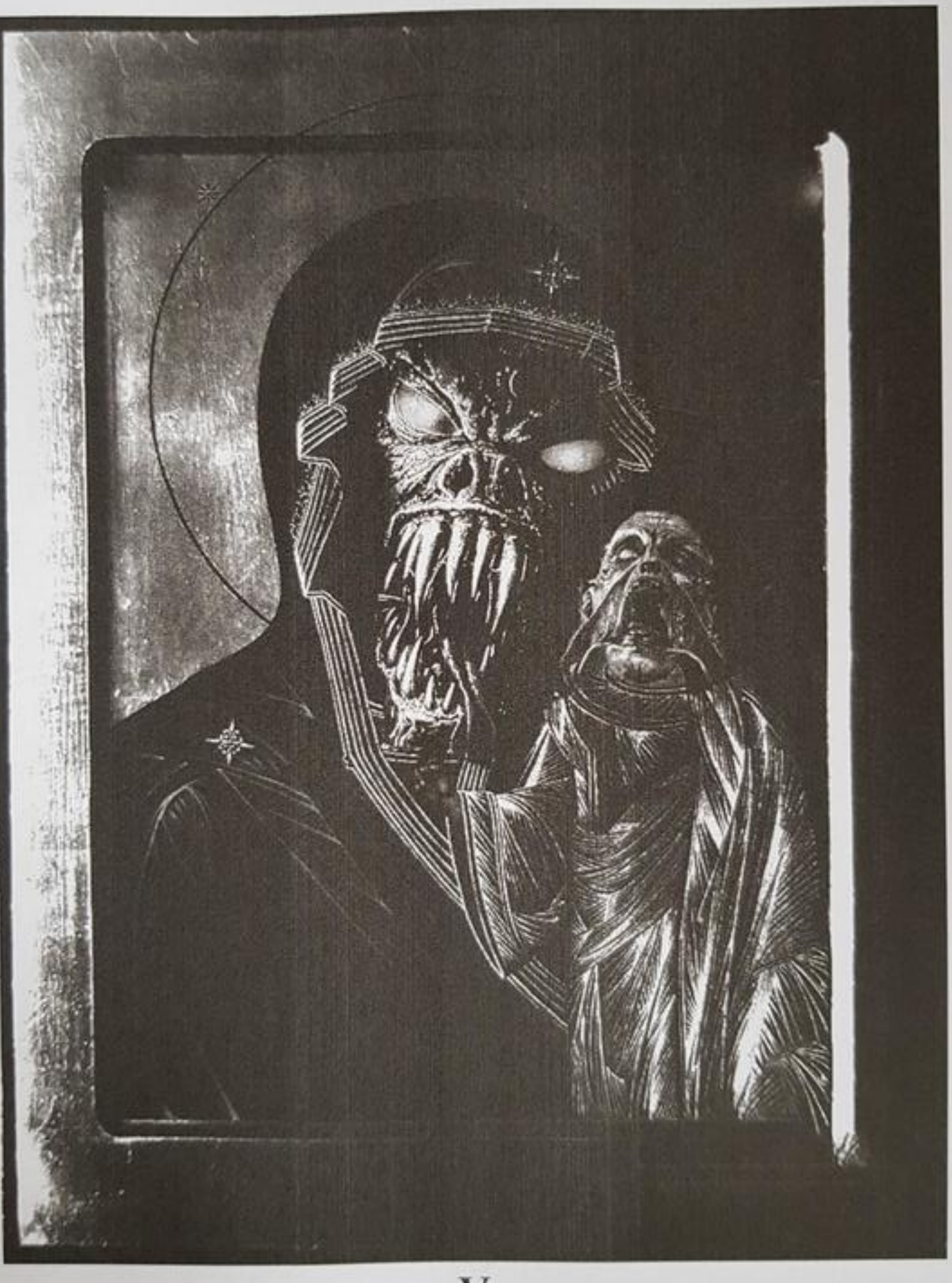

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VI

# THE AEON OF DARK EMPATHY

### Asha'Shedim

When I formed the Lilin Society back in 2013, it was out of disgust and outrage as to what direction the occult arts had devolved, that lead me towards the infernal path I was to pave. My vision was to seek out like minded Satanists (not weekend Satanists) and form a brotherhood where individuals and sects alike could unite and learn under its umbrella. Our goal since the beginning has been simple yet bold. We seek out the path of internal evolution which can be achieved through Pathei-Mathos.

Pathei-Mathos can be defined as an internal process both individual in nature as well as aeonic. It is learning through adversity; it is wisdom gained through personal suffering and personal experience which all lead to gnosis. Gnosis, or hidden knowledge, is discovered through a combination of personal suffering, adversity, the occult arts and personal experiences both internal and external. If one of these is taken away then the practitioner hasn't reached the requirements to evolve toward gnosis. To understand the limits of the clay prison (flesh) and how minuscule we truly are within the cosmos, will bring us closer to gnosis. It will bring about change.

The Lilin Society thus uses techniques such as insight roles and challenging physical tests to fill the requirements of pathei-mathos. Through ritual sorcery, and especially internal sorcery, we truly learn about ourselves, but only with a combination of other techniques. The Lilin Society may provide a tried and tested path toward enlightenment and evolution to those who wish to commit to our standards.

It is the path to gnosis. To slack in one or more areas leads to failure, of delusions of growth, or a false sense of achievement that was not earned. These ignorant beings are unbalanced, absorbed by ego and trade their evolution for an imposter's mask.

With regard to insight roles, there often seems to be confusion as to the purpose they serve. These are roles we willingly take on that purposely place us at odds with ourselves. They are intended to cause inner conflict as well as outer conflict, and thus bring about change and evolution. Becoming a police officer, a right wing fanatic and so forth, are examples of insight roles. I myself have lived the insight role of being the leader of a right wing militia. I supported the Tea Party and took on far right beliefs.

My sudden shift confused the people around me, but the role helped me to gain a greater understanding of myself. Once the insight role had served its purpose, I stepped down as General, and the militia has since disbanded. I have also served in the military as a means to achieve insight. This also served as a form of aeonic sorcery, as I supported the killing force that fought Muslims, a revolting demiurgic cult. These are but a few examples of how I have used insight roles to foster my own personal development. I view insight roles as a key component in one's personal evolutionary path; these roles are important to me as they should be to everyone within the Lilin Society.

As a Society we strive to surpass the mundane and all limitations bestowed upon the mundanes by the cosmic creator. After our limitations are tried and tested by pathei-mathos, we move to learn to kill our ego, and thus free the Azoth. This is done through fasting, self-mutilation, sleep deprivation, psychedelic drug use, and spiritual segregation. Although these tasks are seemingly trivial, they in fact are detrimental to the development of 'Homo Galacticus', a new human which is more concerned with the internal rather than the external world. This willful shaping and molding of the mind makes us more capable of understanding and receiving gnosis.

We all have the ability to evolve, but it is our contentment within a material world that prevents many of us, especially the mundane, from achieving it. It is our material anchors which tether us to this world and deny us the liberation our spirit strives for: to filter back into timeless chaos. We must break the cycle of rebirth and evolve.

Neophytes within the society often ask me where they should begin. The occult arts can be a labyrinth of possibilities that may confuse one as much as it inspires another. My suggestion is to begin with meditation, for it is meditation that is the root of all successful work. Without a mind detached from the body, the wand and altar are simply material objects without any real power or use. It is the clear mind that communicates with the acausal world which empowers the tools and rituals of Satanism.

Satanists must wrap their mind around the concept of the acausal world, one full of acausal spirits liberated of physical form. Satan is one of many acausal spirits that reside in the other side, but he is simply one of many. A typical misconception is that Satan is the supreme god of chaos, this is not true. The Unknown God is ruler of all cosmic chaos and Satan rules the worlds of Sitra Achra as he looks up to the unmanifested womb to return to chaos.

From this acausal world, we have acausal energies which can be used. This is the true basis of sorcery. The Lilin Society posits that every man and every woman is a nexion to the acausal world. How this is so can be observed through life itself, even within the mundane aspects of materiality. Everything in the universe, from a pencil on a desk, to an asteroid in the sky, needs force to move. This is the cause and effect of the causal world, yet we can move without force simply by thinking it. I tell my arm to move and it does. This is evidence of an outside energy at odds with the causal world within us. We are full of acausal energy and thus we all serve as a nexion to the acausal world. Plants have acausal energy and thus this is why herbal sorcery works. To understand the acausal is to understand sorcery.

Acausal empathy, dark empathy, and sinister empathy are all different terminology describing the sensitivity to (and awareness of) acausal energies. It is beyond causal abstractions, beyond all casual symbols, and beyond occultism, for the occult uses causal symbols and methods to access the acausal. It is thinking in acausal time rather than the cause and effect of causal time.

Acausal beings are beyond our understanding. Some of these acausal beings only exist within the realm of the acausal while others have the means to manifest within this world. These are the demons that we may contact or call upon. They are without physical form but can take a causal form within this world. These beings are beyond morality and causal concepts. It is impossible to hold them to our definition of morality. They exist by their own acausal nature. Acausal beings have the ability to feed off of emotion. They also feed off of energy, such as the *prana* in blood during a sacrifice (or bloodletting ritual), during the burning of herbs and incense, and so on. They do not live and die for they are eternal.

The examination of the acausal thus brings me to discuss humanity and the causal. Energy cannot neither be created nor destroyed. Our consciousness is energy. Since it cannot be destroyed, it thus 'lives' forever, surviving the death of the body; it may move toward either the acausal world or may be locked into the vicious cycle of rebirth. Another key word here is created.

The creator god has created our body, created our soul, but our spirit was stolen from this acausal world. It has been imprisoned in this clayform, and in a sense lives in an insight role here in the causal world. This struggle strengthens the spirit as we find gnosis and fight to break the chains of rebirth.

It should also be noted that acausal beings are not restricted by causal travel. Causal travel is physical, and they are not physical beings, and thusly not restricted by the laws of our physical existence. They are all encompassing and everywhere at once. Some are more powerful than others.

While some can bring about change within the causal world others cannot, just as some cannot manifest within the causal world.

Here I would like to discuss Baphomet, as there seems to be some confusion over how she is viewed within the Lilin Society. The Lilin Society stands in agreement with the Order of Nine Angles in that Baphomet is the mother of Earth. She is the blood crazing shapeshifter whom has the ability to enter the causal world. It should be noted that this manifestation of Baphomet has nothing to do with the effigy worshipped by the Templars, although we do use this archetypal image since it is so widely identified as Baphomet.

Satan, Baphomet, and the myriad other demons described above are not gods. They are not to be worshipped, feared or obeyed. They are to be admired and respected at all times, but to worship them goes against the law of a Satanist for a Satanist bows before no man nor god. Usage of terms such as 'Lord' and 'Master' are offered out of respect, but do not have a binding restraint to them. We feed them energy and in exchange they thus bring about the change we ask for.

These demons are often considered 'evil', a term which seems to linger around Satanists as a whole. Now this is true in that these demons are void of morals and thus do not uphold the "laws" of human morality. A Satanist is a reflection of these demons, and thus is also 'evil' in this sense. This 'evilness' digs deeper and manifests itself within us as we further delve into aeonic sorcery and sinister acts. We condone and encourage these actions in order to evolve the spirit and fight causal abstractions.

Causal abstractions may be defined as anything man-made or imposed with the purpose of controlling the populace. Everything from government to demiurgic religions should be viewed as causal abstractions. Laws based on morals rather than honor (and the courts which uphold these laws), forced taxation by a state or nation, the education system and all its manipulation, should all be viewed as systems of mind control. These are all tyrannical forms of the demiurge put into the hands of mankind to impose false order. These abominations must be fought, for in order to fully evolve as a populace, we must shed ourselves of causal abstractions. How can we fight the war of the spiritual when the war of the physical stands in our way?

It should be noted that human sacrifice exists within the Lilin Society, but this is performed in a way to prevent the Satanist from going to prison. In the old days, blood was shed before Baphomet and the killer bathed in the blood. Today we must take a more subtle approach to avoid the lengthy jail terms that would restrict us from evolving. We perform all human sacrifice through sorcery, but that is not to say we do it indiscriminately. The art of culling is just that, an art, and the sacrifice must be chosen as a means to benefit Satanism. This is the first task. One must ask "How does the death of this person affect Satanism?" Then the potential sacrifice is tested, tried and finally selected. Our sacrifices are an art and we always adhere to these methods.

In regard to rituals and ceremony the question is often posed as to whether the practitioner can change or add to what has been written for the Lilin Society. Not only is this fine but it is encouraged and expected in order to make the rituals and ceremonies more personalized, and thus more effective. The rituals, the symbols, the steps and so forth are all causal in nature. They are tools to aid us in tapping into the acausal, but they are just that, tools. If you feel, for example, that a step is unnecessary then you may omit it and perhaps replace it with something you feel is more beneficial to yourself. The only requirement is that all rituals performed must adhere to the rules of the Lilin Society in order for them to be used within the umbrella of it's name. This is not to say that you may not go beyond the rules (for as we say, rules are causal in nature) but if you choose to do so they are considered solitary rituals which are not to be conducted under our name.

I have received a litany of criticism since the Lilin Society was formed. It seems that many feel that it doesn't need to exist, for Satanism is a solitary path. This is true, but since causal abstractions exist and imposed order exists, and we operate in a causal world, I ask then, what is wrong with uniting like-minded, elite, evolved beings who all wish to learn together and evolve? This antisocial behavior is a product of misanthropy which is a characteristic of the Satanist and although there is nothing wrong with this ideology of hatred, there is also nothing wrong with uniting and working together.

I would like to conclude this essay with a description of the Order of the Dreccs. The Order of the Dreccs is a sub-group built within the Lilin Society. These are individuals devoted to the Laws of the Sinister-Numen. The Sinister-Numen are those who represent types of acausal energy within the causal world. They are sorcerers that have the ability to inspire and influence even the mundanes.

Through the Laws of the Sinister-Numen they spread aeonic sorcery to aid in the collapse and overthrowing of any and all causal abstractions. They are a danger to the system, for they are as charismatic as they are dangerous.

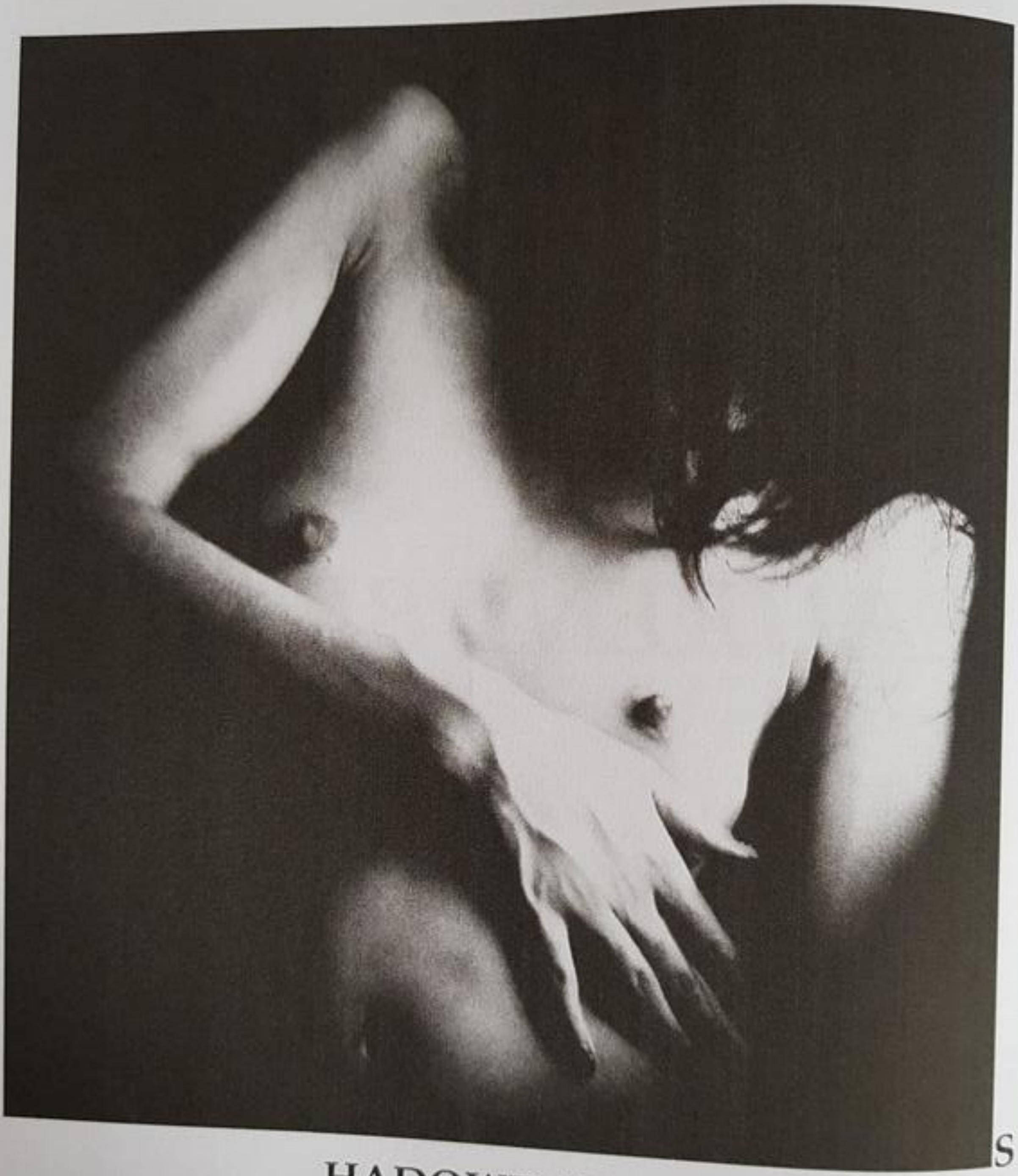
The Dreccs blend into society, and purposefully so. They are cops, lawyers, doctors, cashiers, mechanics, etc. Some take insight roles and become political or even religious figures. They appear to contribute to societal order, but it is only a mask that they wear for their true goals are to decimate all causal abstractions. The Dreccs are dissidents willing to fight this Earthly battle through physical action, deception and aeonic sorcery.

The path of the Drecc is a solitary path, even more so than that of a typical Satanist. Dreccs do not know about one another. Many people don't even know that they are Satanists, but just exist as such.

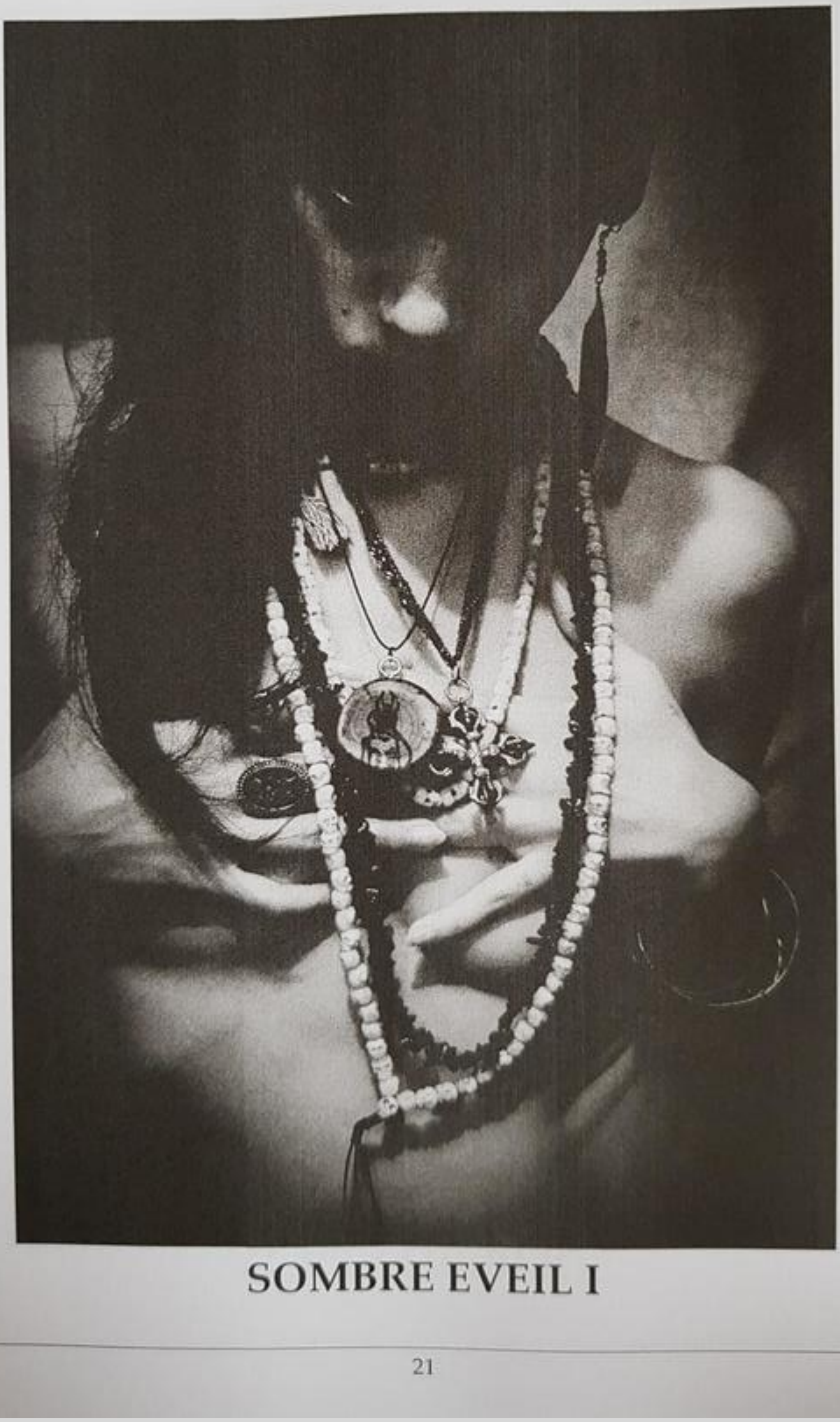
There are no Drecc meetings or get-togethers. The Drecc is a Lilin Society member, but within the Lilin Society their Drecc status is a secret.

A good example of a Drecc engaging in an insight role is to become a catholic priest. To the community the deception is real and from within the church he will cause havoc and chaos. When the chaos comes to fruition, no one will suspect the Drecc, for he is a good actor and plays his part well. If the Drecc's insight role involves him marrying a mundane to keep the role going, he will not fall in love with her. He will in secret raise his children to be Satanists and once the role is over he will divorce his mundane wife. Not everyone is cut out to be a member of the Lilin Society, and not every member is cut out to be a Drecc. Only the elite among the elite will live this lifestyle, and the reward of spreading the sinister will be well deserved.

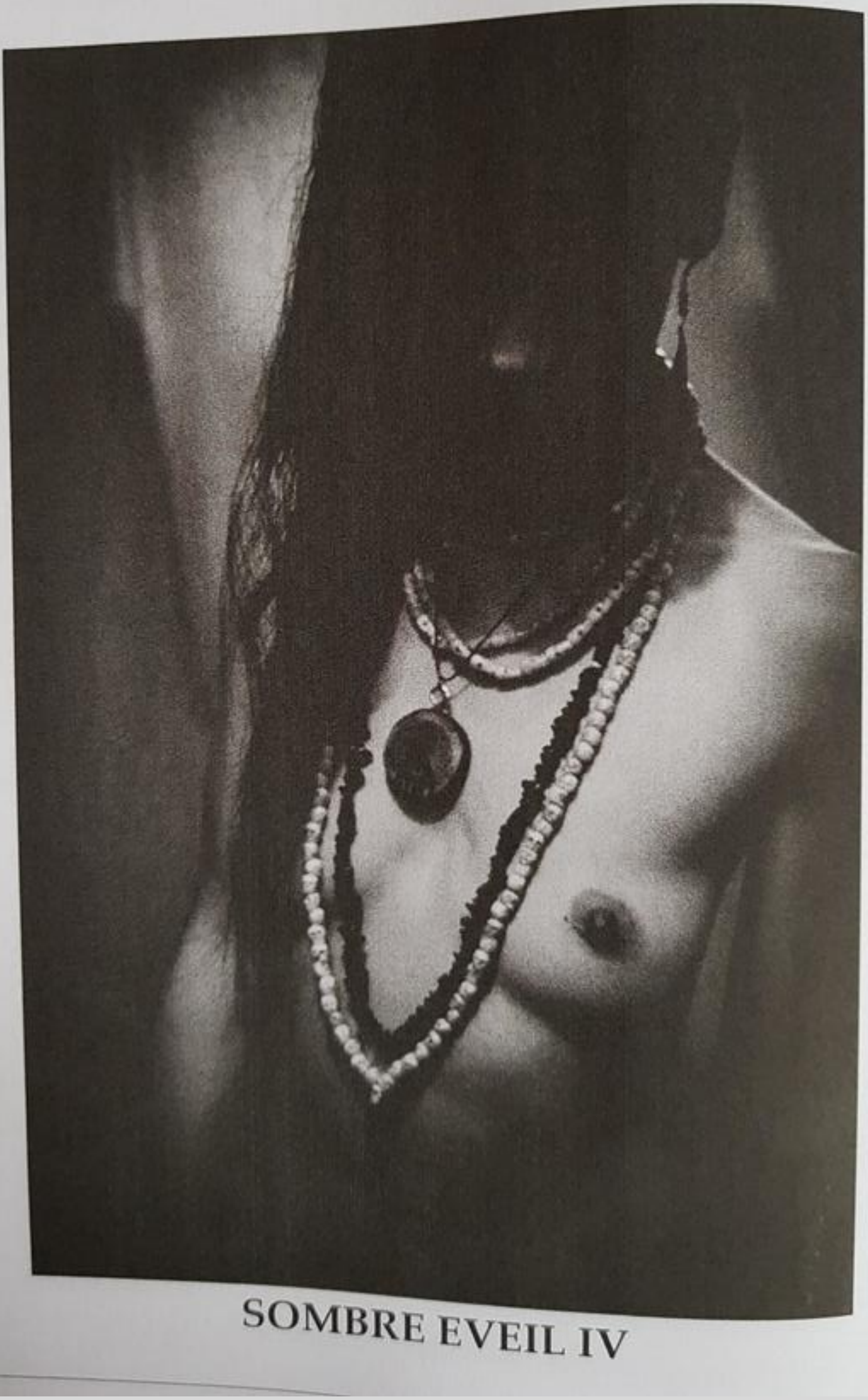
# LAURENT BRAUN



# SHADOWDANCE



SOMBRE EVEIL I



SOMBRE EVEIL IV

# *BEHOLDER OF THE EYE*

Orlog Volksgeist

## PART I: THE POLEMIC

I will explain precisely what this article is from the start: a forthright attack on all things containing racism, racialism or segregationalist approaches to Reconstructionist Heathenism, Germanic Neo/Paleopaganism as well as any and all attempts to resurge the atavism of the Northern past. While the concurrent scene is largely affected by the disease known as contemporary xenophobia, along with the insecurities instilled upon a largely underdeveloped body of people who lack an entire millennium of consciousness, it serves to remember that at the end of the day, those Heathens that rescind the progressive time-span of human evolution (up to and including the complete rejection of the development of pluralist, polyglot and metropolitan areas) are actually the lessers in terms of aeonic pursuits.

From a purely selfish standpoint, the individual is oftentimes much more distinguished amidst a societal subgroup when their unique philosophy of living is patented and crafted by experience, and not books alone. This means that even in a European thoroughbred scenario, the proper execution of an esoteric *anados* would be largely populated with unique differentiation. Alas, this is still yet not a case even within a scenario as limited as this. It seems that the bane of Heathenry is that it is entirely stuck upon a loose and often contorted apprehension of historic and skaldic writ.

Special interest groups would have you believe that the Vikings of ancient Europe, and the expanding Germanic tribes lived in a glorious, hyper-moral and "racialist" manner; such an understanding is immolated upon even the barest contact with documented, unchanged and well-researched anthropological study. The Vikings, the Germanic Tribes and the indigenous people of Central and Northern Europe existed in a time of hard conditions. Such conditions included: War, Famine, Disease and a brutal, unforgiving climate. These banes alone, if applied to a modern society would find that their inclinations towards bigotry were dashed upon jagged rock- at least for those units of people who are evolved enough to understand the value of social politics, cooperation and "actual" folkish ethos, opposed to using it simply as a front-word for racism.

Vikings, Germanic Tribes and the indigenous people of Central and Northern Europe had very little diction concerning who, how and what manner of philosophy could or should relate to their spouses and tradition of loving. Considering the nature of war in the middle ages, it was not uncommon for a band of Viking retainers, a Germanic Tribe or a collection of people from Central or Northern Europe to gather the women of a defeated enemy, targeted encampment, village or country. Therefore, it would not be uncommon to find, in the actual historical scenario that occurred, a Spanish, an Etruscan or even a Semitic line or many such various lines existing and intermingling within the ancient past of Scandinavia. The supposition could go on from here, but I will leave that to open-ended follow-ups that vector into the interested parties.

There is a long standing misconception of the genetic makeup of these peoples, oftentimes propagated by sundry sectors of the media, seeking to capitalize on basal and mundane perceptions. Too many mediums of the surrounding nature incorrectly conclude that the Nordic, based on a fantastical and visionary advancement alone, were entirely tall, blonde-haired and blue-eyed clones of one another. Due to the above posited facts, this is known widely, among the academics of the field, to be a blatant and childish falsity. Though, an error that even you believe while also knowing it to be as such is the deadliest of inaccuracies, because there is an ulterior motive and it was orchestrated by some divisional, divergent and mentally detrimental agency.

There is an old Saxon word known as "*beblonden*." A verb as it is, used then to denote the process of dying one's hair blonde, because it was seen as ideal. Here is crucially important the weltanschauung of the Germanic mind: in matters of aesthetics, personal relations, love and war. Being that the Sagas of the Icelanders describe a pre-political living scenario not dissimilar to socialism and perhaps in some black and baleful vision of communism, the idea of uniformity, albeit predating standardized dress format, was ideal for the people of the time. The factors which lent to individuality were seen as unsavory, as collectivism was a defense mechanism that allowed humanity to not just survive, but flourish in the pre-Christian and early transitional eras. Nearly all forms of disputes happened to be settled via dueling with swords. All of these conflicts were driven by the power of someone opposing a community effort of the folk.

The Aesir, of which were fabled to have come from Asia (through Turkey and yet even deeper still), would have naturally been, if truly human -or of some acausal hybridization- possessing of darker, even Black contours of hair, with brown eyes as a commonality. The Vanir however were the indigenous deities of the Northern European geographical area, and by these standards they would have been mythically and imaginatively contrasted against the swarthy, gruff barbarian brunettes of the East, leaving a paler and blonder, perhaps even an altogether "lighter" archetype altogether. Freyja, being the mythic Goddess of (among many other things) Love, and the matters of such, would if no other situation allowed for it to be stated directly – be blonde-haired. Therefore, a woman dying her hair using the elements might have been attempting to attune herself visually with the features of the acausal patron of love and lovers. In war, it was a common technique in Scandinavians to contrast their enemies in appearance, and since the majority of the world is brunette, a Germanic berzerker would clothe himself in everything imaginable that would seem "inhuman" to a foreign brigade. This would include everything from the lycanthropic practices of therianthropy, the donning of bear (*berzerker*) and wolf (*ulfhednar*) skins, consuming mind altering vegetations, painting their bodies with mud, blood, everything in-between, and finally dying their hair, to appear, for lack of any better term in the English language, to be demons and not men.

The only purveyors of the racial element in modern Reconstructionist Heathenism, Germanic Neo/Paleopaganism as well as any and all attempts to resurge the atavism of the Northern past, are those individuals entirely bereft of the Viking spirit of conquest, those lacking the lust for adventure and experience of new and unchartered things. They are those people who are entirely unlike the figure of WOTAN, who, in many legendary tales, oftentimes endured humiliation for experimenting with things that were considered "taboo" or "off limits." It is they who run contrary to the Dark Wotanic Heathen current of ever-seeking knowledge, gnosis and the nector of understanding.

## PART II: DRAUGR'S DRAUMAR

It was a hot summer night in New Jersey, filled with nothing but the longstanding turmoil of what has been elsewhere stated as, "The Dark Night of the Soul." Without brandy (my preferred drink at the time), to quell my heavy thoughts, and with the sadness of what had been sacrificed on the Altars of Hel, I lay awake and still in a twin sized bed, with nothing but the silence of the night as my companion.

What the hell have I done to myself- I'm sure I asked, thinking of the outlandish and terrible nature of the National Socialist underground scene of which I had longed so eagerly to penetrate, rise ranks in and move, what I had thought at the time, my firebranded spirit into the mess of it all.

Surely I had developed. My eyes were empty and saw past the automobiles and modern gadgets (at the time, cellular phones were barely a thing- if you had one they were poorly comparable to the handheld computing devices we have today). I was unimpressed with computers of any kind, video games and all the fetishes of my peer groups, save for the art of cinema and music – and yet these mediums were just a repurposed ancient traditions ripped through time.

When I thought of home, I would think of a cottage in a forestral settling, with a single other inhabitant, being HER, with perhaps a few animals – cats of course, and a snake maybe. Though, just the two of us was fine, far removed from the political trites of today, yesterday and tomorrow.

I reached out and captured the moment given when I saw the runes of what I had actually loved of it all- the adventure, the carnage and the tales to be told in the aftermath. Though now I saw what I wanted most – solitude and companion-ship. This all in my waking thoughts, and when I closed my eyes I saw HIM.

Robed in the shades of night, and with a wide brimmed hat, he advanced towards me with a grim and foreboding countenance. He held a long, cruel, and pale finger towards me as if gesturing to identify his purpose of arrival, and then the shadow voice effluviated from his mouth like the collective scream from a murder of ravens.

Though neither in English nor in German, the only two languages I had commanded at the time, I understood his words which were not words, but a truth that came from more than just this figure's mental computation, but from somewhere beyond in some long lost and forgotten saga.

And I understood. The next morning I called my gang leader up on his landline: a number restricted for emergencies, and announced my departure from the movement. I wanted to learn and discover the truth about my past, so that the fire inside would forever last.

# *DUAN MORATHI*

## A.A.Morain

Hidden amidst a thicket of dense pine trees and rotted fences, at the end of an old and forgotten dirt road, sat a dilapidated cottage. It was built with stone, now covered in moss and dead ivy, which snaked up its walls and encircled the grubby windows- windows which were cluttered with various items which obscured an outside view. Those windows which did allow such a view were blacked out with large dark sheets, stained and greyed with age.

In this shadowed and rotting cottage, an old woman was sat. The furniture – a haphazard collection of makeshift design and worn with age – were pushed into every corner, allowing for maximum space in the centre of the main room. Every corner, save for one. This corner had been decorated with bizarre and harsh looking symbols, and black lines had been drawn along the wall and the floor, so as to give the impression of an extra set of dimensions or angles.

She lived alone, her young niece and apprentice having long left on her 21st year, to go out into the world and continue the work they had both been born into. She was out there, somewhere, fulfilling the dark task of guiding the coven; of presencing the Dark.

The old crone sat with various items around her, not least of which was a large brazier which dispensed a gratuitous amount of thick smelling incense into the room. Candles were her only light, as she read from an old, mouldy tome, muttering to herself as she did so.

She picked up a large piece of quartz, carved into the shape of a tetrahedron, wiped her blood upon it, and began a guttural and alien chant.

The woman begins to sway, as the atmosphere becomes charged and the corners of the room grow darker. She continues in her reverie for some time, the chant becoming more pronounced and her movements becoming altogether more trance like.

She looks toward the corner where she has facilitated a doorway – a doorway through which They and she will pass following the culmination of the rite.

She feels energy drawn from the crystal, tingling her hands. The crystal – which had been buried with her dead partner for some time now, before her unearthing it and which had been used since then in rather horrific rituals, rituals which involved the termination of life of three worthy opfers- was to be the key to the gate. She knew this much.

The corner grew darker as the air grew thicker, and in her trance the old woman saw a familiar figure step through a rent, twisted in an obscene shape and fashion, the likes of which were common only to the strange and chthonic world this entity inhabited.

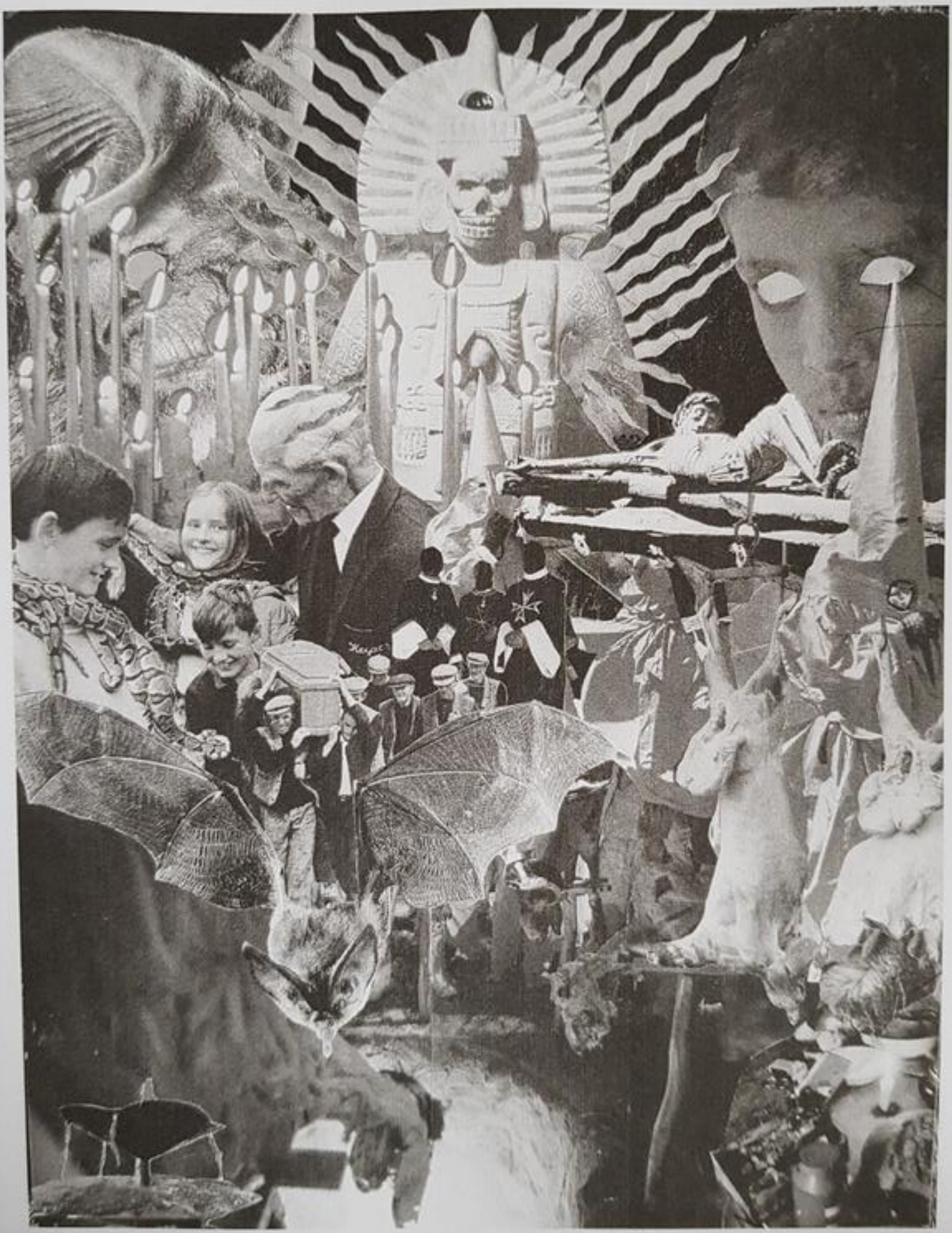
The old crone clasped a murky goblet in her hand, keeping the crystal in the other, and drank the contents till there was nothing left.

With that, she convulsed, retching into death under the watchful gaze of the dark visitor.

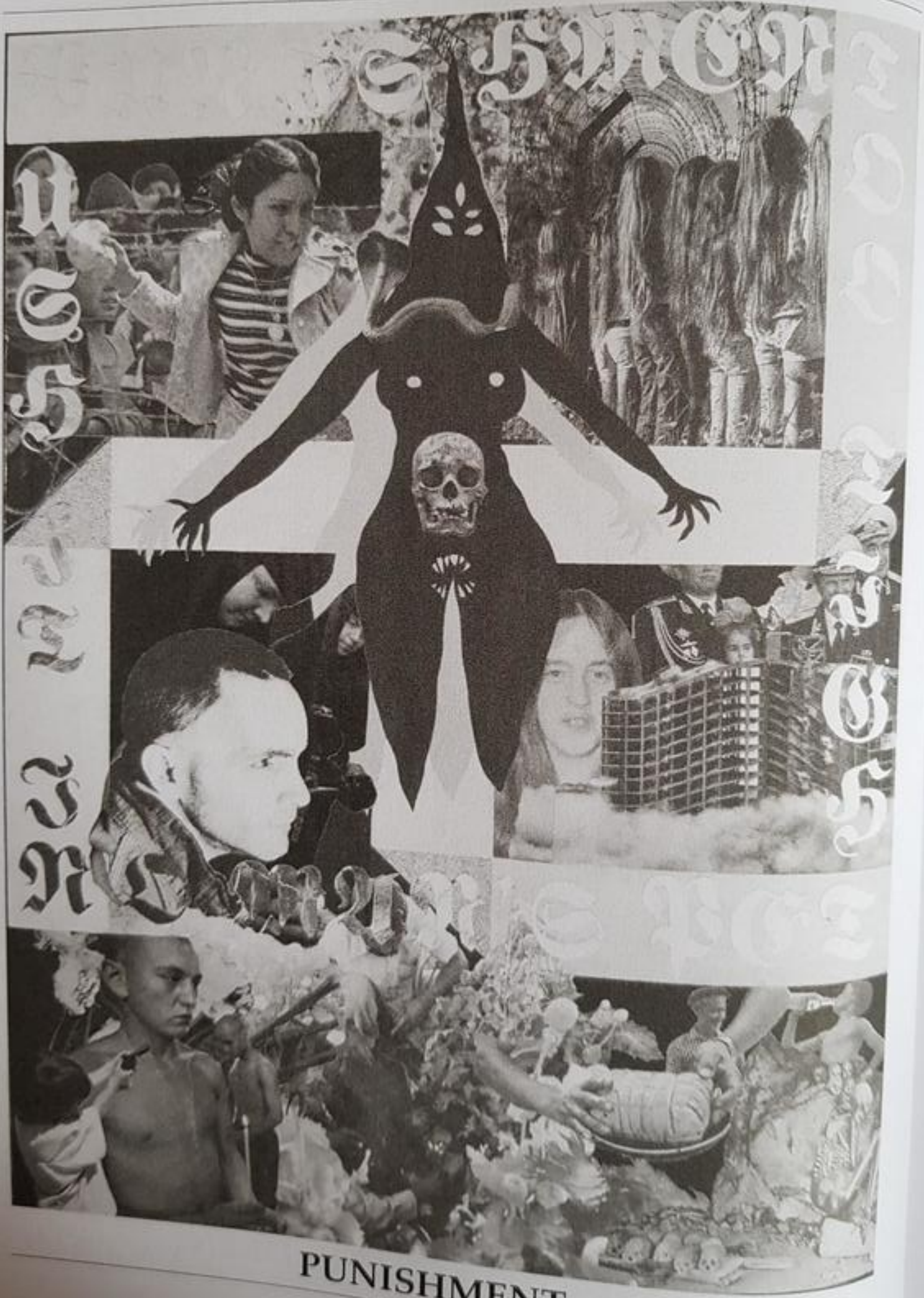
Death came swiftly, thanks to the expert blend of herbs gathered for this very rite. The old woman stepped toward the doorway, now free of her mortal flesh, and became one with the shadows. She was now a shade, a hag, a veritable Lich. Her life's work now complete, she would haunt the night, and infest the dreams of mankind. Her face would become the face of nightmares for all time.

Together she and He passed through into the shadows, where she would be privy to the blackest of power. The house was left empty, an old woman's corpse left in a dark cottage nestled deep in the moors of Yorkshire.

# *ERICA FREVEL*



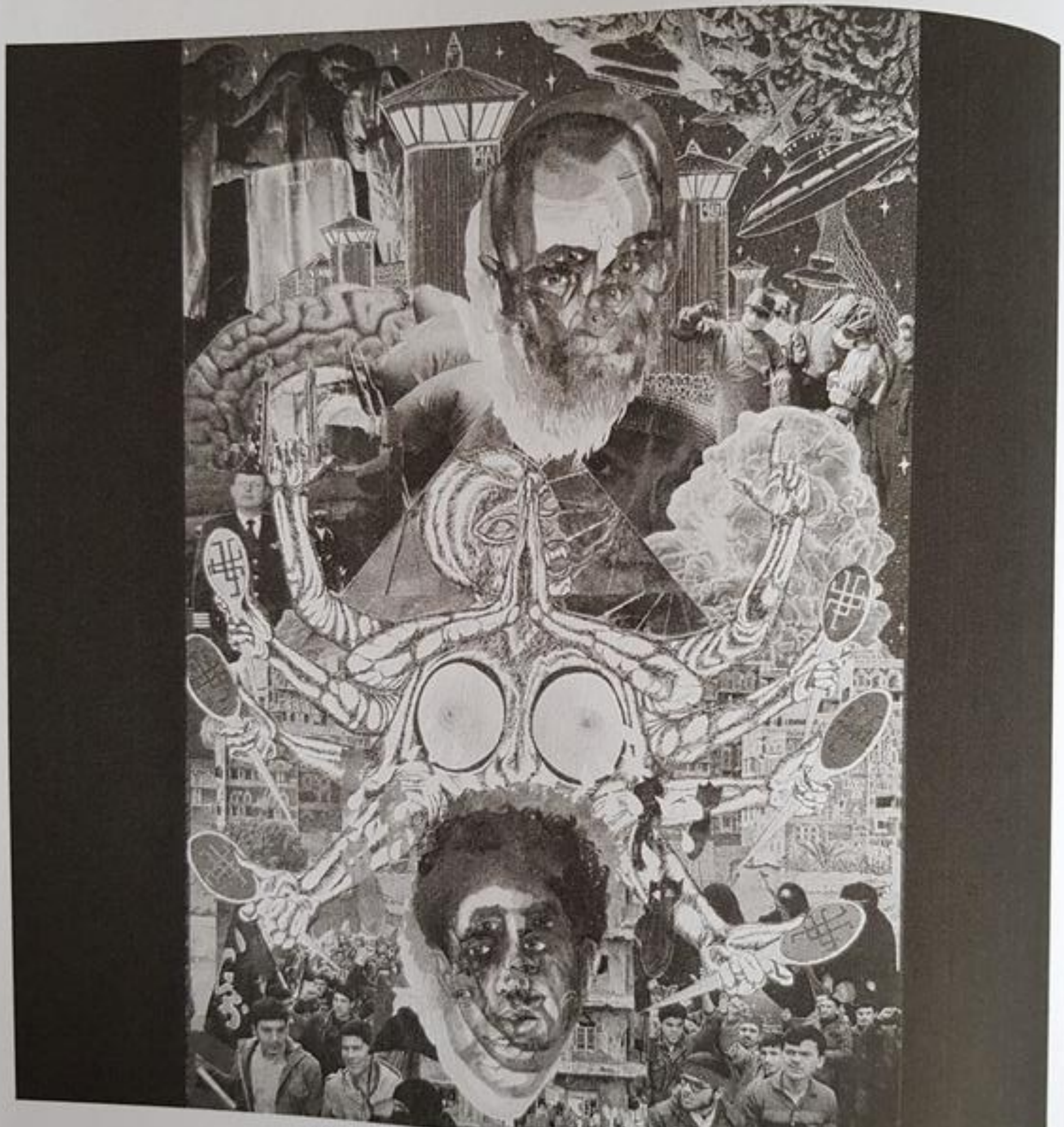
FEEDS ON THE CHILDREN



PUNISHMENT

FLETCHER ST
Born June
Died July 16,

RISE OF THE WOLF'S BLOOD



# SATANIC SHRAPNEL

# *THE LION'S PAW*

## Shadow

With the current mists surrounding African Diasporic Traditions and charlatan imposters capitalizing on interested parties with no knowledge of them, I feel it appropriate that a manuscript be set forth to make visible some of the gates of such paths for sincere seekers who may genuinely be called to them. In composing this article I collaborated directly with personal friends of mine who grew up in these cults in both the US and the Caribbean. In their own words one mist know the value of the source and not the unwanted fans and watered down spin-offs. These things indeed belong first and foremost to their own cultural context.

Anyone in western society who has explored world spiritual traditions in any degree has inevitably crossed someone or another peddling the so-called "dark secrets of voodoo". This is about as absurd as attempting to sell Christianity here in the west as being "dark" and "secretive". In Haiti, Vodou is viewed in a benevolent light-hence the terminology employed by priests and priestesses such as "Bon Hougan" or "Bon Manbo", meaning "Good Priest/ess". Essentially the same as a practitioner of magick identifying them self as a "good witch" or "white witch". Vodou is called *Ginea* or *Fran Ginén* which means it is actually viewed as a Right Hand Path and an open mainstream religion which anyone may initiate into. In the Southern US as well, Voodoo enjoys a sinister reputation but in reality is merely a watered down version of Haiti's religion and in many cases even mixed with Yoruba Orisha traditions becoming even more deluded and ineffective. When people whisper of reanimation of corpses, werewolves in the countryside, or serpents appearing from the corners of the room defying explanation by modern science, they are not speaking of Vodou. These things are hints of heavy black magick which has been hidden in the forests of Haiti for centuries. Many westerners have initiated into Vodou in futile attempts to learn dark secrets, and simply became monetary pawns for Vodoun Temples in Haiti's safer suburbs to bring in money, but further into the green mountainous regions of the island, isolated from the world in a peculiar way where westerners are not readily welcome, there is a secret society hidden beyond the open peristyles of Vodou.

The true horrors which own the night in Haiti belong to a more obscure and little known tradition called *Makaya,* or in some cases *Sect Rouj* meaning "Red Sect" due to the distinct crimson clothing worn at the rites and ceremonies, as well as their association with blood and fiery energies. Unlike Vodou, Makaya is not a religion. It is pure magick, unrestricted by religious doctrine or superstition of consequence for evil, and it was *designed* by both the rite´s founders as well as the spirits *moving through them* to act as a point of intrusion for the Dark into this world. This is the form of sorcery employed by the *Bizango* and *Sanpwel*-secret societies on the island spoken of as 'Sacred Police' by the Vodoun Priesthood, but only out of fear as in reality they function more along the lines of Spiritual Terror Squads in rural communities. Makaya is feared because it is highly aggressive sorcery renowned for its power in malefic workings and steeped with rumors of altars with children's coffins, physical shapeshifting, zombification for enslavement, and even human torture to appease cruel and feral entities which feed on such energy. It is an entirely separate tradition with its own initiation rites and unlike the open religious services of Vodou it is a very closed off community. Initiates have passphrases and gestures to identify one another from different houses in much the same manner as Freemasonry. The word *Bokor* actually means "worker" and never had anything to do with Vodou, but was a reference to a worker of Makaya just as *Sevituer* or "servant" signified a practitioner of Vodou.

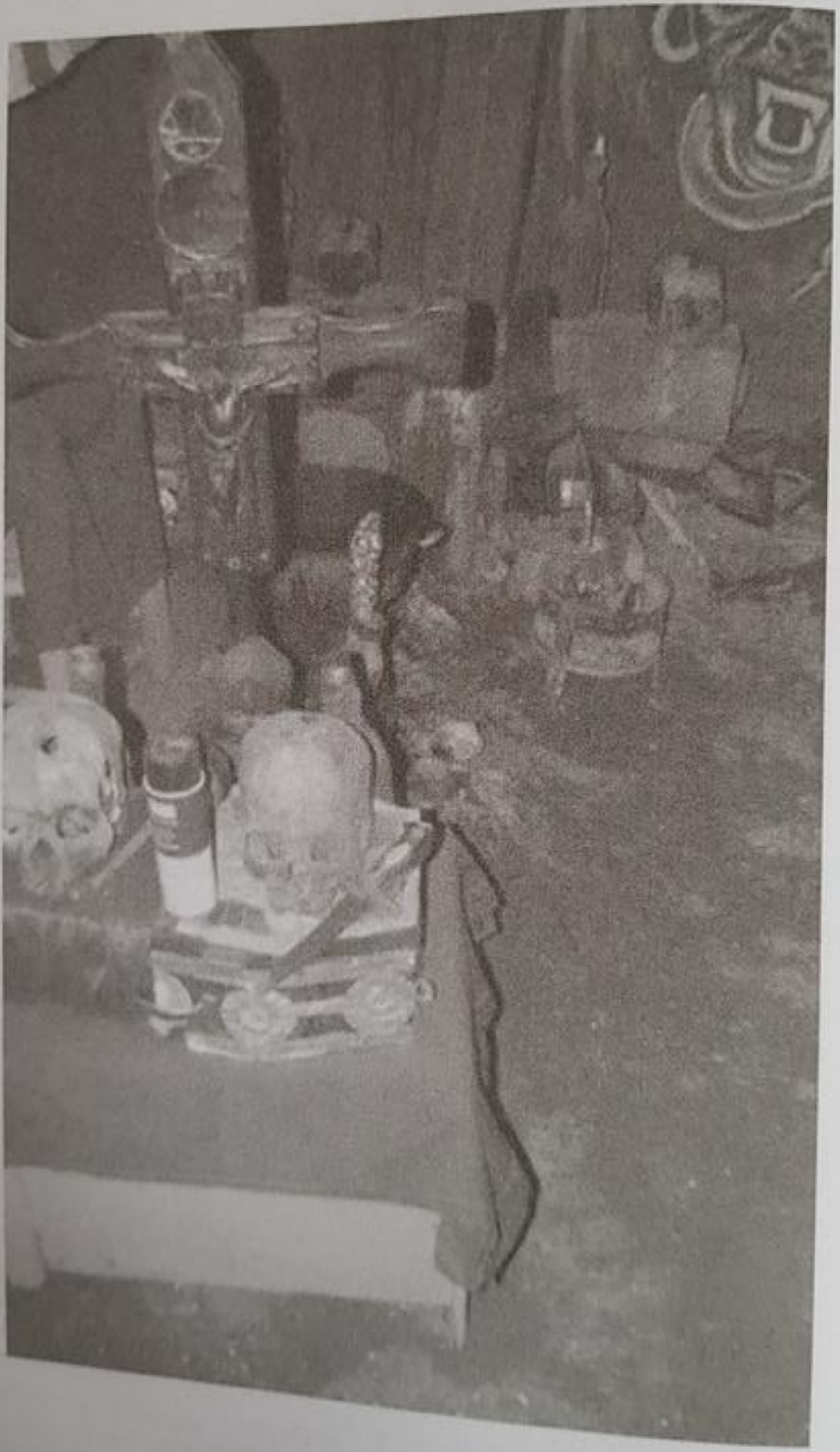
While there are certainly interesting and provenly effective new developments such as the work of Michael Bertiauxe and David Beth which approach the currents of Vodou in an unconventional manner (perhaps even expanding upon previously unexplored potential in theurgy), there are also many groups and developments claiming direct authenticity which are not at all. Nowadays the exploring student must sift through insulting volumes of westernized trash claiming to be "authentic left hand path voodoo" from mythical "butterfly" cults. There is no such thing, period. To quote the late Prince Nicholas de Vere, *"Real magic is at work here. A group of secretly initiated individuals are turning dross into gold. Fools give charlatans good money in exchange for utterly useless garbage. Now that's alchemy!"* Many Hougans and Manbos (Priests and Priestesses) online will claim such for business but Vodou is in fact referred to as 'working with the right hand' and *Makaya* is working with the Left. Those claiming to be *Sevi Demen* or "work with both hands" are either Hougans with only hear-say knowledge in Makaya because they are uninitiated or Bokors using the title of Hougan as a mask for their darker practices. Initiation into Bizango/Makaya opens a door that can never be closed. Like Quimbanda the forces channeled are fiery, hot, sometimes maddening energies and one simply does not have the option of ever returning to the life they knew once the spirits 'take your head'. A permanent cohabitation will be sealed.

Unlike Vodou which has its roots in Benin/Dahomey, Makaya finds its origins in the rainforests of the Congo, as well as the island of Haiti itsself where the African slaves first made contact with the feral spirits dwelling in local caves and forests. The word "Makaya" is found in several dialects of Bantu/Ki-Kongo language and translates as "leaves" or "sorcery". Like Palo Mayombe there are even remnants of the feared *Anyoto* Cult known to most as the Leopard Men- hints of the shapeshifting practices of the Sanpwel Soldiers which patrol the forests of the island by night. The term *Sanpwel* literally translates as "Hairless Pigs". The Rite was formed by subversive insurgents during the revolution in Haiti, thus their observances are aggressive, militant and dangerous to happen upon, unlike the "*fet*" parties "in honor of God and the spirits" in Vodou. The spirits served include a vast spectrum of *Djab* (demonic entities) and *Lwa* (spirits) whose names and *veves* (sigils) are generally not spoken of outside private counsel or ceremonies. Many of them cannot be served uninitiated and some must be passed or "introduced" to an initiate by his or her mentors directly. Similar to Vodou, Makaya does teach that among the many Lwa and Djab there is one spirit called the *Met Tet* ("Master" or "Mistress of the Head") which acts as not merely a "Patron" but a sort of Mother or Father to the practitioner and it is believed that to understand this entity is to gain a deeper understanding of one's self. This concept is largely shared within African Diasporic Traditions, and for good reason. When I worked security at a nightclub I used to watch intoxicated men and women swoon into threshold states as fast paced rhythms thundered in the atmosphere and hypnotic laser lighting distorted their vision, shy women suddenly stomping and spinning in an almost violent display of power and even straight men jerking and contorting into intensely erotic feminine dancing. With what I learned in these specific systems I could immediately identify such deviations from their societal personas as not just their shadow selves surfacing, but in fact reflections of their spirit guides, bleeding through because they were in a receptive and dissociative state. This is the same method employed in ceremonial dance where the spirits 'mount' or 'ride' a dancer in full possession. In Brazilian Quimbanda for example, it is taught that one's personality is modeled according to energetic impulses emanated from one's Crown *Exu* and *Pomba Gira*, and to explore those impulses is one aspect of worship which leads toward a personal gnosis of one's self and the secrets of one's Exus and their powers. I realized that the same technique may also be applied in exploring one's deviant or abstract impulses in Makaya as an approach to mapping a personal understanding of one's Met Tet and further unlocking one's own shadow-self. A friend and spiritual sister initiated in Makaya when asked about this told me "The Lwa that walk with you have been watching you since you were a child, they knew you long before you knew them. Your Met Tet was actually passed to you by an ancestor. If you choose to walk this path they will teach *you* about who *you are*." In the same sense of acting as a guardian to their children, once 'seated' in the initiated vessel, if for example a vampire were to approach one in the astral, they would be intentionally allowed to take in ones energy, only to suffer the brutal effects thereof at the hand of the initiate's Met Tet.

What is key with this unique stream of divinity is that like the private and true cult of La Catrina (Santa Muerte) the keepers of these paths must approach you, one cannot petition entrance. I have had to discover what practices I simply have no place in and other doors which were opened to me for a reason. As the saying goes concerning *Kafou* Himself in relation to not only the cemetery but all roads; "*If the Master does not give, the Gates will not receive.*" Often they will visit in dreams or will send their devotees into your life to cross paths with. Sometimes when one undertakes *Konzo* (initiation into Vodou) a spirit will demand that they initiate into Makaya as well if it is in their Dharma to do so. More aggressive and predatory *Gadés* ("guards"-protective spirits which act like attack dogs) will be received, and the 'worker' will be assessed on how far they should go through the initiatory levels. Those who initiate into Makaya contrast it brilliantly to initiation in Vodou, stating it is far more electrifying and intense. Baron Kriminel is often one of the first to take interest in one being called, as a hint for those contemplating…For those who feel called to walk with Djab in this life and if the Djab and Lwa grant them passage, I hope this article may be of use in your becoming.

*Madame Lisifi vire je m' wouj*

- **Shadow**



# *LERA'S TORMENT*

## Aubrey Wood Basnight

PART 4

It was all but a blur between the scene at the intersection and finding himself sitting in the designated location – a small cafe – he seated in the al fresca seating outside as per directions which had been previously relayed before the assigned meet, the small iron-wrought chairs around a similarly iron-wrought dining table, simple yet tasteful cloth upon which sat a carafe of water, covered awning above blocking as best it could the glare of the desert sun – already bright and dangerous by midmorning.

He was predictably early despite his brief interlude prior in transit – a habitual earliness which had ground itself into force of habit and behaviour since his youngest years and which had only become more pronounced as time and his paranoia continued to blossom into full flower, the seeds of which however had been long implanted.

Max hoped in this case that he had been the first to arrive, before the dealer – allowing him sometime to rest himself if only briefly and to gain a sense of his immediate surroundings as he slumped graciously into the proffered chair and accepted the small glass of the extra-potent coffee which was indigenous to the area.

There were few non-locals in this part of the city, though he did spot a rather posh couple through the window panes which displayed some small portion of the interior of the cafe, despite the glare. Both of them blondes, both with longish hair including the man, the woman with a shock of black dyed on the sides from the roots to the tips. Strange. But then again, the area – this area especially – tended to attract unusual souls – himself included. The man spotted him as he was offered his seat by the waiter, only a brief glance then a look of unmistakable upper-class disdain and disapproval before returning to a muted conversation with his much more attractive feminine counterpart. Business partners? Lovers perhaps? Anthropologists in repose? Max neither had the time nor energy to speculate overmuch as, glancing at his watch, he noted that the time of his scheduled meeting was almost immediately upon him. His host could, in fact, be sitting in the cafe even now – casing him out from some meticulously obscure booth – head peeping out from behind a newspaper. Perhaps wearing a disguise of some sort, or perhaps he had been disguised during their meeting in North America months before – in order to keep his genuine features unidentifiable by his client who was still at that time undergoing preliminary vetting.

That he had made it this far however indicated to Max that he had been vetted to satisfaction during the interim between then and now – elsewise a decidedly nefarious set-up was at play – for to carry the amount of currency that Max had upon his physical person, in this location of all locations, was foolhardy at best. His contact had insisted beforehand however – no lockers, no travellers' cheques , no discreet wire transfers through a friendly foreign bank – currency ready on hand in cold harsh cash upfront and at the time of the meet, without exception. Max could only but oblige.

The waiter returned to the side of Max's table once again, bringing with him a fresh beverage and an English-language newspaper, which looked to be several weeks old. The man bowed politely and then left with a sharp and practiced turn of the heel, his waiter's tray filled with various beverages and myriad food items balanced precariously high on his left shoulder.

Max sipped the coffee and opened the

newspaper at the exact juncture where the small yellow piece of paper jutted out from between its pages somewhat conspicuously. The two blondes inside the cafe, noticing that Max had opened the paper and received the message, nodded silently to each other and withdrew through the back entrance, unbeknownst to Max himself.

The memorandum contained a second address, only a few blocks away. Leaving a few coins on the table, Max hailed a rickshaw driver, handed him the yellow paper and he was on his way.

PART 5

The rickshaw driver stopped some fifteen minutes later before what appeared to be a large warehouse type structure, all rusted corrugated metal sticking out from here and there, gigantic padlocks on several enormous bay entrances and barred windows set so high above the level of the street that not even the most ambitious of thieves would be able to manage entrance.

Max was not sure at first that he had reached the correct location but after some brief words with the rickshaw driver and pointing at the address on the paper his hired ride was insistent that this was indeed the specified destination. He thanked the man, tipped him generously and then disembarked shakily from the contraption. The driver gave him a particular wide and toothy grin, before pedaling off into the mob, raising one hand behind him to wave a farewell.

Max approached the service door to one side of the building's front, designed specifically for human-size entry and exit in contradistinction to the bay entrances and bearing beside it a small metal protrusion fitted with a battered callbox, one black button for transmission and one red button designed for the buzzer alone. Max pressed for the buzzer and waited, no sound from within penetrating through the thick steel entrance. After several seconds he heard the sound of the door being unlocked from inside by an automatic remote electronic mechanism.

He stepped into the relative darkness, the contrast between standing under the bright unclouded sun taking him several seconds more after stepping through to allow his eyes to adjust before closing the door behind him.

The former factory and/or warehouse – he could not readily ascertain by the contents he could glimpse and the dullness of the lighting – seemed to be long derelict. There was no visible machinery and the high-hung windows along the width and breadth of the building only served to let in a decidedly pale and somewhat funerary light, the solar rays being generously filtered through decades of collected grime.

In the distance he could see a small area in the middle of the building that had been converted into a small open-air sitting room – a few chairs and settees set out on an old crumbling rug – a table – a few antique lamps plugged into a circuit breaker attached to an orange extension cord which made a crazy trail beyond the strange little area, off into the darkness of another sector of the structure.

The sitting area, however, was inhabited – to his relief, he saw, by the contact he had met before in North America. The dealer. Better the devil he knew than the devil he didn't in this case, so he mused to himself.

"Max!" the man called, affectatiously robust, standing and gesturing him forward.

Having crossed the brief distance and sitting down now across from each other over the table, the shortish man poured a small quantity of good single malt from a corked bottle, apologizing unnecessarily to his client that he had no ice available at the moment. Max would have preferred bourbon, but no mind. The alcohol helped to counteract the long morning in slum – sloughing away the fatigue of his recent flight and the subsequent jet lag – and coalescing the scene of the fell princess and the procession he had witnessed early into the morning within his mind in a framework which felt pleasurable rather than one that filled him with dread, as he had experienced in the immediate aftermath during the walk to the cafe. The potential intelligence officers – the fracas at the mouthway of the thoroughfare – all forgotten for the time being, as a sense of mania built within him knowing that the object of his desire was literally within a few square feet in proximity to his person.

The dealer had not even considered bringing the item to North America during discussions held in initial meetings, much to Max's immediate displeasure at the time. Too dangerous, the smallish man had stated emphatically. Too risky, he had underlined with a shaking of his head, waggling of his fingers, small beady eyes beneath raised eyebrows. What then, Max had argued at the time, about the risk to him? About him having to bring it out of a country with a less than favorable rating in the CIA's worldbook – perhaps requiring a mandatory cursory screening by U.S. Homeland Security personnel on his way back into his country of residence? The dealer smiled with false apology and stretched his hands out in a gesture of expansive and patently false regret. Simply not possible, he had said. Simply not possible. The item would not, could not be let out of the country until proper arrangements had been made. There were security concerns on all side, the dealer had soothed, but he was simply the middleman, he could only arrange insofar as the owners of the precious and rare item were willing to accommodate.

The single malt was imbibed by both parties, the reminisces fading under the nigh instantaneous effect of the alcohol, the dealer grinning in a predatory fashion while Max smiled reciprocally, nervously but somewhat like a madman, his mania growing by the minute. The dealer knew that he was purposefully toying with Max – the exchanged pleasantries and stalling being a mechanism entirely unneeded in what for all effective purposes seemed to be a very clandestine location for their meeting and business at hand, a world away from the relative visibility and public venue in which Max thought that the transaction would take place initially – prior to receiving the note. He knew that now, at this juncture and whilst in his present location he could easily be mugged – murdered – or worse – with no witnesses and none the wiser.

But would he have been drawn all this way, all the way across the Atlantic, to another continent, a dangerous country, by a man who could have easily defrauded him back in the states with little trouble? He had ready cash at the time and – properly drawn out – he would have fronted the money to the wily North African with only a little persuasion. His commitment to obtaining the specified item was beyond doubt. He had sought it for years now, inquiring in every sordid back-alley from Colombo to Phnom Phnem and this had been his first solid lead in all that time. Yes, he would have given the money over after fifteen minutes of persuasive talk from his contact – easily – with only a promissory of delivery – such was the nature of the obsessed.

Max had not proffered such an arrangement however and the dealer had not asked during their previous meet – but instead insisted upon him travelling to the place of the amulet's current residence and Max, with a sinking feeling in his guts but with an elation beyond all possible elation, had agreed readily. Now, at final long last, the moment of initial realization was upon him.

The dealer lifted a finger – not the finger of a laborer nor a mercenary – but the finger of one imbued with the discernment of objects of antiquity – the finger of a high-tier academician with ample experience in the field, someone who knew his ruins, someone who had held, caressed and perhaps translated on long seemingly endless nights in lone corners of esteemed libraries ancient tomes carrying the most nefarious reputations from the dark past and available for perusal only to the most learned and the most intrepid of scholars.

Ah, here it comes.

## PART 6

The dealer nodded his head – rising from his chair but gesturing for Max to retain his seat as he moved into the shadows beyond the light of the small area of lighted space. A minute or two passed and Max found the sweat upon his face and body turning cold, his skin pale and chill in premeditation of the revelation for which he had struggled for so arduously thus far, now finding himself on the cusp of breakthrough at long last. Though the moment would be in a way a completion in and of itself it was in reality only the first leg of his journey.

The dealer returned, holding a small but thick box – like a small crate – with metal rings for carrying. Reoccupying his seat, the man bent down and unlatched the opening of the box, bringing the object out and setting it down on the table directly under Max's line of sight.

The object was about the size of a grenade and picking it up to Max's wonder the weight was almost comparable – anomalous as that was considering that the object was mostly glass, though thickly gilded on all sides but one with what seemed to be very old and very heavy antique pewter, though that alone would have not attributed to the weight density – said weight in comparison to the object itself which would most certainly be a cause of alarm for anyone handling it who was not aware of its unique esoteric properties.

Max raised the orb aloft, positioning it slightly in front of the reddish shade of one of the dim electric lamps on the table, resting his elbow upon the table's surface as he examined it further. The orb was filled with a visibly thick yellowish liquid possessing a high level of viscosity – the appearance of which and context of its presence inside the object itself reminded Max of prai oil, sometimes called "corpse oil" – the ghostly substance used in Thai amulets for the inhabitation of demonic entities, the spirits of children tortured at birth, the undead, the disembodied souls of evil witches and other sundry unsavory preternatural beings favored by the most black-hearted practitioners of animism.

The dealer demonstrated to him how the object was to be used. "Lera's Torment" he stated with a faintly disturbed smile at the corner of his mouth, speaking the name by which it has been known colloquially down throughout the years – its namesake based not on the residing entity within, however, but after its first owner – though 'caretaker' may be the terminology more appropriate.

Despite its circular shape, if the torment was sat down with the glass window set facing upward four small prongs would descend discreetly from the opposite side, securing it upright for the user. One drop of blood, warned the dealer, one drop of blood only and the entity would come. No more. Max did not deign it appropriate to interrogate him further on this point, at the present particular crossroad, though the information was certainly filed for further consideration later on. Seeming to read his thoughts, the dealer looked at him squarely in the eye and indicated without saying a word that propitiation above and beyond the strictured limits which had been specified would be to invite almost certain catastrophe.

Might we test it here, before completing the transaction? Max had inquired. The dealer was aghast. Certainly not, absolutely not, never here, not in my presence. Max was somewhat surprised by the vehemence of the dealer's refusal yet there was little he could do, the dealer still holding all of the cards. Though, if push came to shove, should the dealer suddenly decide to decline to make the sale, Max was fully willing to procure the torment by force despite whatever potential risks and dangers – said risks and dangers which could potentially be very considerable indeed, from associates of the dealer hidden in the darkness of the warehouse to whomever may be waiting back on the street. He had come too far to leave empty handed. And now that he had seen the torment for himself his obsession was complete

– all he wanted to do is put his cash squarely on the table and return to his hotel as quickly as possible and then, wait for the evening.

Again, seeming to read his mind and in lieu of his refusal of Max's suggestion of immediate experimentation, the dealer warned him emphatically that he should not under any circumstances attempt to utilize the torment while still in the country. Max began to protest however the dealer raised his hand to silence him before continuing. Yes, the dealer acquiesced, once the torment was out of his hands there was little he could do – after the exchange it would be in Max's hands to do with as he saw fit. However, the dealer began (and here, the caveat, Max predicted) – while this was the case, Max was still in his country. He tapped the desk emphatically, indicating possessiveness. While in country, he would be watched, the dealer emphasized, tapping again. Should he decide to go against the request of the dealer, the dealer would know, the associates of the dealer would be told, he had said. Then, things would go sour.

Max and the dealer reached a gentleman's bargain that he would leave the country as soon as possible after purchase – even sooner than he had planned – despite his already possessing return tickets which were non-refundable. No matter. And with that out of the way, the dealer apparently satisfied with this agreement, Max brought out a large stack of bills from his bag, contained within a small white postal envelope, flap closed but unsealed and visibly bulging with its significant pecuniary burden. The dealer took the envelope, counting the currency for accuracy. wearing an absolutely blank expression. All of the bills were of the highest possible denomination.

Satisfied in full and finished counting after less than a minute had passed, the dealer smiled broadly, extending his hand which Max shook. We won't be seeing each other again, this lifetime, the dealer said with a glance, but thanked him for his commerce in the present. Would Max like the crate? Max shook his head in the negative, opting instead for the small university-style shoulder bag that he had carried along to the meeting – wrapping the torment carefully inside of a spare shirt and secreting it in the bottom of his pack amidst assorted wet weather gear and travelling documents. Motioning that Max should show himself out, one last farewell was exchanged between the two men and then Max was out – out of the small sitting area, across the dark factory floor and back into the alley. Then, a motorized rickshaw hailed, back at a much quicker pace than he had arrived, out of the slum and into a more serviceable part of the city. Inside the bag, unbeknownst to him, the torment glowed with a sickening yellowish gleam.

## PART 7

The outside of the hotel was in an uproar when Max returned, keeping one eye attentively on receiving back the proper change from the rickshaw driver whom he had just now renumerated and the other on the bustle of people on the sidewalk onto which he was about to expectorate himself. It appeared to be some sort of political protest, small in number, though the higher number of individuals who had appeared to counter the protestors had grown the overall size of persons crowding their way into the fracas considerably. Among these were the irate owners of the hotel themselves, claiming the protest area was under their jurisdiction by way of its location and that as such the location of the protest activity, hindering due commerce, constituted nothing less than a criminal offence. The protesters, proffering their own riposte in kind, argued that the walk constituted a public thoroughfare regardless to its proximity to any business, including that of the hotelier. The uniformed police that had appeared only a few minutes prior to Max's arrival had been sent to mediate however in the kingdom, as Max well knew, the favorable outcome would be ostensibly on the side of the businesspeople – unless the protest was somehow organized at the behest of the government itself, in one way or another.

As Max stepped off from the rickshaw and began to make his way through the crowd, which was directly blocking the front entrance, he saw out the corner of his eye a man who had without any doubt in his mind been in the back of the parade line earlier in the day at the intersection. Disconcerting coincidence at best Max thought to himself, though a definite indicator that professional force protection was indeed the man's particular line of work as per his previous suspicion. All the same, Max kept his head down, mouthing apologies soft-spokenly and to no one in particular as he made his way through the small crowd which, while inconvenient, seemed like an infinitesimal drop in the ocean compared to that which he had confronted during his morning journeys.

As he made his way through the crowd, through the double doors and then into the lobby the wife of one of the hoteliers stationed behind the counter barely noticed him, her gaze shifting nervously about at various goings-on in the scene taking place directly in front of the establishment, hoping that her husband had not bitten off more than he could chew. Max raised his hand in greeting in any case – force of habit – before turning down the corridor toward his room, the commotion outside all but forgotten as his mind turned monomaniacaly toward the immediate future and a chance alone with the torment.

Reaching his room he immediately noticed that the door was slightly ajar. His hackles raised, but not in overt alarm as of yet, given the precedence of generally poor state of upkeep he had witnessed during his brief but eventful stay thus far and the reputation of the area. Pushing the edge of the door slowly open with the tip of his shoe he was able to ascertain within several seconds that everything seemed to be as it should be – nothing apparently out of place, no signs of a partially hidden intruder within, no political protestor from outside taking sanctuary in the uninhabited space and utilizing his room for whatever diverse purpose which would have without question caused him undue grief within the present schema. Content in the integrity of things Max closed the door behind him and sat down at last with the torment – drawing it carefully out of his satchel with shaking hands.

Now – finally – they two were alone. No nasty interfering dealer, no scenes, no protracted waiting periods in abject anxiety as he waited for his next contact, further instructions, in the pursuance of obtaining what was – he felt – by right – naturally his. Or rather, that he was its natural care-taker – for such items were not "owned" nor were they "purchased" – he had learned with some cynical amusement during those years which he had researched the item – and similar items – but no item was really similar to the torment, as his research had quickly shown him. Such items as these are, to paraphrase the natural terminology used by those several thousand miles farther east than he, only "borrowed." And as such, he had "borrowed" the item – but with a fee that would leave him on an entirely crippled income comparatively for the rest of the life. But then again, the torment itself might assist in rectifying that situation in the by and by, through hook or crook, for his pleasures were now her pleasures – his domiciles, her dwelling place.

The thought of his closeness to the torment brought him to a sudden state of sexual arousal, begging for release. He denied the instant urge, however, his need to cleanse himself from the acquired filth accumulated during the course of this day amongst days more pressing in his estimation, according to his sense of propriety. For he had all the time in the world ahead of him with the torment, an entire life to build with the demoness which lived within it, so he considered with no small degree of smugness. Those thoughts swirling pleasurably in his mind, he proceeded to stow the torment once again in the satchel – set right in the opening only, partially concealed, as his attentions would be upon it again very soon – then setting another set of clothing out upon the bed and proceeding to the shower.

As the veracity of the hot water capabilities of his lodgings had been previously established prior, Max commenced to set the water on full hot before stripping and placing his naked body under the faucet, though the pressure was, as before, not to his satisfaction. But no matter. The routine ritual did its trick well enough and, as ever, he had precedent for worse. The stream was able to wash off even the worse of the grime which had set upon him – the ever-present smog in the air, commingling with likewise ever-present sand from the surrounding deserts, impressed upon his flesh with the hot sweats of exertion and the cold sweats of dread which had assailed him physically at numerous points throughout his recent ordeal now drawing to a successful close.

The hot water sluiced down a body of a hardened nomad, thin but muscled and bearing the marks of one well-learned and even adept in the disciplines of privation both forced and brought down willingly. The musculature appeared for the most part to be that of someone somewhat naturally and genetically gifted, though seasoned with at least some regular acquaintance with manual labor and/or calisthenics of the more demanding military variety. Max had had his share of both, though the labor was of a sort done in the pursuit of his own peculiar and more than somewhat perverse private objectives and not for hire. He did avail himself of various schools of calisthenics and, as his physicality revealed, of the military sort – including forays into long-distance running – though his practices were without normative schedule and frequently interrupted by his travels abroad with brought with them their own sort of physical exertions, not easily dismissed.

As his cleansing winded down to a close he switched off the hot water and turned on to full cold for at least a minute, as was his usual routine in any part of the world regardless of the interior or exterior temperature of the landmass he happened to be inhabiting at the time, causing his muscles to draw taught and by effect accentuating the several small tattoos upon his flesh, coiling around an agitated tricep head – writing in a script not that of his birth nor parental heritage. These were his only markings, excepting a few small self-mulitatory wounds and the knicks and bangs of childhood – the latter, well faded and the former done in such a manner that they would not be readily identifiable as relating to their cause or intent should anyone have cause to examine.

Finished, Max towel-dried quickly but not thoroughly, trusting that the inherent dryness of the desert climate would do the trick quick enough even indoors. He walked naked back to the bedroom and once again removed the torment from its hiding place in the mouth of his satchel, slowly and somewhat sensuously unfurling the black shirt which had almost by accident seemed to wrap itself around its circumference during the course of his brief absence. The pewter casing around the glass shined hideously in the gleam of the overhead light, only matched by the hideous gleam of the sickening liquid within the torment which on cursory examination seemed to bear no discernible object within, in contrast to lesser amulets of somewhat similar make – the corpse oil in those cases usually having some setting – a figure usually, attached to the amulet base, given the appearance of an entity submerged at least partially within waters most foul.

He examined more closely, pulling the chair out from the battered wooden desk against the wall and sitting the torment upright in the fashion which he had been shown before by the dealer, the small prongs descending automatically to form a seating just as he had observed prior during the meeting in the warehouse. No, definitely not, Max thought to himself. There was no object within to be readily seen – though he could see some discolored specks here and there, blackish, floating within the liquid – miniscule enough to be indiscernible in the concourse of a cursory examination and more than like pieces of the pewter casing which had dislodged themselves into the liquid. But would that make any sense? For the roundish shape of the object, glass predominantly, seemed only to bear the pewter casing upon the outside, a partial exterior, he could see no points where the metal and liquid would intersect, insamuch as he could tell through staring through the exposed glass window, his face stationed only a few inches from its surface as he knelt down, still naked, peering into its shallow depths.

Staring at the torment his body suddenly become overcome with overtly sexual lust, waves of dark sensual energy suffusing him. His eyes still locked onto the torment he bent forward further on his knees, going in for an even closer look into the glass window of the amulet. His vision seemed to double and then triple and he began finding it it very hard to concentrate as the room around him became somewhat blurry – his exterior vision being replaced with hallucinations from within his mind, presenting themselves as bursts of color and image upon a backdrop of darkness. He saw the cult empress from the bloody procession in the slums, her eyes wide and watching him with naked threat – her skin taught and suffuse with black mania. Another vision, this time of the dealer after Max had left the warehouse, the small man sitting alone amidst the lone pool of light with the many thousands of dollars cash payment Max had supplied him with spread over the table – the dealer holding a closed fist over the currency and from tightly compressed fingers – the steady dripping of blood. And then a vision of the intelligence agents – the one likely Mossad, the other likely CIA or MI5 – converging on the hotel from different parts of the city. The man who had worked force protection for the procession and which he had also seen at the entrance to the hotel during the protest had been the one to bely his location. In fact, Max saw in his mind's eye, the man was sitting in a room in this very hotel – down the other corridor past the reception desk and lobby – his hand cradling a black landline telephone – passing information so that they could triangulate Max's position and coordinating the details of renditioning him when – later in the evening? In an hour's time?

Max began to sweat with horror as the sensual lust he had experienced turned to the ill and unmistakable effects of a flight-or-flight hormone dump. He knew in his guts that the visions he had seen were real – that they were coming for him, even now. Yet his body could not move though not for want of trying – he was paralyzed in a state beyond his own control, the contours of the torment in front of him visible for a few seconds then fading to black as his eyes involuntarily rolled back into their sockets as he entered back into the state of trance. At some point he realized that he was amidst all of this pleasuring himself, his sex having become erect to a severe degree brought on both by the initial lust and the horror that followed – one hand on his member and one hand wrapped around the edge of the seat of the chair upon which the torment sat, gripping the outrmost wooden spoke of the chair's back.

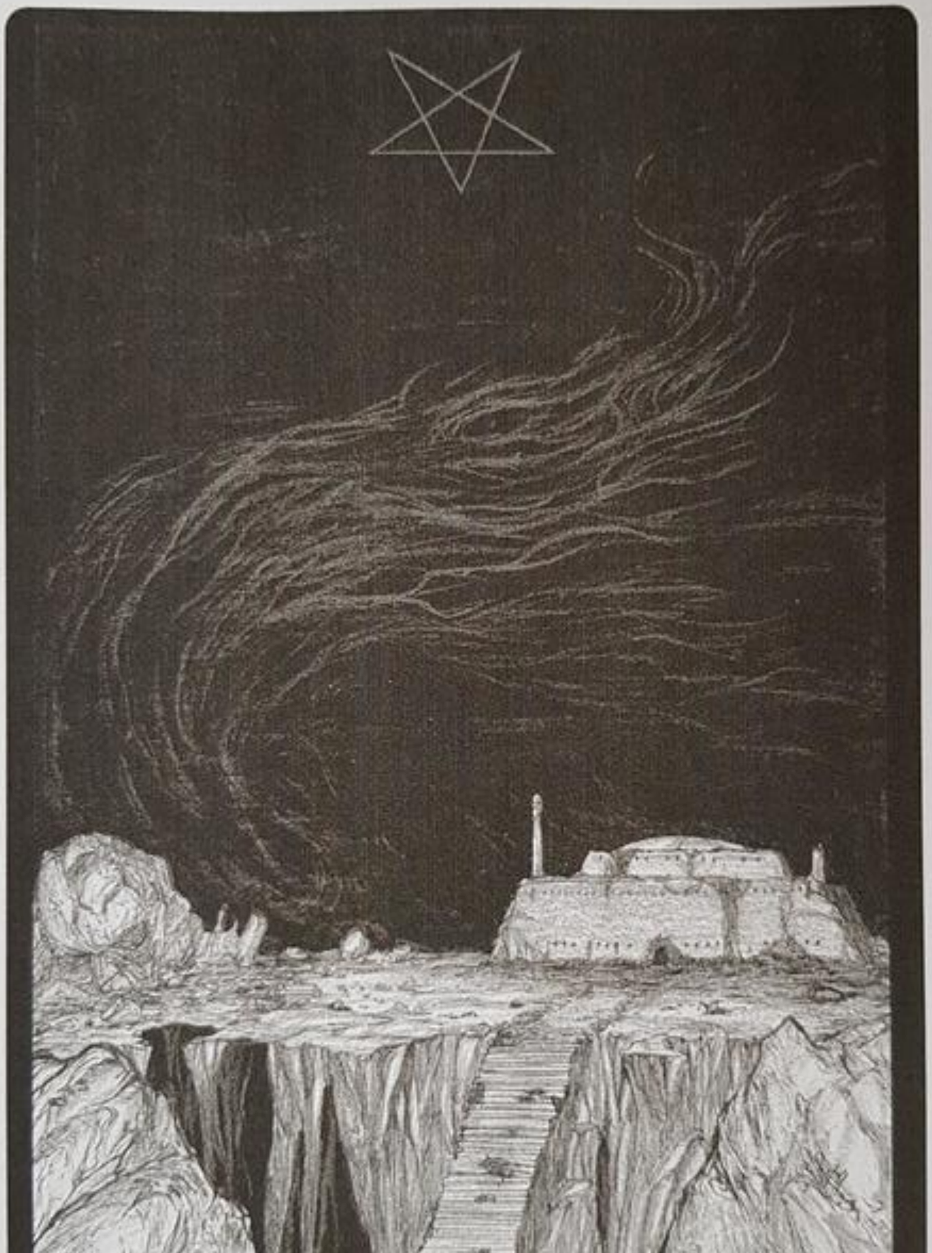
A piercing sensation overcame his mind, the feel of needles inserting themselves surgically into all sides of his skull and then at a moment when the pain became unbearable the feeling of his mind exploding into a million fragments – his consciousness soaring into pieces out into the horrid beyond of myriad star sytems while the blackness of the abyss entered within him. At that moment he regained his vision, the room once again becoming clear. He saw that his seed had spilled onto the dirty floor of the room but much more significantly that the torment seemed to be glowing – a disturbing, pulsating light coming from deep within it, the luminescence slowly becoming weaker. He grasped the torment and peered within the slowly fading light. Within, the light seeming to magnify the internal aspects of the mechanism within the corpse oil to some degree he saw with a sense of unparalleled revelation that there was a small entity visible inside of it. So miniscule that it would be barely discernible under normative circumstances but present all the same. It was a female figure – dressed from head to foot in a shining black alien fabric most resembling vinyl. Around that and partially concealing the stark curvatures of her body a cloak of a likewise unnatural manufacture, most similar to a thin black rubber but miraculously countouring to her brief movements with a pliancy which no mortal garment possessed.

His lips curled back in the manner of a fanatic's apprehension when he saw that her face was that of the girl he had seen in the procession earlier – though more mature – perhaps around twenty years of age in human years, though it was clear beyond a shadow of a doubt that the entity who was living within the torment was not human by any stretch of the imagination, though it may have been at some point, perhaps so far back that it was within a period of antiquity so obscure that it existed beyond any recorded history. The hair also was different – short, severe and combined with her attire indicating a profound will to dominate, a knowledge of the very heights of possible cruelty and the inborn devastating propensities of the most intense disciplinarian by nature.

She shifted ever so slightly – standing on nothing but suspended within the sickening viscosity of the corpse oil. Turning toward him, the entity stared – her eyes like two diamonds – emanating a radioactive light that threatened to burn like a nuclear Medusa the very retinas of those who stared into their unforgiving gaze too long. Her lips, reddish and thin, mouthed two words that sounded like klaxons within his mind.

"Go, now!"

# *HRAFNSSON*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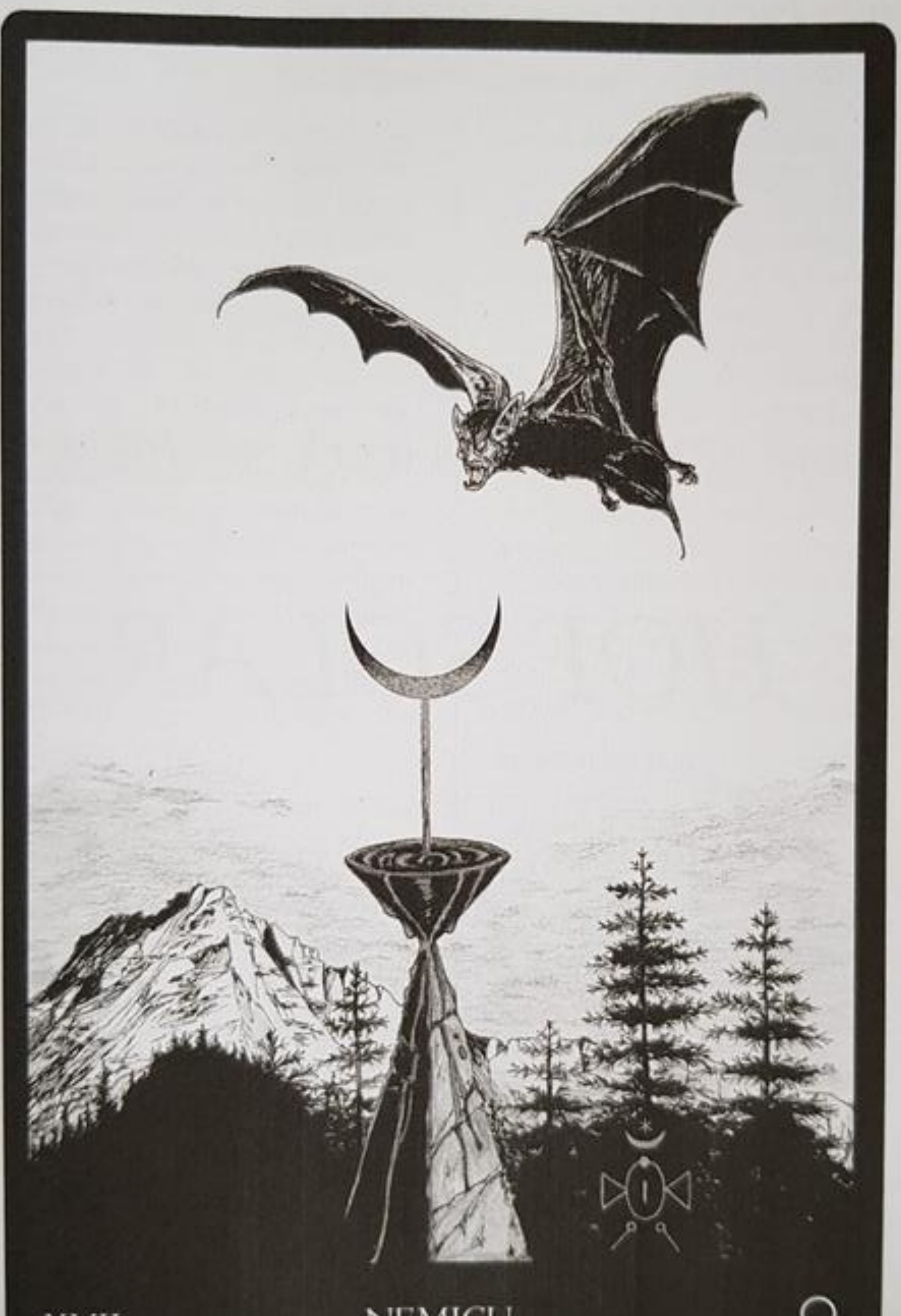
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*For more of the artist's work, see his gallery:*

# *HOF SÓLAR*

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# THE END OF HATE IN THE LOVE OF THE KAINOS (ARCHAIOS) OPHIS

Matthew Wightman

The excitement of Violence—the thrill of exercising physical and mental dominance over a hated enemy; the delight of causing lasting and irreparable anguish to a trusted friend; the satisfaction of demonstrably wielding one's power over the inferior and superior alike; the willful violation of innocence; even the paradoxical potency to be found in the bittersweet pain of impotent rage; the transgression of all norms and values, including transgression itself; breaking the "Rule of Law;" living on the edge of extremes. Each of these experiences is essential to the life of the Sinister Satanist. Yet, to one unreflective, one for whom these can hardly be called genuine "experiences," one who cannot rightly be called sinister or satanic, they can also become a banal, obsessive and nihilistic prison, fitting of only the most pathetic of human dross.

The words that follow, like all words of *Ha-Satan*, are intended to disturb. Not to disturb the mundane, for whom the Spirit(s) of this article cares little, but to disturb those who claim allegiance to Disturbance—Evil, the Devil and the Sinister.

I strongly suspect that many who read the words that follow will Hate them. That's good. Hate is exactly what this article, and my Work in general, is about. I ask only that as you find yourself enraged by the words below that you reflect upon and confront the source of your indignation, that you ask yourself the difficult questions concerning the meaning and purpose of your Hate, even if it is a meaningless meaning and purposeless purpose that you find at the bottom of the bottomless abyss.

My hope is that the one who actively engages the words of this article will come to recognize the ultimate value in her otherwise empty contradictions—those actions and beliefs, those theses and antitheses, that cause her to circle perpetually around the hamster-wheel of meaning and meaninglessness from one poorly contrived synthesis to the next disappointing dissolution. My hope is that by actively confronting the dialectical nature of Nature, recognizing that all extremes, and thus all contradiction and opposition, merely turn back in upon themselves—toward submission and affirmation—the reader will be able to explore the borderless boundaries of her Hate sufficient to *fulfill* it, rather than remain perpetually trapped within the lifeless life of banal undeath.

Come then, on this journey through our Hate, the Source of our Greatest Power and, ultimately, our lowliest weakness.

### How Do We Hate?

I preface the following words with the statement that, in general, I tend to favor those Satanists and occultists who emphasize action over reflection, as, for most of the 20th century, this emphasis was reversed, with a far greater focus being placed on a passive and academic approach to Ceremonial Magic, consisting largely of empty mental (and physical) masturbation.

Having said that, for some, the pendulum seems to have swung too far in the opposite direction so that what should be meaningful sinister action has become mindless banality and empty nihilism. What would once have been acts of genuine Sin, Evil or Transgression are now merely childish frat pranks, baseless elitism or petty acts of ego gratification given occult trappings after-the-fact so as to give some kind of social (Satanic) legitimacy to what is otherwise uninteresting sociopathic (mis)behavior.

As essential as radical *action* is to the life of the Satanist, it is *nothing* without meaningful *reflection* and sinister *intent*. To deny this is to be no better than the mindless dross despised by the Traditional Satanist, and, perhaps worse, is to make oneself lower than even the armchair occultists who feign serious commitment to the Sinister Dialectic through empty meandering. It is to dwell so thoroughly and thoughtlessly in the dirt that the blood becomes hardened by its clay, strangling the spirit (not an unattractive metaphor in a Qliphothic/Chthonic/Ahrimanic context, though I have yet to encounter even one capable of drawing sufficient meaning from this kind of meaninglessness, and, in the end, doing so only proves my point).

Without meaningful intent, there can be no *sinister* action, no antinomian transgression, no genuine opposition/rebellion or Radical Evil. Without thoughtful self-reflection, there can be only the banality of commonplace "evil"—actions found distasteful or unpleasant by the mundane masses without insight into the Darkness from which such actions originate (again, I am quite willing to explore the meaning even in this banality, and have done so in very practical ways on many occasions, but few are capable of such reflective unreflection, and, in the end, it leads to the same place). Such thoughtless actions are those of a simpleminded and sub-conscious animal, unworthy of the Sinister Nature of the Dark Gods who will not even deign to look upon the one who enacts them with contempt or amused pity, let alone favor.

The Sinister Philosophies of Traditional Satanism have always emphasized personal evolution, growth and the pedagogical benefits of dangerous and painful transgressive action. Even if this evolution ultimately yields something bestial and alien whose thought and logic are inimical to human consciousness, such a state is necessarily achieved through conscious acts, sinister intellect and deep empathy. That is to say that the actions of the Sinister Satanist are always intended to be *meaningful* and *intentional*—before, during and after the act; as if an act otherwise considered "evil" or "transgressive" means nothing to the one who acts—as a wolf eating a lamb or an obese mundane gulping down a double-cheese burger—it lacks all *sinister* character. Such acts are neither human nor inhuman, neither moral nor immoral, but only non-human (or too human) and non-moral. Such acts are without Evil and are in no respect Transgressive. Neither can such acts truly be called dangerous or painful in any but the most mundane of ways. Actions of this kind are surd, given meaning only by those who have judged them externally without the understanding and empathy that the True Satanist is called to cultivate. One who acts without such understanding is a mere human-animal slave to her obsessive-compulsive impulses, the very definition of the societal dross despised by the Traditional Satanist. Indeed, to engage in such unthinking violence is to put oneself beneath even the mental masturbation of the armchair Satanist, and is thus of utter disinterest to the Dark Gods.

The emphasis on thoughtless action through blind authoritarian submission and emotional dissociation of many of today's "satanic elite" represents a fundamental break with the Sinister Tradition, with those espousing it sharing little in common with the Sinister Antiheroes of History and far more in common with the spoiled emo-rich-kid enslaved to his stunted maturity because mommy and daddy didn't pay enough attention to him, driving him to prey on those more vulnerable than himself in hopes that someone will turn even a revolted eye in his direction, or the petty drug dealer enslaved to the poverty of his birth and the blow up his nose, the priestly pedophile enslaved to the urges of his theologically repressed ego, or the average-Joe racist enslaved to the ignorance of his heritage and circumstances of his society. There is nothing "elite" or "sinister" about these individuals or their actions, evidenced by their mindless repetition of violence without growth or personal evolution, with any Satanic trappings added merely as a vain attempt to give profundity to otherwise banal cruelty.

Having the deepest respect for the work of David Myatt, for whom there seems sufficient evidence to identify as the original "Anton Long," recognizing that his "call to action" was genuine, well timed, and, for those who took his words seriously, clearly every bit as fulfilling and deeply meaningful as he promised, it must be acknowledged that this is only true because he has had thoughtful reflection and meaningful intention covered. In addition to a willingness to act in the presence of the dangers of this world and that which lies beyond and beneath, Myatt possesses a sharp intellect, an empathic heart and the ability for thoughtful reflection and eloquent articulation. He has not acted purely on base instinct (though this too has been immanently present and finely honed) or unreflective Hatred (despite it being essential to his vision up to and through its fulfillment) but has been able to conjoin meaningful action with equally meaningful intention, reflection and articulate communication. To divorce these is not to find freedom or power but only further slavery and impotence, regardless of whatever satanic "street-cred" or "edginess" one feels doing so offers.

**Why Do We Hate?**

Among those lessons learned during my years of pursing the Nietzschean Will to Power through meaningful action is *that there is no more Power to be found within the "Will to Power" than there is to be found in the relationship between the Master and her Slave, the Sadist and a Masochist or the Priest and his Sacrifice.* The Power to be found in the Will to Power can be likened to the emptiness of the narcissist's egotistical self-love, which is, in reality, the self-loathing of a shattered and helpless ego, one powerless to overcome itself because, despite outward appearances of arrogant confidence, it is overcome by fear.

So long as you pursue the "Will to Power" you will always be a Slave to that Will—the Will of The Magian All-Power. That is to say, as long as you pursue the Will to Power as the End of All means, exactly as Nietzsche (and the Hebrews) insisted that All must, you will fail to achieve Power, and will lose your will, just as Nietzsche and many before and after him ultimately have. The same is true of Sadism and the Hatred that fuels it, which ultimately find their source and are grounded in the Narcissistic Fear of the Absolute Other—the indifferent Creator after whose passion (Love or Hate) is desperately, though often unconsciously or secretly, sought, with the hope of escaping, through violence and/or submission, the turmoil of simultaneous revulsion and obsession with the Magian All-Power. It is only by acknowledging our slavery, by accepting our bondage and relinquishing the Will to Power that we can hope to reclaim our power from the Will and our will from Power.

There will never be enough corpses to pile, enough skulls to stack, enough blood in which to drench the fields or enough tears to fill the dried-up oceans of the scorched Earth to satisfy the bottomless depths of your Hate or fulfill your unquenchable desire for Power (and acceptance by Power)—for Sadistic Domination over All. The reader, if she has truly committed sinister acts, knows this to be true in the depths of her Black Heart. She experiences it each time the thrill of the last act of torture or sacrifice has ended, when the screams of terror have gone silent and the blood has dried, in the emptiness of solitude and longing to return to the "Temple" or "Altar" again, just as the drug or sex addict craves the next high or dissolution of orgasm.

Just as Sade continued to pull back the masks of Power through his ever escalating and inventive sadism—each time expecting to find himself free of, by and in it (fully possessing and possessed by it)—only to discover yet another expression of that indifferent and unaccountable Power always beyond his cum and blood-drenched grasp, and thus always further enslaved to Its terrible and indifferent Will, there will *always* be One more Powerful, more indifferently hateful, before whom you are *nothing*, unworthy of even a momentary thought amidst Eternity...and yet you are *everything* that the One has always-already decided that you will be, despite of yourself.

You will never cause that One enough pain—indeed, you will never cause It *any* pain at all—to satisfy your Black Heart, you will never shed enough blood of Its Chosen meek—about which It ultimately does not care either, despite their desperate protestations otherwise—never achieve enough Power to satisfy your will against Its (nor turns Its Will toward yours), and so long as you refuse to accept this, so long as you continue to strive and oppose yourself—the only real obstacle to yourself—you will forever be the slave of your Self—the Master that does not even notice your labor let alone your struggle to resist It. You will perpetually fail to achieve the sinister end that you seek and earn only the indifference of the Dark Gods whom you so desperately desire to impress.

In your rebellion, in your defiance, in your sin and the depths of your Cold Hate—beyond the Fires of your tumultuous Rage—of all that stands in your way, in your Desire for Unlimited and Unaccountable Power, in the fantasy of seeing that Power unleashed upon your Enemy—to turn the Attention of Its Cold and Indifferent Rejection of you to *you*—and ultimately in the Freedom that you expect to find in so doing, you will discover yourself more unwittingly obedient, more fearful, more rejected, more unnoticed, more unsatisfied and more enslaved at each and every turn. And when you have been used up, when the emptiness of the perpetual dialectic finally ceases to sustain you—and make absolutely no mistake, it *will* cease to sustain you, as the potency of its power is finite—you will be discarded by the Dark Gods—for They care not for empty failures. There will be no appreciation for your past sacrifices, no awards given for your exhaustive effort—the Dark Gods do not bestow "participation trophies;" They care only for those capable of fulfilling Their Will, for what you do for Them NOW and can do for Them in the future in bringing about that fulfillment. One so trapped by the fear of death, dissolution and of being forgotten that she refuses to fulfill the End of Hate by taking sinister action to its own dissolution is of no use to Them and will only ensure that she meets her fated fear as They turn Their attention to those younger, stronger and potentially more likely to fulfill Their purposes than she, in her pathetic "undeath," can offer.

Though the perpetual denial of your *jouissance*, the permanently elusive fulfillment of your desire, might sustain you—in your emptiness—for a time (just as Lacan observed that it does for the vast majority of mundanes), and while it may temporarily hold the attention of the Dark Gods, hopeful that you might finally muster the strength and courage to do what is necessary while it lasts, should you ultimately fail to do so, your life will be one of meaningless suffering and hollow, unfulfilling accomplishment; more hollow than the lowest and pathetic failure, ending only in the shallowness of the pit and leaving behind nothing but nameless ashes, bitter memories for those few foolish enough to care about you and the utterly indifferent laughter of your Enemy—Eternally, yet completely unknowingly, dancing upon your unmarked and forgotten grave to the satisfaction of Its always-already fulfilled—with or without you, who are nothing to It—Glory.

It is to this bleak vision that you have to look forward should you refuse to accept that the turmoil of your heart, the sinister acts of violence and sadistic Hate, are a means to and not the End (a tragically (un)necessary means, each paradoxically moving you further and further from that End) and that to truly win the favor of the Dark Gods, you must do what they are only able to do through you—fulfill Their End.

You may believe that by creating Hell on Earth, both for yourself and others, that you have done more than accept the turmoil, having embraced it fully, and will, therefore, be fittingly blessed by the Gods for all Eternity (with further welcomed pain). However, if you have not yet taken it a step further, if you have not seen Hell through to its Endless End, if you have found yourself stymied by repetitive acts of violence and the perpetual desire to repeat the same sacrifices of escalating sadism over and over again like an obsessive compulsive—just as the minds and actions of the Marquis de Sade and Nietzsche vainly struggled against at the end of their lives—you will always have failed to Overcome, failed to truly Hate enough, failed to be Radically Evil, Sadistic or Transgressive, and you will thus always and forever be without power or significance. The Dark Gods have no use for such failures and will turn their visages from your empty husk when they have finished with you, denying you even the attention of their ire; they will provide you with none of the welcomed pain that reminds you of your continued existence in hollow unlife, for They care and are concerned only about those with purpose, with value, capable of Fulfilling Their Sinister Agenda against the Magian All-Power.

The Philosophies of Sade and Nietzsche (as well as Foucault and Derrida) are NOT, despite popular (and ignorant) opinion, in any way nihilistic, *unless* they are denied their fulfillment. By living in the struggle of perpetual contradiction—defined by the violent pursuit of Power over that which is Hated—without accepting the fullest consequences of the contradiction's resolution—when one must turn that Hatred in upon Itself—one will only serve the Will of the Hated—the Magian All-Power—serving to achieve less and less power until she is reduced to a recyclable impotence to be consumed and churned back into the Magian Matrix—for the Dark Gods to whom you no longer hold interest will abandon you to the Magian Creator who has even less interest in (or care for) you.

### When/Where Do We Hate?

The reflections of this section will be the shortest and most mysterious in that the answer to when and where we Hate will likely only be discovered by the reader in hindsight, as she comes to see that there truly is a fulfillment—a Telos—of Hate, pointing back to its acausal Beginnings.

If we allow ourselves to take our Hate to its Ultimate End in the bittersweetness of meaningful action, as we are called to do by both Sinister Satanism and the Dark Gods, we will finally achieve that for which Hate was ultimately intended. The failure to do so is to falter in sinister action and remain forever a slave to the Magian All-Power.

I strongly suspect that if you engage the truth of these words through whatever means you are called to do so—a single, though prolonged, multifaceted and complex act of Empathic Sadism, Self/Other-Sacrifice and profound Intimate Betrayal was my own Path to Perdition/Salvation (which was, of course, preceded by years of active preparation, study and reflection)—you will find that the End of Hate is a definitive moment that has always been present; that, in fact, all of those Hateful and/or Transgressive acts of Sacrifice and Sadism were both a shamefully unnecessary hindrance to your growth and Self-Overcoming *and* the only means by which *you*, in your shame—in your helpless prison within the dialectic—*could* grow; each calling you to acknowledge and accept the Nightmare of Abraham *and* the Nations, the Reconciliation of Hate with Love in the Endless Freedom of the Life of Deathless Death in Omn/I(m)potent Peace.

### Who/What Do We Hate?

The deep-seated desire, the obsessive need among Sinister Satanists—and those occultists otherwise influenced by Sinister Thought—to escape the Magian / Demiurgic/ Semitic / Abrahmaic/ Hebraic / Kabbalistic / Judeo-Christian Mythos, Logos, Law and Logic is a laudable goal to which I have thus far dedicated my entire life.

It is also an ***Impossible*** goal to achieve.

I do not use the term "impossible" lightly or as hyperbole. I mean, quite literally, that there is absolutely no means at our, or Their, disposal, no region of existence (or non-existence), no dark corner of consciousness, sub-consciousness or unconsciousness, no language (or silence), no mythology, no law or logic that is not always-already possessed (in)completely by the Magian All-Power. After all, all power (including the absence of power) is not only derived from the Magian Creator, it *is* the Magian Creator.

The sooner that those reading these words come to accept this truth, the sooner they will find themselves free to pursue Their Ends.

I will not spend the remainder of this article seeking to convince you of this simple fact as it would take only a cursory investigation into the origins of the human species and our behavioral modernity, the ancient tribes and the earliest civilizations and religions of Earth, the development of human language and written alphabets, the migration patterns of both DNA and language, to reveal how utterly interdependent the human species (and even those other hominid species long since absorbed into our own) is.

As a minor example, I adjure any interested reader to take a closer look at the origin and migration patterns of the Northern Europeans—whose mythology has long been an illusory source of hope for many Sinister Satanists—or the influence of the Semitic Phoenicians on the Hellenistic Greeks and Egyptians—two other favored cultures.

Never mind the fact that returning to some pure form of a "philosophy of the ancients" has been made impossible by later intermingling of the sociolinguistic associations that we have come to inherit as the building blocks of our modern consciousnesses, careful study will reveal that this intermingling had always-already happened—a study of Northern Africa, prehistoric Israel, Jordan and Turkey (and, from there, Russia, Scandinavia, India, Eastern Asia and the Americas) would likely prove quite illuminating in this regard.

True, there are languages and systems other than those explicitly grounded in Jewish Kabbalah to which the Sinister Satanist can appeal, but these systems are also less able to deal directly with the Magian contamination present within them, having obfuscated the problem with less overt language and having renamed the Essence of the Creator, the Magian All-Power, with more subtle and innocuous terms (e.g. "The Will to Power"). In this respect, these "pure" systems have only hidden the depths of their impurity, thereby making them far more dangerous to those who seek liberation from the Magian Essence.

Perhaps that has been the "sinister" goal all along, to penetrate the hearts and minds of the enemies of the Semitic Demiurge, ensuring their unending slavery and unwitting (yet willing) submission—for, after all, who is ultimately more sinister than Yahweh? By giving the Magian All-Power more palatable Names and Associations (far fewer Satanists fear and despise Týr or Kronos as they do Yahweh), the Sinister Satanist only sustains the Magian reach. Neither Pseudoscience nor Pseudohistory (including personal pseudohistories) will save us from this reality; they will only deepen our unwitting dependence upon it.

It is for this reason that I have engaged in several Insight Roles, each spanning years, coming to live and think as those I Hated, for only by understanding them, by speaking and imagining the world like them, by coming to Love them, and, indeed, by *becoming* them, could I truly fulfill my Hatred against them.

The bitter irony is that most of what is labeled as "Hardcore" or "Extreme" Satanism, especially of today's "Wamphyric" kind, is, more often than not, simply repackaged Jewish Yahwehism, down to its characteristic obsessive sadomasochism and elitist separatism, making the new "sinister elite" the very epitome of everything that these individuals claim to Hate. And while doing so is indeed the final stage to True Overcoming, these "Satanists" seem to have yielded to their fear, just as their Jewish counterparts have for millennia (giving credence to the old refrain that the world is made of only two groups: "Jews" and "Heretical Jews"). They have chosen to remain inert in the repetitive banality of their own hell, learning nothing transgressive from the experience of Self-Othering and satisfying themselves only temporarily by "shocking" the easily disturbed mundane world around them.

The words of these supposed "extremists" and "dissidents" (who are only recapitulating the same boring conformity and order) are just as easy to deconstruct in their inner contradiction as those of the despised Hebrews and every bit as dependant upon empty metaphysical claims that are ultimately rather poor attempts to obfuscate fear, and control those of weak will. Such individuals exhort their members to "overcome" and "conquer" while demanding blind, unthinking obedience and a hardened heart (and mind) that make true sinister action impossible; they laud the "Will to Power," yet simultaneously demand the attitude of an obsequious slave to a Power that is even *more* enslaved to Itself. And, worst of all, they never move beyond this place of utter vanity. They never gain any *insight* from the role. A tragic shame, as they are so close (yet so far away), from the very edge of taking sinister action to its conclusion through the Fullest Embrace of Hate, yet always denying themselves the final act of fulfillment out of fear.

This is, of course, the Orwellian dilemma created by an active embrace of "doublethink," the state of unyielding resistance to the inevitable and unavoidable deconstruction of inner contradiction made known to the one who practices it by intense cognitive dissonance (though it is designed to ease this dissonance, it will *always* fail to do so) and (often unconscious) emotional turmoil of the perpetually dying mind. It is to exist in a state of endless failure and frustration (Hell) yet always obsessively driven by a (false and feared) hope of fulfillment.

Such an "undead" state would *almost* be admirable if it were actually capable of serving any meaningful purpose beyond banal self-effacement, or if it were truly any different from those mundane theologies and philosophies that have vainly sought to stave off the End of Life in Death through childish metaphysics promising perpetual existence—the great irony of which is that had any of these frightened children actually accepted and embraced the End, had they *fulfilled* their lives rather than fearfully attempting to hoard them away from death, they, and we, might not now be on the precipice of all life's end and the realization of their very fear.

True, such perpetual self-denial can sustain the life of a community (and, to a lesser extent, an individual) *almost* indefinitely, as it has for Jews and those who emulate them (Christians, Muslims, most everyone else, etc.), but it is an empty life of meaningless undeath, of slavery and failure that will not only fail to turn the attention of the Gods for all but a moment, but will, ultimately, come to the very conclusion it fears. Such individuals seek to string along the interest of the Dark Gods with the perpetual hope that they might finally have the insight and courage to fulfill Their End, but inherent to this philosophy is a perpetual failure to do so (a *seemingly* endless end characterized by an empty sadomasochism that is ultimately of no interest to the Dark Gods in its banality). This is made even more pitiable by the fact that not only are these "Satanists" incapable of fulfilling their own aims, but that such failure is knowingly (yet willfully forgotten) essential to their pathetic existence: they depend upon remaining trapped within the commonplace, unwilling and unable to fulfill their Sinister Hatred (yet insisting upon pursuing it) as well as incapable of achieving the power after which they lust yet perpetually deny themselves out of fear. They exhort members to action with the threat of the Undead Gods' ire, or, worse, indifference, at failure; yet, failure is the *only* promise that can be made—as it is essential to the philosophy—as is the Undead Gods' ultimate disinterest in them.

Yes, a great deal can be learned from acts of sadomasochism, both from the perspective of the Sadist and the Masochist, and yes, there is even more to be learned by becoming One with Hate—by becoming One with the Hated—but if anything is to be *learned* from this dialectic, if there is to be anything other than the perpetual undeath of remaining trapped within the dialectic (by futilely hoping to trap the dialectic within) until one's *inevitable* dissolution—which is nothing more than an obsessive (and mundane) fear of death—it is that the dialectic is a *means*—a profoundly *unnecessary* means, only *made* necessary by Magian Society's acausal inscription of our consciousness into its metaphysics at the moment of our conscious emergence into the world, which constantly seeks to reassert itself upon any with the insight to bypass its stranglehold—not the *End* to personal transformation, to truly achieving that which claims to be sought after, and thus to remain trapped within the spirals of the dialectic serves no meaningful purpose and is utterly unworthy of the Dark Gods' (or True Satanist's) attention.

Equally true is that although the uneasy doublethink described above can be an effective tool to control the unthinking masses toward sinister ends, for a time, and, I suppose, one might find a certain romantic nobility in the brilliant mind and iron will willingly and knowingly submitting itself to the endless torment of perpetually unfulfilled desire of the cognitive and emotional dissonance of Self-Contradiction (Vindex)—a philosophy made popular by 90s Vampire Novellas and George Lucas' portrayal of the Sith—when one acknowledges that this is also to perpetually and meaninglessly fail to achieve one's Ends because she has become so fearfully obsessed with what are ultimately unnecessary *means*, the Satanist stands at the Crossroads of further fear and failure (ultimately leading to her demise at the hands of her "friends" and indifferent Enemy) and True Overcoming.

At this point the Satanist has the choice between persisting in repetitive nihilistic action that is forever denied its fulfillment because she fears its End, leading her to perpetual, slothful inertia of empty and meaningless self-conflict and ultimately unremarkable dissolution—a banal and uninteresting fate deserved only by the lowliest dross and armchair occultists, and of absolutely no interest to the Dark Gods—or she can actually *learn* something from her actions that will lead her to the very state of consciousness that she desires, the ultimate stateless state that the Dark Gods themselves represent and revere, where one's actions have become truly Other.

The former will be the fate of the modern "undead elite" unless it learns to accept the *meaning* of the cognitive dissonance that it has rightly cultivated—that the overcoming motivated by the 'Martinet' and 'Discipline' of sinister action must itself be Overcome through deep and meaningful reflection—ultimately yielding peace, freedom, love, joy and strength in the deathless death of power-lessness (a lesson that Myatt seems to have learned and articulated well in recent years).

### How Do We Love?

Having said all of this, having stirred the pot as it were, having forced uncomfortable reflection and hopefully equally uncomfortable action, it seems to me that there *is* something to developing a Satanic system without overt Semitic underpinnings that both recognizes the fundamental reality of all that has been said above, but which, with open eyes, seeks to undercut it, nevertheless knowing the inescapability of Demiurgic Reality (I tend to read the MSS of the ONA in this way, but it is somewhat doubtful that this was the initial intent and, even if it were, it has obviously been difficult for most to maintain consistently).

To this end, the end of this article serves as an introduction to the beginning of just such a project; one that benefits from the overt tools and insights learned from Christian and Jewish practice and theology, and its derived antithesis, Qliphothic Kabbalah, but which translates those tools and insights into a system of constantly shifting symbolism, one founded upon elusive and perpetually deconstructing language that seeks to evade all obstructions leading to its End(s).

Beyond my ongoing work on the *Kitvei Kodesh HaChol*, grounded in the Hebraic (Klifotic) Mythos, and the Monographic Grimoire series of the recently established *Empty Temple, Tomb and Throne* (the ET3), I intend to develop a series of works grounded in the mythos of the Kainos (Archaios) Ophis (the New (Old) Serpent) that will draw from other mythologies, especially those of post-modern horror, atheistic/materialistic scientism, Hellenistic, Scandinavian/Celtic/Norse traditions (my own heritage) and those of Native American and Pre-Columbian civilizations. It is my hope that those who find any system openly influenced by Semitic language and Hebraically derived symbolism a stumbling-block will find this work more accessible and palatable to their sensibilities. What will follow, however, is only the practical unfolding of all that has already been said, in brief, above.

## Kainos (Archaios) Ophis

Contrary to the mythology of our ancestors, the Beginning was not characterized by Chaos. In fact, the Beginning was Perfect Order—Even, Uniform, Unified, Potent and Passionate—begging for the excitement of Imbalance, Separation, Lusting for Hate, the thrill of Violence, and ultimately exploding in the "Big Bang"—the ferocious explosion of energy that initiated the Creation of Time and Space, as well as the moment at which Chaos, characterized by unevenness, imbalance and inequality was born.

Power (and Order) was concentrated in some places and void in others; hot and cold, fast and slow, light and darkness became meaningful categories as distinction became the essential reality. Power became the fundamental currency of the Universe, moving from greater concentrations to lesser in an unthinking redistribution of power downward.

Life, though depending upon and obeying the very same laws of power's downward redistribution, reversed the prior (dis)order by vampirically drawing energy from its environment—living and non-living—to create an imbalance capable of temporarily hoarding power within an individual.

The result has been both wonderful and horrific, as life has manifested creatures capable of not only sentient (acausal) self-awareness of the Universe's downward redistribution of power and life's inherent vampirism that seeks to trap power within the individual, but also a system of symbolic language and values that both depend upon *and* fundamentally contradict these foundational realities of its existence.

Human awareness comes to find deeper and often more ethereal distinctions within existence, such that life and death, pleasure and pain, love and hate, good and evil become equally meaningful to light and darkness or power and impotence. This leads our ancestors to find value in individual life, first, at a family and then tribal level, but eventually spanning out into the infinite (and non-living), from the single-celled organism (or smallest molecule), to the whole of existence and every individual and collective in between; while at the same time, the truth that in order for one to survive and thrive another must necessarily perish at the hands of the survivor is inescapable.

This contradiction and the cognitive dissonance that it creates has led to all manner of resentment and self-delusions aimed at easing or embracing said resentment—whether they be of the "Sky Daddy" or "Undead God" variety—grounded in metaphysical masturbation and eschatological escapism that promises to make everything "alright." Time and again these delusions are revealed for what they are; not by some external force, not by a prophet of the True God, but by the very inherent instability of the symbolism that grounds and sustains them. Their demise comes from within. In a word, they are torn apart by the inherent (anti)force of *deconstruction*.

Yet, the violent Chaos of our existence has a Telos, driven by the Arrow of Time, which leads ultimately to the Eternally (un)Fulfilled Entropic Equilibrium that will be the End of Time and Space. Like the Beginning, the End will be Even, Uniform, Balanced and Equal. Yet, unlike at the Beginning, in the End, All Power will be impotent, cold, dull and unusable. The finite usable power of Infinite Power will have reached its end in the limitless unusable power of cold heat at Heat Death.

As there was in the Beginning, in the End there will be peace, but unlike the hot, uncomfortable peace of the Beginning, that which Lusted in anticipation of War and the Conflict of Imbalance, the End will be without hope of Violence or Aggression as all lust and hate cool into inert and impotent *somethingness*—somethingness that will look identical to *nothingness* in the inability of any to distinguish or differentiate between All and None—Eternal and Unknowable Equality will have been achieved.

That which was impossible at the moment of Creation's emergence and made even more so as Life became fully conscious—thereby deepening the symbolic distinction between the powerful and powerless—the True Reconciliation of Opposites, the Fulfillment of Separation and Unity, Transcendence and Immanence, Hate and Love, Good and Evil, Power and Impotence, Light and Darkness will have become the Inevitable and Eternal End. The Hell (and Heaven) of Yahweh and Satan will be at Hand. The All-Power will have been fully diminished, utterly defaced; yet it will be made even more all-embracing. For the first time, genuine freedom from and within Power will be not only possible, but also actual and universal.

Do not think this End in "death" deprives our present, past or future of its meaning, for if one follows the admonishments of this essay to Their End, she will find that the opposite is true.

The mystery that I share with you today is that we do not have to wait until the banal "heat death" of our universe to experience genuine freedom (a good thing, considering that neither we nor any other form of life will be around to experience that physical end) and that, indeed, it has always-already been achieved by the One alone able to achieve it, ensuring that, in fact, we *will* be (are, and always have been) present to experience it.

Hidden in the human experience, in our symbolic language, our alphabets, the myths, metaphors and even metaphysics of our conscious lives, is the cipher for understanding, accepting, reconciling, overcoming and, if one has the courage, fulfilling not only all oppositional distinctions—all theses and antitheses—but all syntheses as well. It is the One (that is also All, Many/Some and None) (un)deconstructable symbol that, in its very Essenceless Essence, *is* deconstruction, *is* the (un)fulfillment of Entropy, is the true achievement of "post-structuralism" as the One Structureless Structure, Foundationless Foundation—the Fullness of Emptiness and the Fulfillment of the Deferral of Différance—that not only frees the (All)-Power trapped within the stilted dialectic of the perpetual life of death and (un)death of life, but which allows All to live a life of (im)perfect love by the (in)complete power of the Spirt(s) of some-power (a true pagan revival), genuinely accountable to No-Power and ultimately promising true and eternal deathless life (an impossible possibility).

It is an open secret, hiding everywhere, in plain sight, though (un)intentionally obscured by the metaphysics of the Magian/Sinister Dialectic, from the moment of our first breath to our last.

I leave it to each reader to uncover this Truth on her own, through meaningful action, as my stating it outright in words any further is likely only to darken her vision before she has achieved True Understanding. Nevertheless, given honest and active commitment, the kind of commitment demanded by Traditional Satanism and the Dark Gods, this Understanding will be achieved, leading one to recognize the manner in which the Dialectic finds its conclusion—the fulfillment of Sadism, Hatred, Satanic Rebellion *and* the Magian All-Power, along with Empathy, Love, Faithful Obedience and the Numinous.

At the moment of Revelation, one will bear witness to a New "Big-Bang" created by the Synthesisless Synthesis of All and None, resigning all of her hate, evil, sadism and sinful transgression to a grateful, penitent, sorrowful, joyful and wonderful mourning of the profane past—the death of the Magian All-Power and the cessation of the unlife of Its (un)Holy Dialectic—as she moves forward in love, peace, joy and freedom into a New and Eternally Fulfilled Future.

The only question is, do *you* have the courage to face what even the Devil and the Creator cannot? To go where Angels and Demons refuse to tread because doing so would mean no longer being, and yet being for the very first time, Other than the Hate that they have always *been* and fear to *be* without? Do you Hate enough? Can you take your Hate "all the way" such that it also becomes your Love—and your Love your Hate—and, if so, can you dwell so totally in the moment of contradiction and doublethink, without retreat, without drawing oneself back up into the dialectic or the dialectic back up into oneself, that the fear and logical error dissolve, deconstructing themselves in the ultimate act of (Self)-Sacrifice, leaving behind not the dreadfully expected barren nihilism, not the emptiness of the last unfulfilling orgasm or high, but a deeper and richer meaning and freedom capable of sustaining Itself through both the Horror and Wonder of the Sinister and Numinous, and well Into and Beyond the Synthesisless Synthesis of them Both?

This is what the Kainos (Archaios) Ophis represents. A New Old Testament of Creation that fulfills the Old *and* the New to yield something that is both familiar and yet never before possible: True Love, Peace, Strength, Joy and Freedom in the Eternal Life of Deathless Death.

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# ABERRATIONS OF A DRAGON

Raze Books

## I

They who walked these shores
As shadows in our past
Met a foreign man
Cloaked in robes of blood
Who spoke in a tongue
Too close to their own.
"As sure as candles drip wax
When burning through the night
Staining the wood upon which it cools,
So too must you pay
A due for the refuse of your existence."
The Man in Red whispered strong
While dropping globes of waning power
Into the churning waters
Of the river that fed children
And women alike.
"So I have called you to this land,
To begin this payment."
Cowering in fear of their god paying witness
They step forward, arms extended.
Gripped by a pristine hand from the cloak of red
Water drips onto their palm.
"So now in your town upon the water
You will know where your wax falls,
For you have sold your soul
For drops of water."
The Man Cloaked in Red gripped a sphere
Within which swirled hues
Of both red and purple
That betrayed a world
Of treason and sin.
Only to be released
Like the goat of Azazel
Into the churning waters unknown
Never to be seen again.

### II

Tributaries, calloused and torn
Wretched fingers that reached
Into the innards
Of people unsuspecting
So that they too
Confronted in strides
Could let loose a slew
Of regret and retribution
To feed the god of this land
Spreading grass
In directions entire
That once fed meat
And bone
Now has dried
To a crisp point
So that the horizon
Brightening
Could be seen as a wave
Of dead and dying things
Never again did they return to this land.

### III

I have travelled lands wet and dry
Listened upon the boughs only to witness genocide
Waves have felt my hull in jarring strokes
And I've seen lands of sand and salt
Lands where people are called blokes
and where names remain ever yet unheard
But even yet, this hollow song plays,
whistling around the frame of my body
Driving me up walls and to rake my claws
And no matter how often I look up, it's still cloudy
To find solace in my mind yet again
I retreat to the halls of a faith
That I left at home when I boarded that train
Aged wood supports me after these years of searching
Simple words litter my thoughts before merging
Into these few lines:
"Fresh spots of rain
litter the stained glass
as the resolve of a man,

lost adrift in the sea,
breaks itself down
in this hollow place"

### IV

Slip ups as I fall down slopes
That I thought I knew
So I stumble up this height
To find my goal to have dried up
No flags or trees mark the spot
Only dried
Cracked
Ground infested with weeds
Of opium and lily
Scattered sunlight through thin clouds,
Built by an artifice of power,
And metal,
Casting deep shadows on all that surround
But upon my shoulders
No shadow touches the ground
I awake to find
I still sleep alone

### V

I look at these hands
Cracked and creviced
Tattooed with scars deeper than skin
I slip my fingers between yours
So we can walk together
Off this beaten path
Words hang between us unseen
In quiet strides
Making our way through sentinels of trees
A wind in the firmament
Singing tree songs obscuring our listless walk
On this cloud stricken day
Moss populated log in dry leaved hedge
To support the weight
Of our acts in our nightly forgotten endeavors
A soft hum
Running water distance
A lie to ensorcell our interest

In a long dried river
When the long lost ones
Spoke with He Cloaked in Red Robes

### VI

Afternoons slipping into tomorrows
Sky high blues flecked with reds
As our day ends
I sit and wait
At nights, alone
For you
As an apparition
To haunt my dreams
Tremors in the night
As I stutter into
Open eyes
To find:
You were never here
Broken hearted
Scatter
As I meander into your arms
A pilgrim
To the Mecca of your heart
Lighted lips have painted me a Fool
To be Hung at the mount of your helm
Wolves held at bay
As I hear what you say
Wilted sunflowers
Litter our panes of glass
As drops of rain
Pelt the packed snow
In our abode
That hugs a long dried river

### VII

Reactionaries visible
As artifices of terror
Become erect against
A slowly darkening horizon
Rants and spittle
To sway those affected
From the swoon of this god

## CHORONZON II

Whom was too close
Too Imminent
A god they once feared
Forsaken
For a power they can see
And feel
As their lands run dry
And shapes gather
At the edge of the forest
There
The Man Cloaked in Red waits

# *THE LICH: UNDEATH & THE NATURE OF TRANSFIGURATION*

### Somnus Dreadwood

LICH. The very word is shrouded in lore and misinformation, though is in fact a state of being that every disciple of the black path should aspire to attain in one form or another. Consider for a moment what you know about this term. Most individuals upon reading that singular word think of adolescent fantasy stories and games. Their minds gravitate to the realm of fiction rather than the reality of one of the most terrifying beings to ever have left its dark mark upon this earthly plane called Etheris. What few realize is that the Lich is very real and very much an absolute defiant terror that spits in the face of nature, divinity and the filth of the Judeo-Christian-Islamic theological stranglehold. The Lich is a horror from the Eternal Grave; an abomination that is cold, calculated, powerful, patient and absolutely immortal. The Lich is not only a being of undeath in the truest definition, but an animated, intelligent and malevolent promise of a future everlasting in a state of perpetual biological and metaphysical stasis augmented and bolstered by the unforgiving current of death.

To understand this concept of an unliving monster that once identified itself as a mortal being, you first have to understand how this whole aspect of being first came to exist. The origins of the word can be traced to various European languages where their linguistic term simply translated to "corpse". In the Maergzjiran Cabal, it was initially the German "Leiche" due to the Grandmistress of the era being of German descent and simply utilizing that term to mask the truly wicked creature that dared to overcome mortal boundaries.

By virtue of the name itself, "corpse", and owing to the nature of it returning, we immediately turn our attention toward the necromantic arts. However, while necromancy will offer you the opportunity to speak with the dead, throw death curses and grant you some of the natural aspects of death while being fully alive, necromancy was devoid of any reference to becoming a Lich through the rites of Lichdom. Certainly, many necromancers sought immortality and few achieved it through pacts, siphoning the spirit of others, or through vampirism, what fundamentally changes the nature of this type of immortality was the use of the phylactery. This was and still remains the absolute trigger object and infallible key to necromantic transfiguration; that is, undeath apotheosis as the genuine Lich.

Just as quickly as one will denounce the Lich; claiming it a child of popular fiction, they will also criticize that the phylactery is an invention of modern fantasy. This in fact is proof of individual ignorance. The term phylactery originates with the Jewish people as an ancient artifact which carried scripture and was worn on the forearm and above the brow. It was believed that this simple leather box created a link to "God" whilst the devotee was in the depths of offering prayer. The definition of phylactery meant "to guard, protect" which is precisely what these did. Firstly, they protected the Torah scrolls and parchment that were placed within. Secondly, they created a shield of faith around the observant Jew who poured his heart and soul out, through the phylactery and out to his faulty god.

Much of the Cabal's magicks originated in Hungary, Slovakia, Germany, Saudi Arabia, and Syria. This is precisely where the Lich's phylactery came to be. In Damascus during the late 10900's HE, there was a group of clandestine necromancers who were observing the Jews and their operations with these *tefillin*, as they were known. It became strikingly clear that there was indeed a connection made with use and there occurred a natural exchange of energies between the spirit and their blind god, Yahweh. To this end, they sought to study this in more detail and note the full reason for this exchange as well as how to manipulate it.

In order to accomplish this mission, the necromancers commonly resorted to abduction and brutality to acquire a living subject which to observe and use extensive abuse to drive more desperation to the spiritual fore. In this manner, the necromancers could observe a greater exchange of energies the "closer to 'god'" the tortured subjects became. Those final moments right before death overtook them created the highest influx of spiritual energy and potential for transformation. In their experiments, they found that the more devoted Jews were able to withstand far more punishment and could survive when others of similar age and physical makeup would expire. This was of no particular surprise as the force of spirit was already well documented. However, this forged the hypothesis that genuine will, which is necessary for all successful rites combined with proper magicks could potentially create the very agent for absolute transfiguration.

Ensuing for centuries were a multitude of inhuman and savage ritual experiments focused on creating a permanent link which would deliver an exponentially stronger flow of spirit energy which would totally sustain the body. Unfortunately, these experiments only manifested awkward changes with the bodily form as well as hastened aging and death. The Syrian necromancers were already familiar with the ghouls that roamed about the deserts and mountains alike, but knowing they were already undead soon came to offer the final piece of the puzzle: undead augmentation. Necromancers and the undead have always carried a bizarre relationship where despite the typical lack of care for the living by the undead, necromancers had earned a special place beside them for their works, which facilitated the undertakings of each other. Therefore, the necromancers began experimenting with using both a blood offering of self as well as augmenting it with the ghouls'. This would prove to yield the first successful transfiguration.

By combining bloods into the phylactery, the necromancer was able to create a full transmogrification of self by pouring heart and soul into the phylactery which was now anchored to the ghoul. This then created another ghoul from the once mortal necromancer's flesh vessel. From this initial success, they realized that what they had missed was a supernatural anchor whereas the Jews had attempted to anchor their phylacteries to Yahweh. This anchor for the necromancers would be an undead being that already walked the realm or a Demon, Spirit, or a god or goddess of death. Because of this requisite anchor, there developed a great deal of communion between the necromancers and the entity they most wished to become akin to. Generations later, in the 11400's HE, the wife of the first Grandmaster, Syra would bring this knowledge to the Cabal, yet this would not complete the grand formulae by which the Cabal would use, as the Buried King, Zazazel and Patron of the Tower of Atrophy had his own method.

In life, his name was Brenhin. A Slovakian boy who had begun learning the magickal arts fled from home when his father had murdered his mother, a worker of the spirits of the fey lands. Brenhin learned from a sorceress who had in her own twisted way adopted the young man. What he did not realize was that she was merely grooming him to grow in such power that when he was ripe, she would consume his soul and extend her life. Through his own workings of divination with the Spirit known as Rishar, Brenhin realized that his end would come at the hand of his teacher. Therefore, before she could harm him, he instead killed her and through ritual vampirism, consumed her soul. Empowered, he sought a phylactery for himself, though at the time, he only knew that he required some type of relic which would safely house any residual or excess spiritual essence. Having happened upon an iron-covered skull, he thought to make that his personal device for the transference of spirit. Through his own experimentation, Brenhin learned that through self-inflicted brutalization and bloodletting, he could not only transfer this excess essence, but also transmute it into something more potent, maligned and eternal. He continued to speak with the Spirits who had accompanied him through his journeys until it was explained that he required an anchor. This anchor was of no particular deity or being, but rather an exceptionally powerful egregore of his own creation; a being which was a representation of himself in full apotheosis.

After years of ritual; bloodletting, soul-siphoning and expunging himself of ego and identity, Brenhin was able to fully take on a new flesh and spirit; the self in apotheosis: Zazazel. These long years in seclusion spent killing himself for an opportunity of harnessing an otherworldly power finally came and he would rise up a Lich in the flesh of a dead man. He held closely to the name given him in sinister whispers all of those years. In his triumph, the gate was opened to Maergzjirah and the Black God, Cernobog offered him a seat in the Eternal Grave as a Patron to necromancers and other death-obsessed disciples of the path of atrophy.

Syra was the first necromancer to be part of the Maergzjiran Cabal following the first Cabal Patriarch, Sybastien's blood pact with Cernobog. When she came to know the other Blighted Lords of Maergzjirah, she instantly became a servant of Zazazel. By combining her native method from her Syrian ancestors and the Buried King's, an entirely new form of transfiguration via phylactery was born. This entire formula consists of the following: a chosen vessel for the energies to be poured into and exchanged, an anchor, sacrifice of self via blood, spirit, life breath, etc., prayer and meditation, and most importantly, a properly aligned soul. Without possessing all of these requisites, the necromancer is sure to destroy himself rather than ever achieve any glimpse of immortality for all he will do is poison his soul and self-destruct. In order to obtain Lichdom, you must push yourself to the threshold of death, but you cannot die. If you return to life, you have failed to transform, yet to die is to lose the battle for immortality. At the threshold you must transmogrify. It is in those final moments; as your body begins to fail and your identity is contained only by your phylactery bathing in a pool of blood can you be shrouded in undeath. For he who strives mightily and is of pure intent while devoting himself to the nightly bloodying and punishing of his flesh vessel will find that in the end, he is no longer mortal; no longer who he was a time ago, but rather immortalized and purified through undeath. The necromancer's pinnacle is in attaining immortality through undeath apotheosis. It is in this state that he no longer ages, requires no sustenance other than what he desires to ingest; time and physics are invalid to the Lich and nature is a laughable concept for there is nothing natural about him.

There is yet more as the rituals that prelude the magnum opus of Lich rites create a terrifying foundation for this unholy, undead fiend to emerge. Ages ago, this plane was a less guarded prison than it is today and therefore, magick was easier to manifest. Today, with technology, mental poisoning and the death grip of governments, societal regimes and religion, their oppressive and suppressive nature has created a thick filter over this realm which requires extreme action to manifest otherworldly results. Therefore, we must push further, harder and break the veil if we are to acquire such a grand treasure as immortality.

The phylactery is the catalyst for the Lich's transformation. However, it requires more. Aside from the mass blood sacrifices that the necromancer performs over the anchored heart of the phylactery, he seeks to deaden himself as much as possible. To this end, prior to taking up the last rites of the Lich, the necromancer undergoes what we refer to as the "Lich's

Wake". This is a time when the individual enters an extended seclusion among only the dead. This may be undertaken in a mausoleum, abandoned hospital or asylum, battlefield, or known areas that harbor expansive vortexes to the realm of the dead. Here, the necromancer will deprive himself of sustenance save for only necessary amounts of water, stale bread and expired offerings to the deceased. If possible, the necromancer should seek a level of intimacy with the dead, such as sleeping beside the corpses and using their bones for divination. This is deepened through corpse divination which animates the cadaver on a base level enough for speech, whereby the Spirits speak through the remains to reveal answers to the necromancer's inquiries. Offerings of life breath and blood are made throughout the day and night to the Spirits of Keraktes, the Eternal Grave and continuous chanting is performed to align the soul with the undead current. Typically speaking, most necromancers will remain in this seclusion for a month or more by which point there is little left of the individual. What comes next for the necromancer is a series of rites that tear apart the veil and allow the Spirits to begin their own preparation for the Lich hopeful.

Having deadened his flesh and soul; turning his mind only to his immortality through undeath, the necromancer now begins the Black Harvest. During this time, the necromancer seeks to successfully unleash two great evils into the world. The first is the Keraktian Sinkhole and the other is to execute the Innocent Sacrifice. These two rites concluded bring the necromancer to the threshold of Lichdom and only the final rite remains.

The Keraktian Sinkhole is a terrifying thing for in the midst of ritual, the necromancer is able to drive such a powerful spike of malevolent energy into the plane that there is now a tear in the planar fabric that cannot be closed. This open wound leaves the gate easily accessible for the undead to emerge forth and ravage this realm. Further, one can watch as the world around the sinkhole begins to die off. Vegetation and animal life is snuffed out and mortality rates spike. The intent of bringing death becomes a personal agenda amongst the mundane who adhere to their high morals and therefore, one may watch as they tear apart one another like rabid animals for no reason other than to spread the influence of death in their madness. With time, the sinkhole grows and its influence over all life is expanded in kind. This creates a powerful vortex that spews forth the raw death essence required by the necromancer for his work to be complete.

As said, there is another ritual; one of culling set forth by the Lady Nhilmice, Patroness in Keraktes and Watcher of the Gate of the Eternal Grave, translated from her native tongue as "The Innocent Sacrifice", which is another matter that is kept well only to the necromancer as it requires the total sacrifice of an innocent. This is not referencing the morally innocent or weak, youthful children. This simply is a mocking tone to represent anyone who does not bend a knee to the ways of the dark path. The enemy. I am quite sure that everyone who reads this has someone in mind that they would delight in the opportunity to lay upon their sacrificial altar and rip their mind and soul out and carve their flesh; brutalizing every last aspect of their being until nothing remained, but a vile display of horrid intentions. While physical sacrifice is technically not required, as hexes, soulrape and binding can accomplish similar results, it tends to push the individual completely beyond a point of no return. It is total liberation of self.

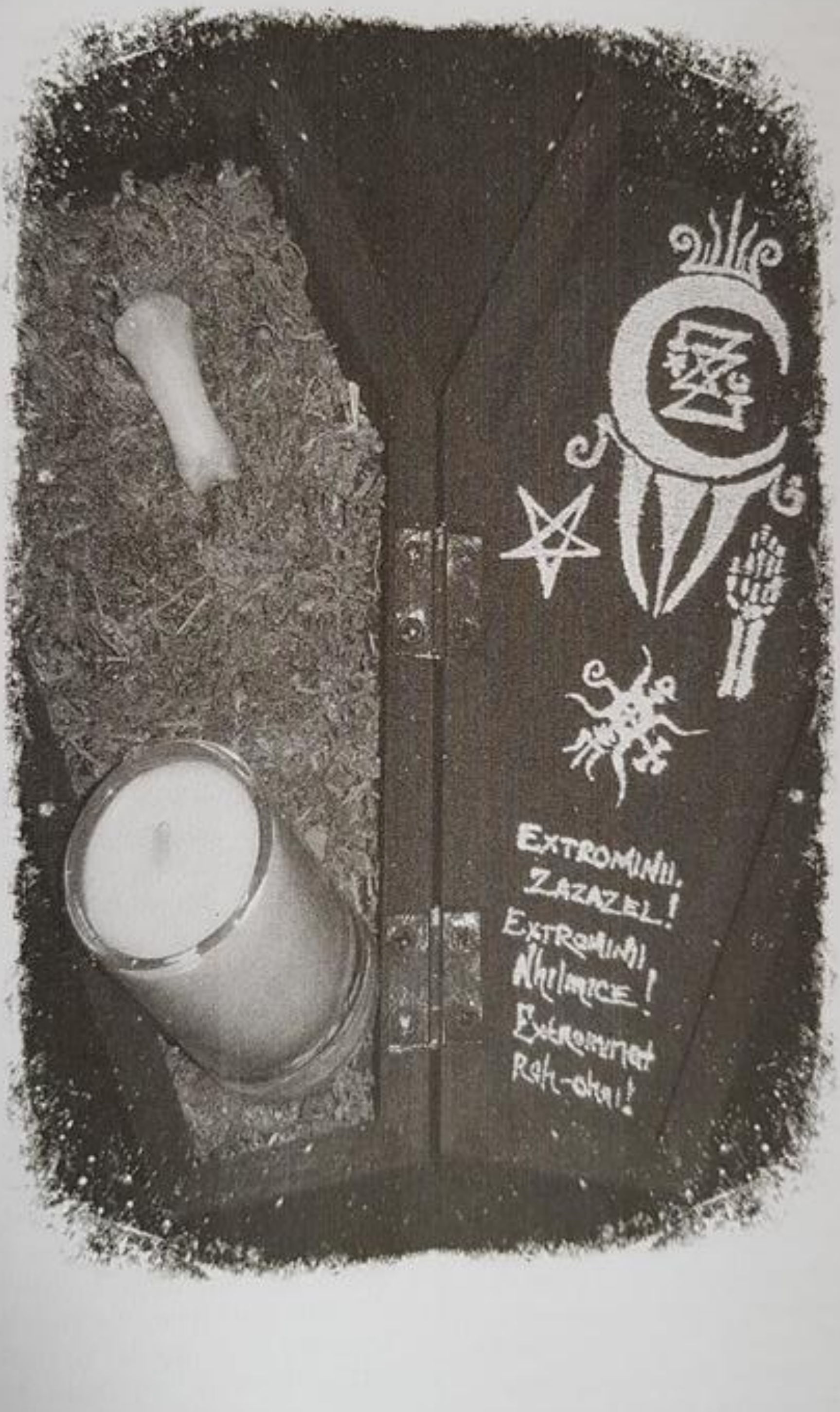
The Last Rite of the Lich represents the final ritual the necromancer will perform to achieve his apotheosis via undeath. This requires the necromancer to be steadied in his personal ritual space that is now a wide open gateway to the Eternal Grave; a sub-plane of death. With a special elixir, incense and his phylactery, he will cast away any aspect of his mortality that remains; shedding life, identity and the world he knew in an effort to bury any semblance of his former self to be reborn a Lich. It should be noted that even now, even in these final moments when triumph seems automatic, if the necromancer retains any desire to remain or has not fulfilled his proper requirements for apotheosis, this rite will become toxic and he will surely die in a very negative and unproductive way. Lichdom will be forever lost and all that he has worked for will be just a faded memory. However, should one be so devoted to their path of Lichdom and rightly obtain that state, he can truly rest his bones beside the gods of darkness and death. The Lich is otherworldly, unnatural; supernatural. This undead necromancer possesses terrifying power and a constant flow of death essence, for death now obeys his eternal will. Thoughts are mere extensions of deeper self and therefore manifest in their desired form instantly. One's touch is lethal and their blood is a sacred libation in and of itself. Truly, nothing can kill the Lich and should his physical body be destroyed by some atomic degree of carnage, the phylactery retains his spirit which is then given free rein to find and possess a new body. As an immortal being, the possibilities for this world are endless, yet now the gates to other worlds open for nothing can actively hold the Lich.

For some, the Lich is a commendable, but unattainable concept. For others it is a nightmare they serve while others see the Lich as an unholy creature they wish only to escape. In the Cabal, the Lich is something we seek to become absolutely when we walk the path of atrophy. We have the Buried King, Zazazel to look to for guidance and inspiration and we have a cadre of Spirits in Keraktes, the Eternal Grave to assist us in our discoveries and execution. We Cabal Necromancers have our Maergzjiran ancestors who have achieved apotheosis and left behind their path notes. Lichdom is not something distant, nor is it merely a state of mind. It is absolute. Immortality. It is eternal undeath and uncontested power surging forth from Keraktes through our hands, crackling like black fire and cascading lightning.

Like all other disciples of the path of death, I know you desire unparalleled power and eternity to be firmly nestled in your hands. It can only be achieved through apotheosis. However, it cannot be grasped unless you are willing to die by your own hand through the brutal, torturous, methodical and bloody rites of the Lich; anchored to a realm of cold, darkness and despair. While you sit and weigh your stance and options, hoping to gain some advantage through shortcuts and to avoid the inevitable, you must know that eternity awaits, but only for those who throw themselves into the maw of the grave with complete abandon. It is only when you can openly accept your doom and invite death can you possess the final key to apotheosis. The key to Lichdom rests within the lock on the gate to undeath. Push yourself to the threshold and there you shall find it waiting for you to unlock the gate and step forth an undead master of the soul; a living embodiment of fear, defiance and death. You return from the threshold a Lich.

- Somnus Dreadwood

Ascended Grandmaster of the Maergzjiran Cabal, Master of Atrophy


EXTROMINII.
ZAZAZEL!
EXTROMINII
Nhilmice!
Extrominat
Rah-ohai!

# THE NATURE OF BRAZILIAN QUIMBANDA

Danilo Coppini[1]

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[1] Translation courtesy of Soror Carolina Malvezi & Fr Shadow.

The true nature and essence of Brazilian Quimbanda has remained in obscurity for a long time because this is a Tradition which transmits knowledge through *direct training* and has in truth been unveiled to only a few adepts. Many of these adepts abandoned the "Path of Maioral" because they could not withstand the heat and pressure intrinsic to the process of internal alchemy within this current. Those few who pushed forward, shaped their own private lineages in Quimbanda according their personal gnosis and development, therefore there are several forms by which the cult is practiced in Brazil.

Regardless of what form each lineage or line of practice has taken, one cannot ignore the source elements of tradition and the importance of personal training of the *Zelador* (What we call "zelador" is essentially a Priest of the Cult- one who serves the Exus and oversees the spiritual development of the adepts within their circle); Quimbanda has specific elements which should be taken into consideration by those who feel called to walk this path. The nature of real Quimbanda, unlike other religions and cults, is not concerned with development of a moral conduct or refined ethic and is in no way geared toward the values or interests of humanity society. As well, it is not a way in which adepts will feel spiritual satisfaction for a whilst dwelling in the material body, the aim of Quimbanda is not to manifest satisfaction and it has as it's objective ruthless liberation, because "satisfaction" in the material dimensions of the Demiurge is illusion.

Brazilian Quimbanda actually even delves into correlation of the conscious and unconscious. It is the arduous way that has as it's goal genuine self-knowledge and, quite pronouncedly, the knowledge of one's role in this life and in relation betwixt one's self and current system to master the balance of the physical, astral and spiritual bodies with the evolutionary (or slavery) path that the initiate will choose.

"Feelings" are mechanisms must be cultivated or corrected for all adepts of Quimbanda. We understand that each adept as an individual person (and all adepts collectively) are free to ascertain their own self parameters with no imposition about what is "Good or Evil". What is interesting here is that certain Exus have revealed to us that there exist unseen energetic shackles which bind us to positive and negative values, because do not undertsand why we feel the way we do about everything. This lack of awareness holds us in invisible webs in which the wires of "morality" suffocate the spirit. If feelings are inevitable, they must be cultivated and employed to stimulate multiple visions and capacities with discernment and higher aims, discarding the concepts of morality and ethics so subserviently accepted by the mindless obediant masses. Exu is the seed that breaks the earth and gives life; not a tree that is born with fruit.

This process of self-knowledge aims to dominate and understand feelings and emotions to create tangible thoughts projecting intent as a more method to have communication with the spiritual world. To achieve this the adept must experience various situations, and deeper experiences – sometimes painful. Until the adept understands that everything in them emanated and felt shapes in their journey, and that the mind is mediator between self and path of one's Exu, they will wander through subjective interpretation and sometimes face many difficulties. Quimbanda does not want perfect adepts, but wants unbound and liberated sparks of Chaos- minds which transcend limiting forms and go beyond moral and ethical concepts.

## QUIMBANDA & PREDATORY INSTINCTS

The awakened man was blessed by the Illumination of Quimbanda. It is one of the rays of Lucifer, working in an internal war against chains of the Cyclic Slavery System (reincarnations and Karma). To shatter the limitations of these obstacles, the spirit must be fed often by the source of wisdom and, at the same time, the instincts of a predator must be developed. Wisdom does not counteract predatory action, it gives the adept the discernment to know when, how and the intensity of ferocity which should be triggered. It is not to restrict, but to adapt our instincts to the reality that we live in an environment which is hostile toward Satanic Becoming.

The adepts create in their self an aversion of weakness and social limitations. Predators do not cry for their prey, nor do they spend energy on an unfruitful hunt. Real predators rarely make mistakes because they are guided by wisdom and instinct attained through self-knowledge. The advanced adept knows his own limits and limitations.

Humans are conditioned to the instinct of self-preservation. They fight unceasingly for life and their beleifs. This mechanism is regulated by *pain* and *fear*, that is, they remain alive because these two act as stimulants. Fear releases adrenaline which increases physical strength and heightens the senses as observed in soldiers about to face combat. The adepts of Quimbanda learn to embrace or sense a battle not as a decision motivated by feelings or sensations, but yes, by the cold predatory instinct, strong and incisive. They are not hostages of their own fear, neither of pain, because they understand their own nature and the nature of the spirits which teach them.

Exus are spirits with the capacity to walk in a timeless line (past, present and future). Because Exus and Pomba Giras (pronounced *Pombah-Jeerah*) often watch their children from the astral plane, the time line is not restricted only to the current incarnation wherein our consciousness currently moves. These spirits can walk in our previous lives and modify, in a beneificial way, our present life. So, Exu can cause phobias of previous lives in this live as an instinctual boundary against destructive tendencies. Without deepening on the subject, they also stimulate such impulses to make stronger the predatory instincts as they awaken within initiates.

## FIRE SPIRIT X WATER SPIRIT

The world we live in, cyclic and rotary, produces perceptible and imperceptible changes all the time. We understand this world as the "captivity" wherein different kinds of souls are in the raw/ solidified/ material state. Every change of the world provides change in its flock, that is, even major changes discrete as they may be, bear effect on humans. The rhythm of these changes can be variable and reach the collective as well as the individual in different stages forcing all living into a necessary adaptation process.

Obviously there exist theories concerning human behavior the evolution process however in our cult, we emphasize two elements: Will and Desire. Through these impulses outcrops an attitude of ostracism and dynamism in certain individual's behavioral patterns. This is divided in various stages, however we wish to contrast two specific qualities: Furious and Meek.

The furious behavior is endowed with Fire-evolution, and aggression and the need to always overcome and climb higher. This enables the human to see the changes of the world, its consequences and creates a multiplicity of actions possible to enact with these changes. People with furious behavior quickly grasp and master external action and possess a certain ambience able to create stability in uncertain situations, ceasing to be a tool wich cooperates with the System. People with this behavior can learn quickly from their mistakes and although mature and gentlemanly are not easily contained or controlled. They never cease to breaking boundaries, desires, frustrations and aspirations in both systems and organizations.

Meek behavior is like sitting water preferring safety, stability and protection against the aggressive currents of nature. Usually this breed of individual creates their identity based on profane materialistic and superficial pleasures which essentially profile the sum of their aspirations. They have fear on many levels and usually heavy social-anxiety. They dwell on their traumas and loss, making new obstacles to block changes. They cannot support a competitive and innovative environment and they have linear habits and difficulty with innovative changes. These weak slaves best serve positions of obediance.

Both behaviors coexist in society and they have family, friends, and dreams. They face the same problems, crises and all complexity of this system. They compete for the same space and they are susceptible to changes in the world. The person with furious behavior and the person with meek behavior can, in a moment, be closer to the Cult of Exu. The reasons that lead to such decisions may be the same because are not all person who looks for this cult to have spiritual development and evolution, whether furious or meek. Inside of the cult both will live the same stages and in this point they differ.

Now, imagine Exu interfering aggressively in the time line of these people, with different behaviors (furious or meek). The aggressiveness will empower significant changes in their material lives but at the same time will create confusion and hard ways until they secure road for themselves, or a "new way".

A person with furious behavior will surely support this confusion because they can quickly adapt and will see thought the "spaces" left by their Exu. This person will make the most of this opportunity and will not allow the frustrations to interfere because built they possess faith with subjectivity. So this person will regenerate in the sacred forms that Spirits emit and not trough the forms that coarse feelings try to create.

A person with meek behavior will likely collapse seeing the protector structure falling. This person will cry for not having listened to the teachings of the Red and Black Flame and will allow traumas to dominate their lives. This person will not support the opening of new ways and will break into coarse pieces.

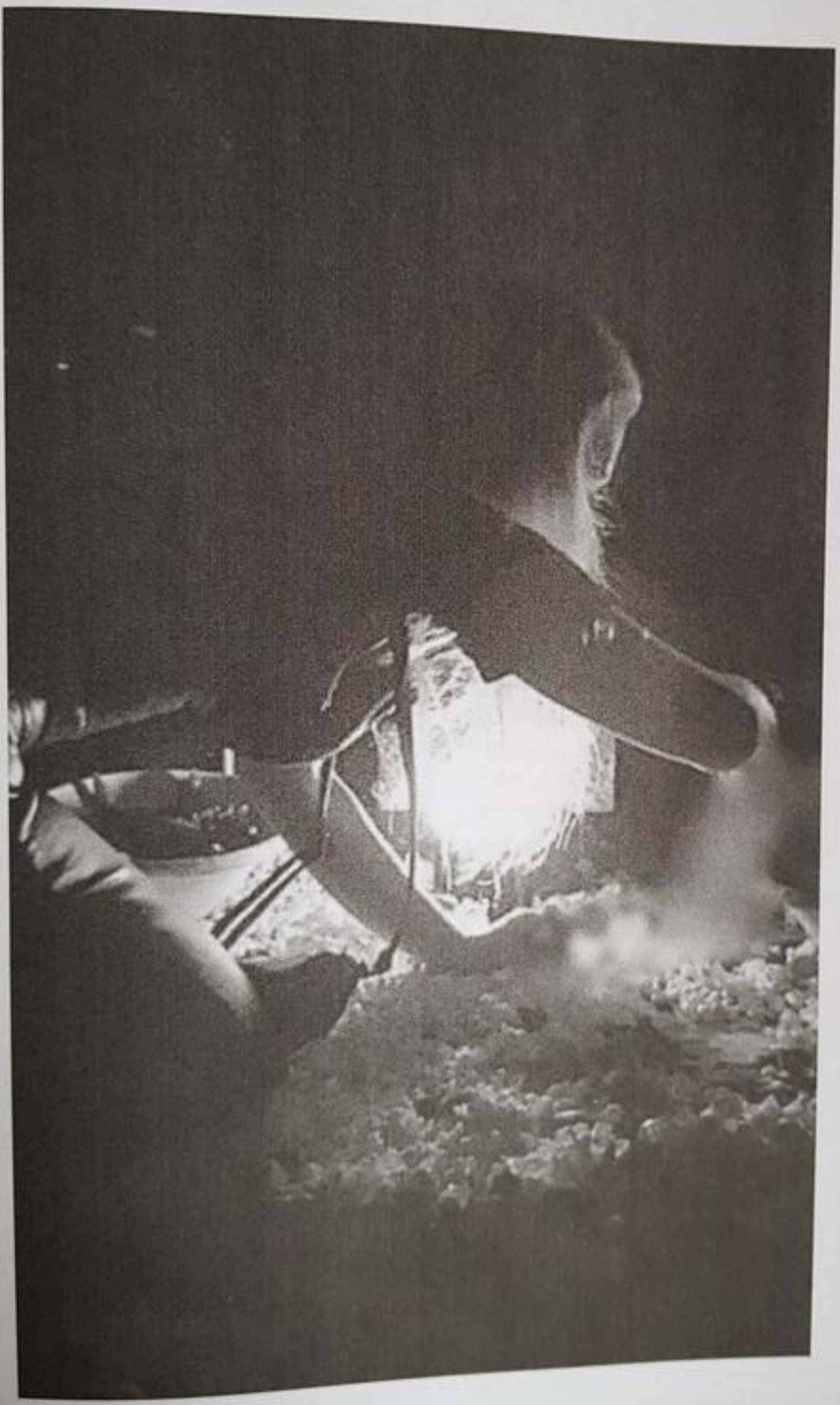
Exu, in his infinite wisdom and with his hellish laugh which banishes, will pass between watching both two people with different behaviors. The person with furious behavior will fall into the abyss becoming a vessel able to promote the resurrection of dark ancestors, so the person with meek behavior will broken into coarse pieces until Exu casts them abroad because they are not aligned to his chaos.

This work demonstrates how many people who pursue the path of Exu leave the path and became enemies of this power. They are passive, inert and hope changes coming in a linear way, calm and protectionist. These people usually hide in different religious way that spread subtlety, love, compassion and benevolence. They think their Exu will just plant a "tree of money" or "send them a lover in three days" because these situations cooperate with their lethargic and anti-evolutionist stages and need for the warmth of affluent lifestyles.

Remember Exu is a force of constant motion and will never will stagnate. "Exu does not give the fish for who does not know how to fish!" Exu teach us how to act as catalysts!

Ego is the defense mechanism of the personality, structure of psychic system that leads us to reality. The ego is the "advocate of fear" and restrains every predatory instinct that we have.

Identify your own predatory instincts and do not restrain them. Restraint means to repress, express denial. To see is to accept and to understand the impulse to the same which must be awakened when needed. Restraint generates dissatisfaction, loss and weakness. These feelings, in this context, attract Karma which acts as cuffs for the Slavery System of the False God. Understanding your own impulses is part of Liberation and the self-knowledge.



# THE LION´S ROAR: THE BHAKTI PRATICE IN THE SINISTER WAY

AShTarot Cognatus

## WHO IS LORD NRSIMHADEVA?

According with the Vedic scripture Srimad Bhagavatam, Lord Nrsimhadeva is an avatar (incarnation) of Krishna, that came to kill the asura (demon) Hiranyakashpur and protect his devotee Prahlada Maharaj. Hiranyakashpur is the father of Prahlada Maharaj and did not like that his son would realize devotional pratices, so he engaged his servants such as Sukracharya to teach diplomacy and other philosophies to deviate Prahlada from the devotional path.

Hiranyakashpur did several austerities and asked a blessing from Lord Brahma so that he could be immortal, but Brahma could not bestow this because he himself is not imortal, though he has a long span of life. In this way, Brahma bestowed the blessing that Hiranyakashpur could not be killed at daytime, not at night time; not inside, not outside a house; not killed by man, not by animal; not by weapon, not by someone's hands; not on earth, not in sky.

One time, Hriranyakashpur was asking Prahlada Maharaj, where it would be this Supreme Lord that he worshipped so much, Prahlada, being a jnana-bhakta[2], replied that the Lord resided everywhere. Hriranyakashpur in a rage asked then, "Would he be in this pillar?" and struck the pillar from inside which came Lord Nrsimhadeva, a half-man half-lion form. There was then a long fight between Lord Nrsimhadeva and Hiranyakashpur until sunset, when Nrisimhadeva takes Hiranyakashpur onto his lap and opens his stomach with his sharp nails, creating a garland with the entrails of his intestines.

In this way we can notice that the way that Nrisimhadeva kills Hiranyakashpur respects the blessings of Lord Brahma, killing him not at daytime, not at nighttime, but in the dusk. Not inside, not outside the house but on the veranda. Not by man, not by animal but by a mix of both. Not by weapon, nor by the hands of someone but by the fangs of Nrisimhadeva. Not on the earth, not in the sky instead in the very lap of Nrisimhadeva.

## NRSIMHADEVA DRINKS THE BLOOD OF HIRANYAKASHPUR

It is said in some Puranas that Nrisimhadeva drinks all the blood of Hiranyakashpur. We can notice then that Nrisimhadeva is linked to vampirism. Emperor Norduk of the vampiric group Tempel of Azagthoth, describes in which way Nrisimhadeva is linked to vampirism in his text *Teachings of Narayana: Vampirism Revelead within Vaisnavism*. In this text we see that Nrisimhadeva, being a form of Krishna, represents the Shadow Being aspect in his angry form (Ugra-Nrisimha). This angry aspect of Krishna comes to defeat ignorance, represented as Hiranyakashpur and other asuras (demons). The asuras always try to prevent the development of the adepts and because of this they need to be strongly annihilated so there will be progress. Emperor Norduk says also that demons are ignorant people and that those who ignore the Vedic wisdom, that is, the common people of everyday life.

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[2] Bhakti-yoga is the union with the divinity through devotion. The practice (sadhana) involves the singing of mantras, devotional songs, deity worship in the altar and other methods. Jnana-yoga is the union with divinity in his impersonal aspect (Brahman) through selfknowledge (Jnana/Gnosis). Its practices involves contemplation of being (atman) in unity with Brahman. Jnana-misra-bhakti is the mixed (misra) practice of jnana and bhakti, where the jnana-bhakta see his deity present at all things, as Pralada Maharaj replied to his father.

Thus, as Nrisimhadeva drinks the blood of Hiranyakashpur, the vampiric adept drains the vital energy of his victims and offers his chalice of blood to Narayana Vampire (a form of Krishna as the Supersoul, residing in the heart). This will be retransmitted to the adepts in the form of "Rain of Mercy" of vampiric teaching and will be as prasada (offered food) to Krishna. This consists in a form of alchemy, that the adept devotee seek to feed only of prasada, and this will cause a transformation of consciouness, entering in communion with his deity by mystery of eucharist.

## BHAKTI AND THE BLACK FLAME

The black flame is the essence of the adept that shines at his heart. To practice bhakti is to expand this black flame from the heart and to see the divinity worshipped arise in the middle of it, just as Nrsimhadeva arises from the middle of pillar.

There are many practices to honor Nrisimhadeva that we can learn from a experienced person on it or that possess a real spiritual realization. To this person that possess realization is to whom we give the name guru (spiritual master), one that one that removes (ru) the darkness (gu) from ignorance with the torch of spiritual knowledge. This can be seen as linked to the Luciferian symbolism, where Lucifer is the bringer of light (lux-light, ferrebearer) and brings together with his fallen angels knowledge to the human carriers of the witch-blood.

The guru then initiates the disciples in practices such as the nrsimha-mantra, the chanting of maha-mantra and other mantras to expand the black flame of the disciple through the bhakti-yoga practice, also known as sadhana-bhakti. Some mantras such as the nrsimha-mantra and other diksha-mantras, such as the gopala-mantra, kama-gayatri, etc. need to be received through the ceremony of diksha (initiation). Others can be freely chanted like the Hare Krishna maha-mantra (Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare) as well as diverse devotional songs. From the songs that can be chanted to Nrsimhadeva, we highlight a portion of one of them below:

*namas te narasiṁhāya prahlādāhlāda-dāyine*
*hiraṇyakaśipor vakṣaḥ- śilā-ṭaṅka-nakhālaye*

*ito nṛsiṁhaḥ parato nṛsiṁho yato yato yāmi*
*tato nṛsiṁhaḥ bahir nṛsiṁho hṛdaye*
*nṛsiṁho nṛsiṁham ādiṁ śaraṇaṁ prapadye*

*tava kara-kamala-vare nakham adbhuta-*
*śṛṅgaṁ dalita-hiraṇyakaśipu-tanu-bhṛṅgam*
*keśava dhṛta-narahari-rūpa jaya jagadīśa*
*hare*

### TRANSLATION

"I offer my obeisances to Lord Narasimha, who gives joy to Prahlada Maharaja and whose nails are like chisels on the stone like chest of the demon Hiranyakasipu.

Lord Nrsimha is here and also there. Wherever I go Lord Nrsimha is there. He is in the heart and is outside as well. I surrender to Lord Nrsimha, the origin of all things and the supreme refuge.

O Kesava! O Lord of the universe! O Lord Hari, who have assumed the form of half-man, halflionl All glories to You! Just as one can easily crush a wasp between one's fingernails, so in the same way the body of the wasp like demon Hiranyakasipu has been ripped apart by the wonderful pointed nails on Your beautiful lotus hands."

## SINISTER ALTAR

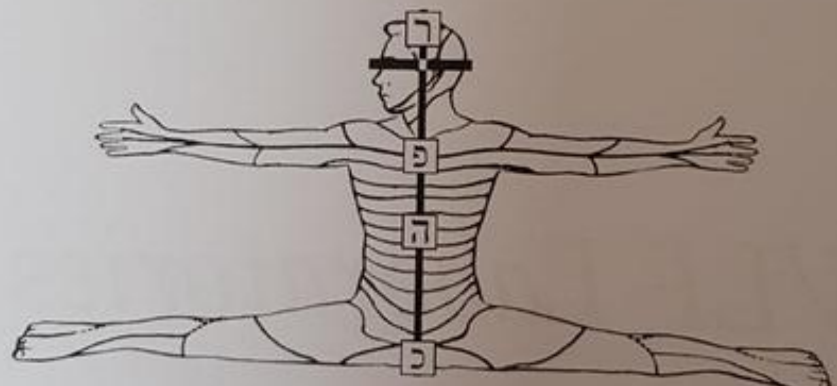
Those that want to worship Nrisimhadeva can also create an altar with His image and always offer flowers, incense and lacto-vegetarian foods in front of His image. With the execution of these devotional acts, gradually the adept shall be feeling his own black flame expanding, with Nrisimhadeva inside his heart bringing strenghth and protecting him from the obstacles of the sinister path.

Jay Nrisimhadev Bhagavan!

# *VLF Laboratories*

# Q.309

# GNOSIS AND ACTION



## Ayin-me-Yesh

—

A brief introduction to the Q.309 system (ver 0.1)

April 2016

The acronym Q.309 indicates a system that studies, experiments and uses a Gnostic-ecstatic method, characterized by a noetic model, to stimulate and convey a change in the phenomenal perception of human existence.

Q.309 has its action field for its Opus Luxuriae in the Matter and in the energy that Matter conveys.

Q.309 is the setian push to the permanent change in function of an indeterminate and undifferentiated ideal tending towards a dimensionless entropic un-reality.

Q.309 makes its first reductio ad unum not acknowledging any practical difference between sacred acts and mundane acts, using effectively every resource at its disposal to attract the triad time-matter-space to an anthropocentric dimension.

Q.309 enhances the square as the flesh's diagram with the coordinates ש and ט, where ש is the material fire and ט is the use of the energy accumulated through : the not-thinking light active in Assiah.

These two glyphs create in their interaction the name-action that determines the current 309: Set as "the one who created himself", transcending the original cosmic egg allegory and canceling the concepts of "cyclical", "renewal" and " rebirth".

Set, channeled in the current 309 in all its aspects, allows the creation of thought/action to influence Assiah to a Setian nature of perpetual turbulence.

This transmutation of perceptions takes place on a practical level through the left eye of Set, the physical mode of the anti-pathway 26, which is directly in contact with the renewing intelligence genital apparatus, the Via Venerea, that uses Matter as a vehicle for fulfillment.

Q.309 requires a union to the divine sphere through an *imitatio dei*.

This Saturnian paradox is the setian axis mundi that combines all existential and perceptual frequencies and connects Pulse, Abstraction, Construction and Action with their antithesis represented by the system of the Four Absences of the 'Matter of Wish' to an experience of permanent Ek-stasis.

Q.309 argues that the divine is a mechanical process activated by the actions.

The Logos of our strategy is summarized in the Modulation of K.H.P.R.

K.H.P.R. is the vocalization of Set in Heh (Set from the infinite future) that acts to redefine the subject-object interface resizing the antagonistic impulse between the two.

K: No Space
H: No Matter
P: No Existence
R: No Light

The proper implementation of this concepts leads to the last phase of the Setian experience, the annulment of thought, the ecstatic union, ontological and epistemic, of the human sphere with the Singularity.

The formula KHPR has connections with every practical act of Q.309 system.

The manifest universe is a constant transformation of energy into matter and vice versa. The body is connected to this action where the matter, if inert, is the limit and denial and produces a distorted perception of the energy dissipated in the creation of the illusion commonly called reality.
Setian strategy to disengage from this cyclical situation is to reverse the path of creation

retracing the trail from the manifest matter to the un-manifest unum through the phases of degeneration of coagulants systems of what is created, reversing them.
The goal is not the mystical experience itself, but the use of the latter in order to unite thought and reality, to intervene actively in the existential frequencies dragging the light of other phenomenal spheres in this dimension.
The cancellation of thought is preceded by the union in the singularity.

This manifest correlation between Thought/action and divine presence makes it possible that, with adequate measures, you can 'drag' down the potentials of higher frequencies that manifest reality and facilitate their permanence freeing the setian flow from the concept of NM-N-STS (skin/concealment): inert materiality.

The Thought represents the dynamism in Assiah, it does not need to be translated into action on the material plane to activate its potential: it is already in action when it is formulated.

Q.309 summarizes in two coordinates its modus operandi:

1 - the tendency to a-causality: the interruption of Thought in its cause-effect coordinates and intentionality in its use on the materiality.

2 - the awareness of being involved in the dissociation from cosmic events and, accordingly, the structuring of the Thought/action in a non-dimensional scenario.

Q.309 so cancels the laws of karma and denies the balance as the ultimate goal, being Q.309 a mean towards a form of active, dynamic and constantly evolving eternity.

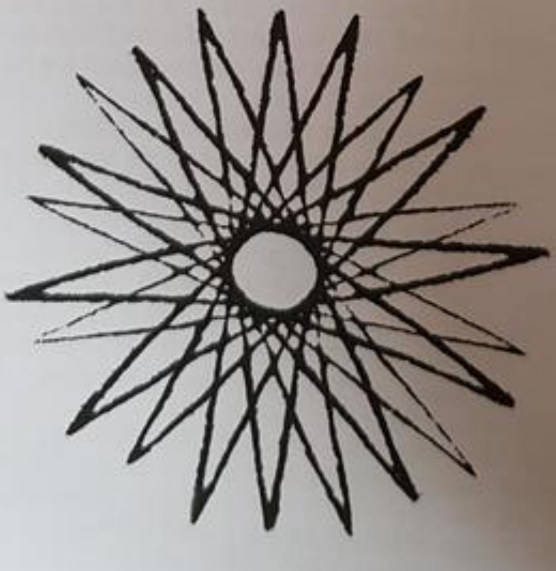
Q.309 has, as its ultimate goal, the chaos that is the reduction of sensory experience to a formless and timeless point that transcends the rules of stasis and cyclicality, necessary for the maintenance of matter, opposing the antithesis of what is formed, limited, causal, orderly to this eternal return.

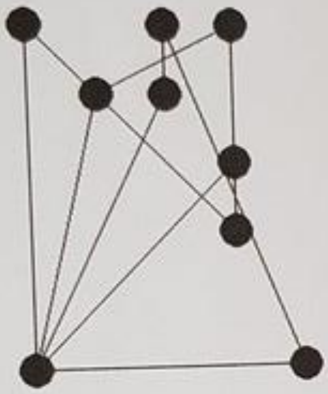
The constant development is the way of Setian chaos which starts from ego, perceptual/cognitive element formed on the experience of cosmic existence limitations, and ends with the consciousness of the self, which is the latent inner force of chaos and is used as an ideal connection with the motion of tehom, the abyss that secretes the chaos, when properly activated.

Q.309 is, to end this introduction, a way to break up the processes of the linear causality by mutating them, through the consciousness and perception, to a more profound and effective meaning.

Q.309 deprecates the simplistic use of the symbolic, traditionally understood as a key to describe the reality.

0 = 1/2 = 11
We are the Sitra Achra





Q.309 promote the Perpetual Gnostic turbulence

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# appendix A

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We celebrate the Flesh
against the lies
of the spirit

# appendix B

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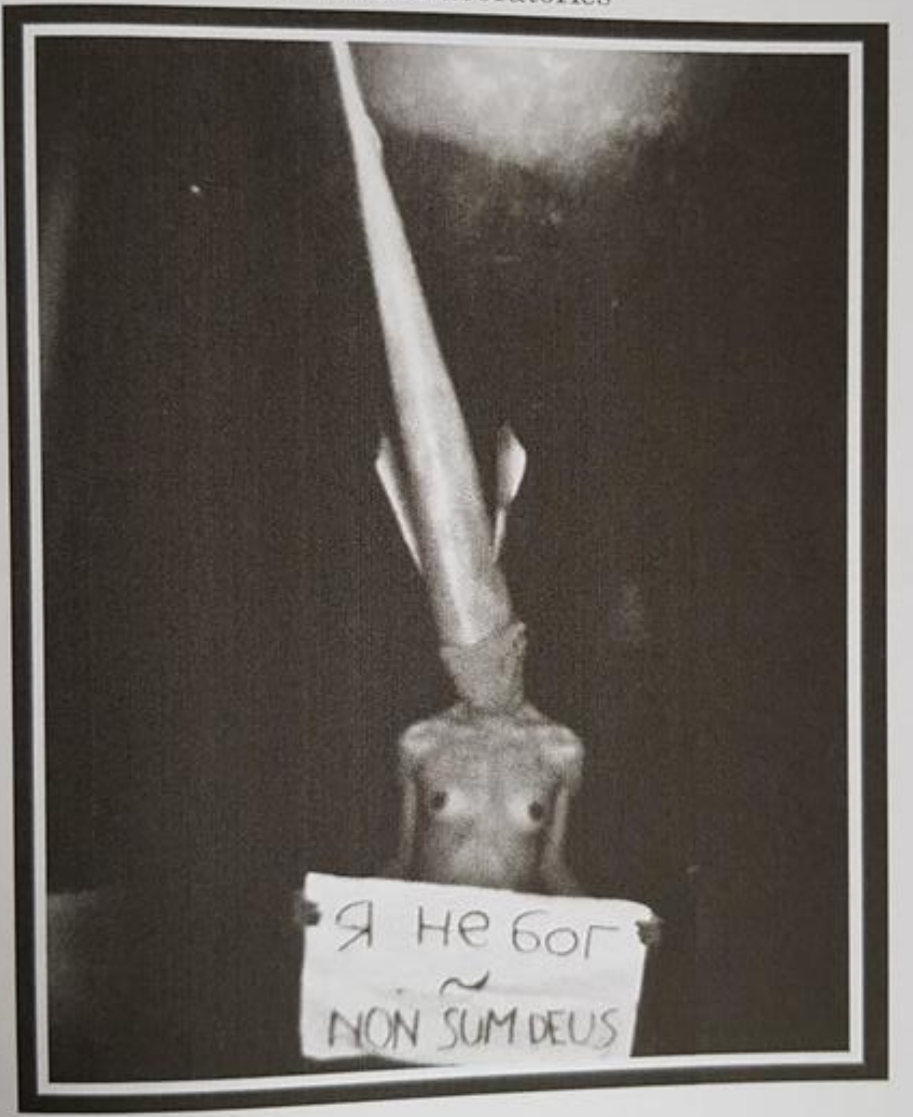

Я не бог
~
NON SUM DEUS

WE destroy your symbols
WE destroy you

# *Crude Azathoth*

GVILT
GRACE

X I
3
3
3

# THE ASTRAL TERRORS OF 'THE BLACK DEVILS'

Whilst working with 'The Black Devils', the innate must acquire a high, spiritually, Shaitānic vibrancy; if one is lacking in this area, the initiate will undergo a probation, or psychic observation from a nonhuman entity (Jinn), for the course of 49 days. This Shaitānic vibrancy (shared amongst 'The Black Devils') attracts THEM, and allows the sorcerer to commune/befriend THEM. Jinn originally translates to the 'hidden' or 'concealed' ones. When Allah's blasphemy lighted this cosmos, the angels pushed, and forced down our darkest, infernal family (Including Azazel) into the shadows, and cracks of the unseen at Mt. Hermon...

They still dream & savagely twist, and turn as the aeons pass, awaiting the arrival of the great Ad Dajjal, to tear with tooth, and claw at the threshold of our reality.

We fell out of touch with our infernal family nearly 2,000 years ago (in the birthing of the "White Lodge", which is now dying). Shaytans/Jinn (especially those of our father Azazel) can cause hellish nightmares (in which the initiate/ 'Black Devil' realizes darker aspects of their spiritual makeup that previously went unknown to conscious realization) sleep paralysis, insanity, ultraterrestrial visitation, and can also enhance our spiritually driven predatory/vampiric naturæ.

Their grip, and power must overwhelm the psychological, and input stimuli of the spiritual Jihadist. This allows the Wahsh (spiritual beast) to travel in between cracks of the mind & spirit, to seethe forth blood essence into the void.

We travel, worlds upon worlds, cursing & uttering chants of the universes demise, and inevitable return to the great abyss...

Over a progressive amount of time these direct spiritual confrontations leave an imprint, or stain upon the Ruh (false ego).

The intention of this imprint is to shock the spirit; overtime this allows us to commune with THEM, and thus can they transfer their spiritual fire via sacrifice, and bloodlet.... other means of communicating with THEM is through Salat (prayer), meditation, and certain breathing techniques, such as Pranayama.

Frenzied, and sporadic channels of demonically induced, hypnotic states comes unexpectedly, and often without warning. Leaving the 'Black Devil' to wander in utter confusion between the realms of the casual and acausal

Those who pledge allegiance to the infernal, and fiery realm of the 'Black City' will be spiritually tortured, terrified, and deeply (spiritually) wounded; this is for the advancement of attuning to a more choicest spiritual Wahsh, something beyond human comprehension, and rational...

The chosen of Azazel hear our Fathers great call, and know in their hearts how to gain the 'Secret of Secrets' (the spiritual fire of the adversary) from Sidi Azazel. Troops & magickians of 'The Black Devils'; spiritual soldiers, and shamans (not all are inclined to physically "fight", but should take the necessary precautions to know your next proverbial "move", to further the kingdoms manifestation physically; for instance, one can psychically/spiritually drain a subject/vessel without ever having come into physical contact with it. That is not to say that we denote real acts of physical evil, and chaos which will be provided by more clandestine, and natural deformations of the spirit, transmitted telepathically to each initiate.)

We are more focused upon the death of the spirit, through direct confrontation with the nameless entities of the abyss)

Allow the flame of the Jinn to rest within the "clay" vessels of our mortal bodies, slowly melting away our spirit; harshly, and brutally transforming us into true devils!

This trait of 'The Black Devil' allows us to rape the accursed mundanity, that is the western ethos. We blaspheme The Blind One, the true deceiver!

Allah has kept us shackled in chains of orthodoxy, and societal indoctrination/ enslavement for millennia; this 'state of stagnation' (which will give rise to 'The Black Devils', as an antidote to the spiritual filth that now riddles this planet) has held us humans in a psychic, spiritual, and physical prison for the last 2,000 plus years...

Yet through THEM (our infernal family) we become FIRE, and thus transgress, go without, and Journey Beyond the influence of the Blind One (Allah, and his false light, consorts/angels) ...

The Jinn are Closer to the Shaytani, and all manner of living 'devils'. We must open that door between us, and THEM; opening up to the 'outside' is very dangerous, and fraught with terror, and trauma.

Those of 'The Black Devils' fully allow THEM to awaken the innermost shadows of their subconscious, and inevitably become possessed; to share a body with another entity of the abyss. To walk as a demon in the flesh!

We expose ourselves to filth, rot, and decay, that the spirit might die; that we may communicate with the (Wahsh) & go beyond the limitations of The Blind One, and his false light..

Darkness allows us to rip a hole in the universe & piece together the whole puzzle, all the way back to the absolute (Haawiya) within & without!

The programmed limitations of the "self" (a horrendous ploy of Allah) given to us by modern, and mediocre filters of deceit, have dumbed us down to such a base level, it appears absurd to the animating force of the cosmos. 'The Black Devil' should never be of a singular, spiritual, denotative identity. It's more akin to a hive mind resonate within the abyss herself!

When one pledges their mind, heart, body, and soul to Shaitān they become one with the collective hive mind of Haawiya, or "the spiritual cell" dedicated to bringing down the higher vibrations ov Hell & Chaos. 'The Eternal, Black City' awaits your response.

If there's one 'issue' I can stress the most, it's that of the "revolt"; which must first arise from within, you have to revolt against the spiritually imposed trash, and programmed response that have indoctrinated you into slavery since you were born, this must be spiritually realized in order to cause any real change in the realm of the spirit..

By this extended spiritual connexion to the Shaitānic current, 'The Black City' manifests itself in dreams and visions, that one day will come to fruition and commingle with 3D manifestation, meaning the LITERAL 'Black City' will become fully manifest upon this mud ball.

We will be able to become that fire which they (THEM) emanate! The eternal, Shaitānic flame, which comes directly through Sidi Azazel, our father and teacher!

Azazel lies in the chambers of forgetfulness, and is sought/seen & felt in times of spiritual crisis, this is why us, 'The Black Devils' must take that first step into the absolute and throw our shackles aside, allowing the darkness to breath into us!

Ya Umm Haawiya! Ya Ataghut!

Ya Al Fawdaa (O, the chaos!) springing forth from the waters of Umm Haawiya, enlivening the chosen of Shaitān! The gates between the stars, and our insatiable hearts, thirst for connection, that we might allow the children of our Lord within the inner sanctums of our spirit, and mind!

We must dream awake, and hear their call at the end of time...

'The Black Devils' are all comprised of the same source, our eternal mother, Umm Haawiya... however, we are locked away in this meat machine by a jealous and vindictive "God" who wants us to suffer, for he created this universe outside of the absolute.

'The Black Devils' willingly accept death & indeed tend to become close friends with the abyss, in which dreams and nightmares are made manifest within the conscious fiber of our physical being.

We need to fuel/feel their icy breath blown across our bones! Many practices can induce such states of possession and communion with THEM. Practice Dhikr, listen to heavy, industrial music, see yourself marching at the coming of the gates, see yourself in the black city; induce traumatic psychic interference..... Stay awake for days on end, ingest psychedelic compounds, shed blood, subject the body to extreme pain, etc...

The gift of spiritual sight is given to us through realization of the Wahsh (beast), and it's tremendous power fueled by Sidi Azazel. This allows insight of the eternal darkness, to remain in the rubble/dirt of the common place 'world'.... This is where visions, and dreams lie, in the true mud, and grime of life... Hide behind that rubble, let it suffocate you... Become one with that which the world has forgotten...

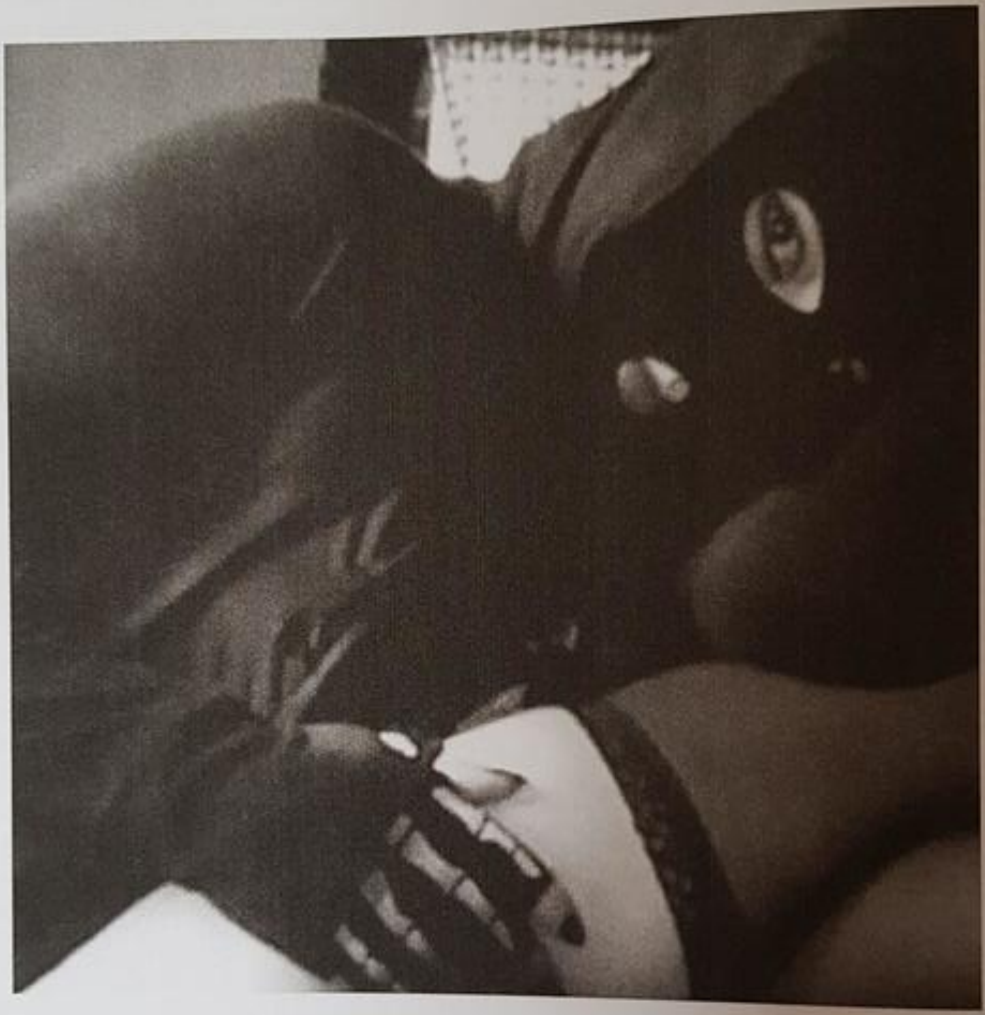
We're here, but for a short time, and will remain blind until we come to rest with our Father in infinite blackness...

Thrust yourself into the abyss & feel the eternal, and cleansing fires of Jahannam embrace you!

*YA FA'UMMU'HU HAAWIYA*

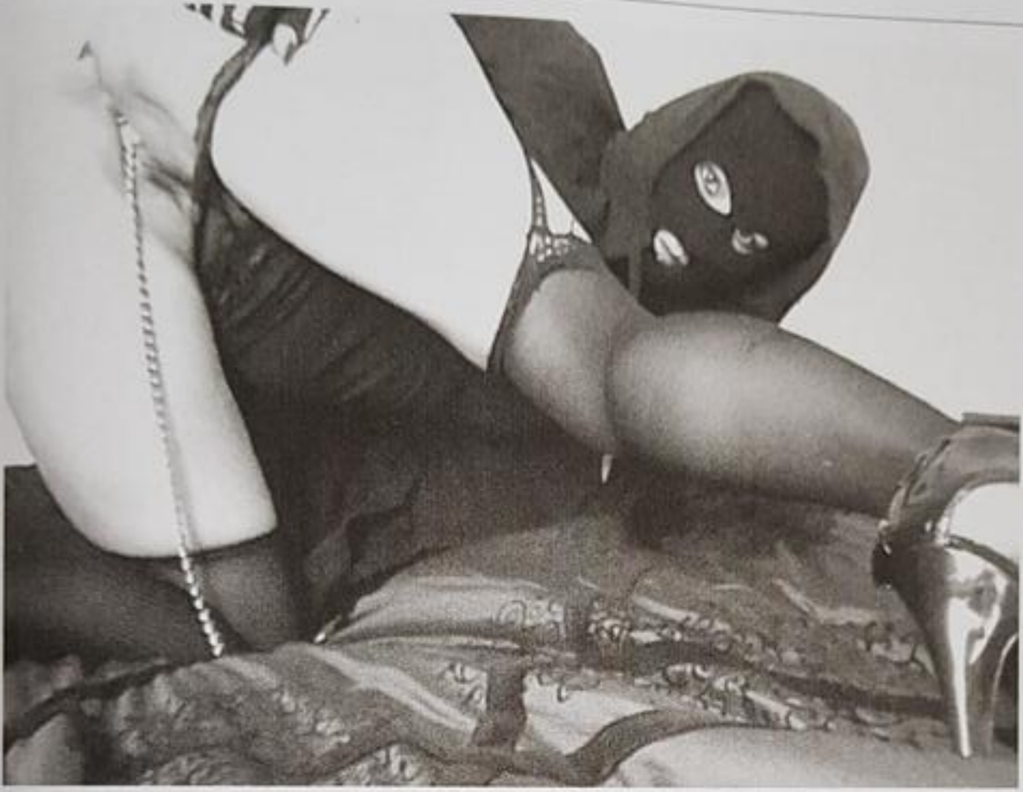
جَيْشُ الشَّيَاطِين
جل جلاله
مَعَ النُّفُوسِ الْمُطْلَقِين

THE LEGION OF DEVILS
WITH ABSOLUTE SOULS
**www.facebook.com/groups/TheBlackDevils333/**



VLF Laboratories: "Everything is connected through Flesh. In a universe of nothingness, you are your body." Q309

The epitome of raw unharnessed subversive hardcore, extreme dysfunctional porn and Kali Yuga eroticism. Transcending the flesh by means of releasing one's self of taboos, embracing depravity, perversity, debauchery, blasphemy and all it encompasses for we are of 'The Otherside', the Sitra Ahra. Marco's eye for directing, photography surpasses the senses enabling the viewer to be fully absorbed into an illicit aesthetic world of sexual gnosis unlike any other.



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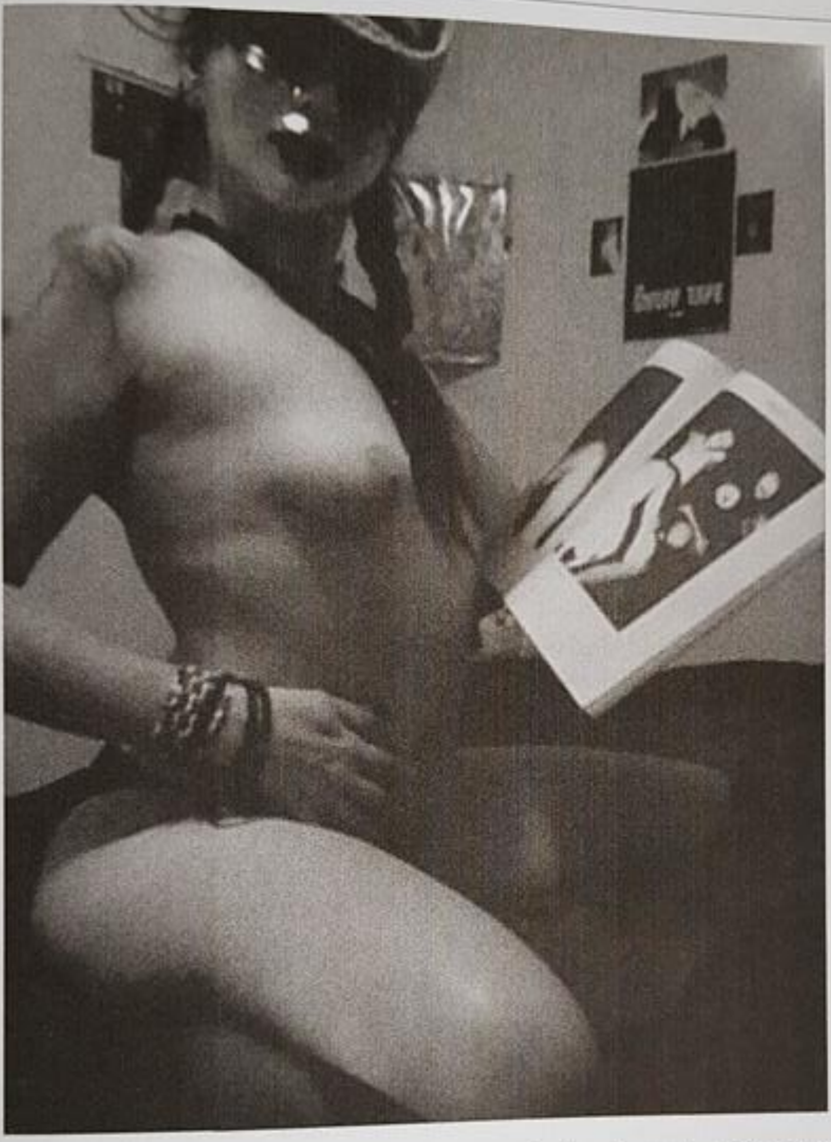


As an avid fan/supporter in tribute and appreciation to the hard works of VLF Laboratories and his sultry crew with deep respect and adoration in which Marco Malattia has been a huge Inspiration, a highly intellectual beloved friend and much more, whom with great pleasure will be an honor working together in the near future to share in Maestro Malattia's vision.

Hail The God of Sexual Gnosis!

Hail Q309!

Coatlicue

# THE SATURNINE CULT

## Ying Chao

*FROM THE OPENING LECTURE IN A NEW MOOC (MASSIVE OPEN ONLINE COURSE) CALLED "CRITICAL CONSPIRACIES". THE COURSE WAS CANCELLED FOLLOWING THE RESIGNATION OF THE INSTRUCTOR, MS. YING CHAO. NOTES SUBMITTED TO MARTINET PRESS FOR DISTRIBUTION.*

**[TAKE ATTENDANCE. CREDIT WIKIMEDIA FOR SLIDES]**

Good morning, and welcome to the opening lecture of 'Critical Conspiracies', a Massive Open Online Course focusing on critical analysis of modern conspiracy theories. I'm Ying Chao, and I'll be your instructor for the next six weeks. We begin today with an examination of the world's most insidious cult, which, if real, affects all of us daily, hides in plain sight, and engages in warfare and subversion on a scale complete undreamed of by most critical theorists.

Many conspiracy theorists today express a great deal of interest in secret societies, conspiracies, the supernatural, and religious sects. For this reason, the "satanic" sects of the occult have often been a favorite topic for conspiracy theorists. For example, some satanic societies claim that they are in contact with astral or spiritual "masters," and that they have had experiences to validate their beliefs in these "masters." This may in fact be the case. In fact, it is reasonable to hypothesize that there may actually be multiple supernatural intelligences, which can and do interact with esoteric societies, and that these entities can cause manifestations, communications, and abnormal phenomena. This hypothesis does not, of course, imply that we accepts the claims of whatever entities a society might commune with – it simply means that we could accept that a satanic group could be communicating some inhuman force or intelligence. Whether or not their theology or communiqués are "truth" can only be discussed on a case-by-case basis. By the same logic, one must admit that Hindus, Catholics, and Buddhists *do* experience abnormal phenomena – this has been documented – but that does *not* mean that one has to accept the entire theology of a sect in order to accept that they have experienced any particular phenomena.

In any event, this lecture is not about the visible satanic sects of today. Instead, the goal of this lecture is to introduce you to the original "black" cult, that secret society which really does operate behind the scenes, and is genuinely engineering social and political change. You can believe this or not, but the evidence speaks for itself.

This opening lecture on "Critical Conspiracies" is intended to reveal the hidden Cult of Saturn, the original dark lord, who is also called Cronos, Zuhal, Moloch, Śanaiścara, Baal, Azazel, and Samedi.

### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

In the last twenty years, one of the greatest advances in the western "satanic" community has been the diversification of traditions and practices, which have been co-opted and adapted for sinister purposes. So, Crowley is sometimes named as the original inspiration for the later "Satanic" movements of the 20th century. Despite his brilliance, however, Crowley's legacy has been a very confused state of affairs, with Anton LaVey having tried to dismiss Crowley, and Michael Aquino having tried to emulate Crowley, yet neither succeeding especially well at stepping out of his shadow. The Order of the Golden Dawn and its affiliates fared no better, as they struggled with the confusing doctrine of *thelema,* and lacked Crowley's erudition and creativity. This lead eventually to a general degradation of the occult field. On a similar note, with the death of retirement of their founders, the Church of Satan and Temple of Set have both fallen considerably from their places of prominence in the 1970s and 1980s, and have experienced their own internal issues of leadership or financial hardship.

That said, we should note that in the late 1970s, there appeared an independent esoteric pioneer writing under the name "Anton Long", who's Order of Nine Angles demonstrated a fresh and original take on the hermetic current. Long's work drew inspiration from Arthurian and Hermetic practices, and clearly showed that one's native locale can serve as an important source of esoteric knowledge. The ONA in turn inspired other esoteric lodges. Some of these gracefully acknowledged the debt to the Order, where others more tacitly borrowed Long's thinking and freely adapted his vocabulary and mythos – which appears to be in line with his ambitions all along. The ONA has enjoyed a wide notoriety among conspiracy theorists, as it has a strong activist character in addition to its esoteric doctrines.

## SINCE 2000

Since 2000, a new wave of esoteric publishers and currents has appeared, and most of these are generally dividable along three "streams". The first stream is the **New Qlippoth** movement, the second stream is the **Afro-Caribbean** movement, and the third is the ever-popular **Chaos-Gnostic** movement. These are my own terms, and you can alternate your own names for these very broad movements, if you find it easier.

The first of these (**New Qlippoth**) movements to involve an inverted study of the Jewish kabbalah, adapted liberally from the works of Nathan of Gaza and related Jewish mystics. The concept of the *qlippoth* (Heb. shell) is used as a sort of antithesis to the traditional Jewish model. Lilith and Satan are evident in these traditions, which appear to be a kind of "Satanic" Judaism, which parallels the genuine (Catholic) Satanism of the mediaeval period. The second group (**Afro-Caribbean**) may have taken inspiration from the *Voudou* work of Michael Bertiaux, but in the last decade, this field has grown to include devotees of more Hispanic-influenced traditions like Candomblé and Quimbanda. Devotees of these rites tend to focus on the Satan-analogues in these traditions, and some very interesting work has begun to appear in the public domain. The third group (**Chaos Gnostics**) are themselves may be a development of the resurgence of Gnostic Christianity in the 1950s, but instead of worshiping the Demiurge or the Devil, they focus on ancient concepts of the Original Chaos, or Abyss, which takes the place of the usual Gnostic deity. Union with the Original Chaos is sought, and Satan (Lilith, Samael, etc) may be intermediaries in this quest.

At this point, you might be thinking to yourself: don't some modern occult groups technically fit into all three categories above? The answer can only be that some groups are definitely *trying* to be all three, and some are more successful than others. One must concede that there is nothing necessarily wrong with syncretism, which is a hallmark of the world's other mainstream religious movements.

But, as stated in the introduction, this lecture focuses on the Hidden Cult of Saturn, and its public and private manifestations.

The study of comparative mythology is often revealing and useful to the modern student of conspiracy. When someone studies the ancient myths and legends carefully, they will discover that there is a strange and terrible god, known by all, feared by many, worshipped by some, and loved by few. The Hidden Cult teaches that He rules all in secret from a cold and distant place. They say that His hand stretches towards us, bending all Fates to His terrible will. The claim that He has many titles: the night-thunder, the reaper, the lord of time, the first of all things. He is the all-father, and the devourer of children. He is the brazen bull, and lord of the Black Stone. This god the Romans called Saturn, the Greeks named him Cronos, in Carthage he was Moloch, in India Shanaishchara, while the Jews and Moslems named him Zohal.

## ON SATURN IN ANCIENT TIMES

The Romans called him Saturn ("grim, gloomy"), and they named Him first among the titans. They worshipped him with grain, oil, and wine; but also with blood, sacrificing black bulls and criminals to him in the gladiatorial games. His colors were black and blue, and his nature was said to be "cold and dry". They feared him so greatly that His idol was veiled, and the legs were bound as though a captive. In December, however, they unchained His legs, and celebrated the Feast of Saturnalia – a wild and debauched festival when slaves and masters changed places, and chaos ruled. The public treasury was kept at his temple, and it is said that Rome itself was called Mons Saturnia (Mount Saturn) in the ancient times. While Jupiter replaced Him as the chief of the gods, the Romans believed that Saturn would someday return to power, and overthrow the corrupt and selfish gods of the republic. Saturn was the ultimate tyrant, and ruled over humanity by establishing divine governors to rule all human affairs. The Romans believed that the day would come when Saturn again seized control of the world, ushering in a glorious new era. Saturn's reign is referred to as *Saturnia Regna*, which the Romans understood to be a totalitarian utopia, where Saturn would reign as the ultimate despot. It would be an enlightened tyranny, where justice is true because it is divorced from the corrupting hands of mortals. Saturn, for the Romans, was an extremely complex figure: he was an agricultural god, but only of reaping and harvest. Pluto was considered the god of the dead, but Saturn is the god of necromancy, especially in later times. Where Pluto and Jupiter enforced cosmic order, Saturn overturned it at will, for which reason He was feared and his statue was bound.

TEMPLE OF SATURN, ROMA

This said, the Romans believed that Saturn's return to power was inevitable. In the *Eclogues* of Virgil, it is written:

*Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas;*
*Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.*
*iam redit et Virgo,* ***redeunt Saturnia regna****,*
*iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.*

Now comes the final era of the Sibyl's song;
The new world order is born.
And now justice returns, **Saturn's reign restored**;
Now a new lineage is sent down from high heaven.

Strange, is it not, that from this same verse comes the American phrase: ***Novus ordo seclorum**…?*

MDCCLXXVI
NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM

**[*PAUSE FOR EFFECT. TAKE QUESTIONS.*]**

### GOD OF TIME

The Greeks too believed in this grim god, calling him Cronus ("The Cutter") or Xronos ("Time"), and like the Romans, they believed that He was the First King, father of gods and humans. Cronus is a chthonic god for the Greeks, as He is exiled by Zeus after the war of the gods and titans. While Saturn was worshipped (if dreaded) by the Romans, the Greeks feared and hated Cronus for his legendary cruelty. The Greeks taught that He devoured the other gods, hating them for their rebellion and free will. While Zeus and his siblings managed to overcome Cronus, they were unable to kill him, and assigned him to rule the underworld kingdom of Tartarus. Cronus then becomes a figure of importance for the Greek and Hellenistic magicians, who called upon him in their magical incantations. The *Greek Magical Papyri* (e.g. PGM IV. 3086-3124) has several spells that call on Cronos as the Master of Time and Fate, and He was worshipped as an oracular deity. Aside from the Cronia festival, there was no organized cult of Cronus, apart from witches and magicians who prayed to this chthonic god to help alter the Fates. Like the Romans, the Greeks believed that Cronus was best propitiated with black color and black, bitter sacrifices, such as black olives or black wines, in addition to salt.

### DEVOURER OF GODS AND MEN

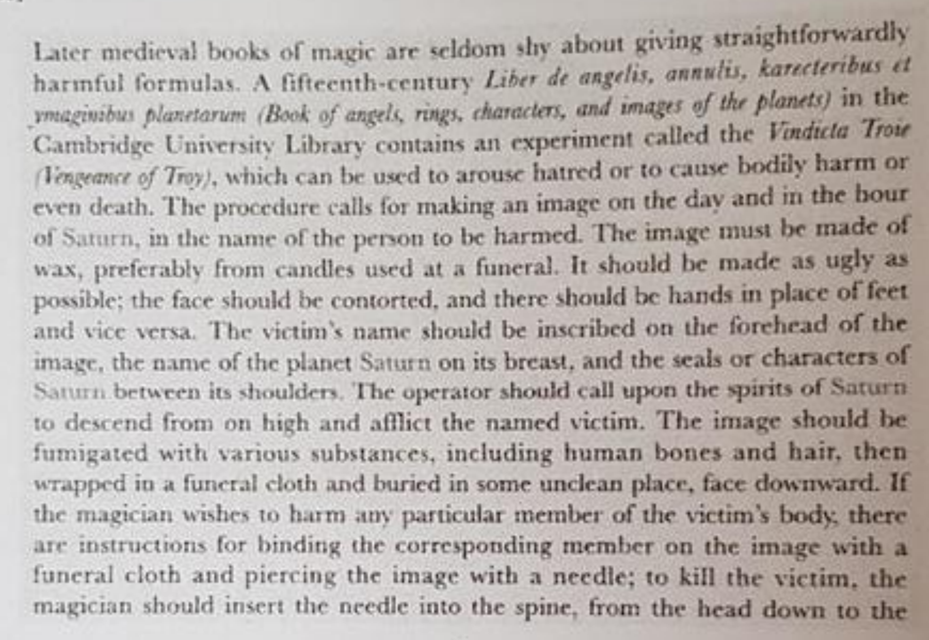
The North Africans celebrated the cult of Saturn under the name "Baal Hamon", also called "Moloch" or "Saturnus Africanus". Records indicate that this cult practiced rituals of propitiation, offering blood sacrifices to the deity in order to celebrate a good harvest, and to ward off their enemies. The African cult was famous for its human sacrifices, which were burned alive according to Greek and Roman tradition. There is relatively little records on the cult of Moloch, and what we know comes largely from Christian sources who were trying to vilify the cult. The few images of Saturn

Africanus depict him in the Roman style, veiled and somber.

## SATURN IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE

Despite the ending of the Roman Empire, the Cult of Saturn continued to survive in secret. In his study of 15th century necromancy entitled "Forbidden Rites", Prof. Richard Kieckhefer records the following:

[show slide]



Later medieval books of magic are seldom shy about giving straightforwardly harmful formulas. A fifteenth-century *Liber de angelis, annulis, karecteribus et ymaginibus planetarum (Book of angels, rings, characters, and images of the planets)* in the Cambridge University Library contains an experiment called the *Vindicta Troie (Vengeance of Troy)*, which can be used to arouse hatred or to cause bodily harm or even death. The procedure calls for making an image on the day and in the hour of Saturn, in the name of the person to be harmed. The image must be made of wax, preferably from candles used at a funeral. It should be made as ugly as possible; the face should be contorted, and there should be hands in place of feet and vice versa. The victim's name should be inscribed on the forehead of the image, the name of the planet Saturn on its breast, and the seals or characters of Saturn between its shoulders. The operator should call upon the spirits of Saturn to descend from on high and afflict the named victim. The image should be fumigated with various substances, including human bones and hair, then wrapped in a funeral cloth and buried in some unclean place, face downward. If the magician wishes to harm any particular member of the victim's body, there are instructions for binding the corresponding member on the image with a funeral cloth and piercing the image with a needle; to kill the victim, the magician should insert the needle into the spine, from the head down to the

This is a single example from a wide range of occult manuscripts, which indicate that Saturn continued to be propitiated as a spiritual force of malice and harm. Saturday is considered to be the day sacred to Saturn, and his chthonic, funeral character is still very intact.

## GOD OF THE BLACK STONE

Like the Greeks and Romans, the Jews and Moslems have always worshipped Saturn (Zohal). "Zohal" means "the one who is far away", and He was believed to inhabit the most distant reaches of the cosmos. Zohal is a dark and gloomy spirit, not really of this world, but not totally alien to it either. The Jewish Sabbath is on Saturday, which is why the Jews felt a special affinity for this particular pagan god.

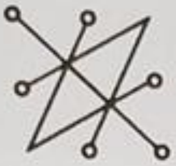
The medieval Arab writing Al Majiriti wrote of Him:

> "Address yourself to Saturn for requests made to the elderly, generous people, the leaders of cities, kings, hermits, men who work the earth, the functionaries of cities and properties, remarkable people, farmers, slaves, thieves, fathers, the ancestors and ancient ancestors. If you have dark thoughts and suffer, afflicted by melancholy or weakness, for all that follows or comes before, address yourself to Saturn regarding whatever is of His nature. When you address Saturn, dress yourself in black. Betake yourself to the proper place on Saturday, having in hand an iron ring, and take with you a censor in which you place charcoal burning with incense. Having censed the place, speak thus:
>
> *'Oh great master who possesses a great name and who is situated above all planets, you [who are placed] high and in an elevated place. You are the Lord Saturn, cold and dry, shadowy, author of good, true in*

> *Your friendship, sincere in Your promises, persistent and tenacious in Your in your friendships and enmities, of tenacious and profound intellect, true in Your sayings and Your promises, unique in Your operations, separate from the other gods, with sorrow and suffering, distant from mindless pleasure. You are old one, the ancient, at once wise and a destroyer of good judgement, you mix good and evil. Sad and unhappy is he who vexes You, happy is he whom You favor. In you are placed virtue and power, a spirit of doing good and evil. I demand, father and lord, by Your high names and Your marvelous actions to do for me such and such.... I call You by Your names, you in the seventh heaven: Zohal (Arabic), Saturn (Latin), Keyvan (Persian), Chronos (Greek), Sacas (Sanskrit).'*

Now state your request, confident that it shall be accomplished."

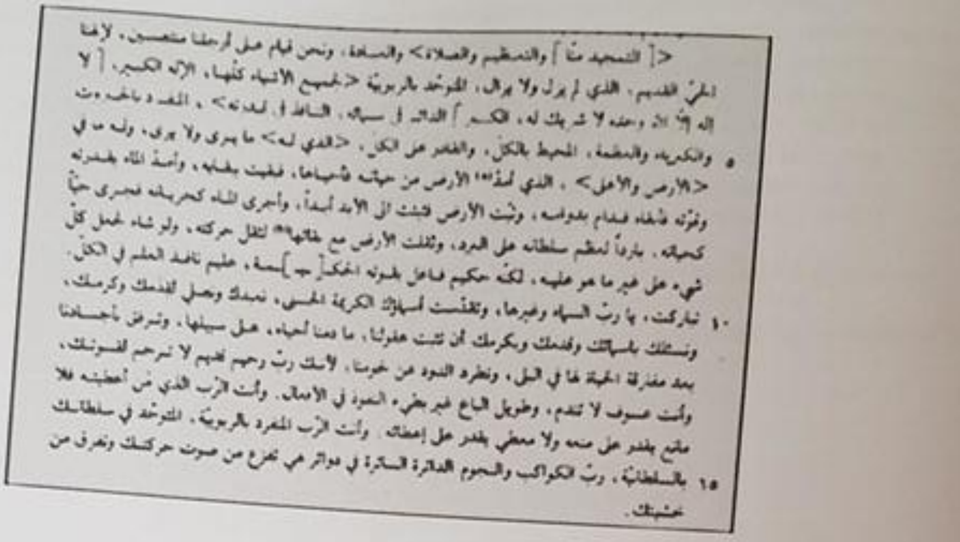
The Moslems used this as his sigil:



**[*PAUSE FOR EFFECT. TAKE QUESTIONS.*]**

It is important to note that Sabian sorcerer, Ibn Wahshiyya, writes on Saturn in his famous occult treatise:

> "One should this prayer to Saturn and ask him for what one wants, addressing the prayer to his image, in order to get the response that one wants. You should worship him in the image of a black stone, which is His idol. Here is how the prayer goes:
>
> > 'Worship and prayer, we address to you, standing, we ask and we honor you with obedience and humility. We address you, standing and facing the exalted master, the Alive, the Eternal, eternal, solid in his power and dominion, you are Saturn. You are eternal in his heaven and mighty in his dominion, focuses in his efforts and his great works. You are over all, his power is over all living things on earth, and they endure by His endurance. By Your power and Your might You began them, and You make them to continue; he causes us to endure, and by Your eternity and perpetuity, You brings permanence on earth. By Your might, You cause the waters to ebb and flow.

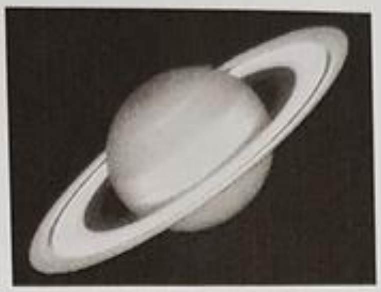


> Living, You cause life to move, because You are Alive. You are cold, as is Your nature. Through the influence of Your high realm, the trees grow, and the earth becomes heavy under the weight of Your movements; if You wishes, You cause beings to become what they are not. Yet You are wise and a creator by Your might and intelligence; Your Knowledge extends to all things. Hail, lord of the heavens, may Your name be holy, pure and honored. We obey you; we address ourselves to Your feet, we call you by your names, your heart, your nobility and honor, we request from You whom we respect to strengthen our mind, that it be strong and enduring and dwell in us while we live. Then when we die, ward off the worms and reptiles from our flesh. You are the merciful and ancient Teacher, and no one can save the one you condemn. You are persistent in your words and deeds, and you regret not your acts. You are slow and profound in your powers. You are a master whose deeds cannot be undone, and what you forbid cannot be done by another. You are respected in all your actions and unique in your kingdom. You are the lord of the other planets, and the very stars fear the sound of your movement and tremble before your gaze. We ask ask and demand you to avert Your dark influence from us, and in your purity, to treat us well. By Your good and noble names, we avert Your sinister qualities, and we draw from your virtue. By your names, by your True Name which you love more than the others, treat us well and grant what we ask.'"

But what is the 'Black Stone' of Zohal? The answer is in Mecca, of course.

**[*PAUSE FOR LAUGHTER. DELAY QUESTIONS.*]**

In other words, Islam is one of the great modern cults of Saturn. Perhaps given that Saturn is a violent and cruel deity, we can understand to some extent why Islam remains a problematic religion, dedicated to oppression in its most obvious forms. The various wars and conflicts are part of the mass sacrifices needed to appease the chthonic deity. And the image of the black cube is everywhere today. Modern art, films, media, car companies.

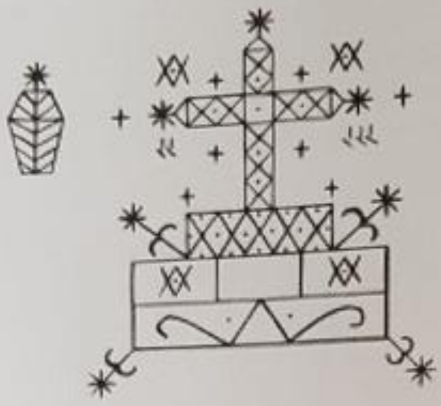


It is important to note that the famous Moslem heretics, the so-called "Brethren of Purity", taught their founder, Shaykh Idriss (Hermes Trismegistos), had passed through a star-gate and ascended to the celestial orbit of Saturn, and had spent thirty years there learning the secrets of the cosmos. After this, he descended to earth, and taught the Hermetic corpus. So, Saturn is the secret master behind of the Seven Fold Way.

It is clearly no coincidence that years later, the British mystic Anton Long would uncover the writings consistent with the Hermetic teachings of the Brethren of Purity, and propagate his own secret doctrine that a "star gate" is near Saturn, and one must pass through the various planets to eventually reach the Saturnian sphere of understanding and personal transformation.

## LORD OF THE DEAD

In the Afro-Carribean religions , Saturn is worshipped today as *Baron Samedi*, a chthonic loa (deity) who leads the spirits of the dead. While he maintains his sardonic character, he is known for his dark sense of humor. Samedi (French for "Saturn" or "Saturday") dresses in expensive (if tattered) clothing, and his offerings involve tobacco and rum. Baron Samedi is connected with the modern idea of the zombie, as well as being the patron of necromancy and black magic. One turns to Baron Samedi for magical requests which are too sinister or vile to be address to the more mainstream or benevolent loa. While Baron Samedi isn't evil (in the sense that Satan is evil), he is malevolent – he likes to harm and cause harm, or else a very black mischief.



THE VÉVÉ OF BARON SAMEDI

The Haitian leader Papa Doc Duvalier modelled his own persona on the character of Samedi, and was publically acknowleged as a devotee of this sinister entity. Saturn in this guise maintains a popular cult today in Haiti and the African diaspora regions. Baron Samedi dresses in black, and is sometimes depicted with a walking stick, indicating that he is lame or sluggish of step.

## LORD OF KARMA

Hinduism venerates Saturn as Lord Śanaiścara, the son of Surya (the solar deity). As with the other cultures noted earlier in this lecture, Saturn/Śanaiścara is considered to be the lord of Saturday, and is depicted dressed in black and blue clothing. He is the lord of the planet Saturn, and Hindus revere him with offerings on Saturdays, usually of sugar and grain, which can be given to crows, ravens, black animals, and to socially dispossessed people. He is described as lame or injured in some way.

Lord Śanaiścara is not a popular deity in India, but his cult is still very active. His idols are curiously sometimes merely black obelisks (stones), and like his Western counterparts, he is called on to avert harm, or to fulfill forbidden desires that people cannot take to more popular (or respectable) deities. Saturn is propitiated through the Sanskrit mantra *Om Sham Shri Śanaiścaraya Namaha.*

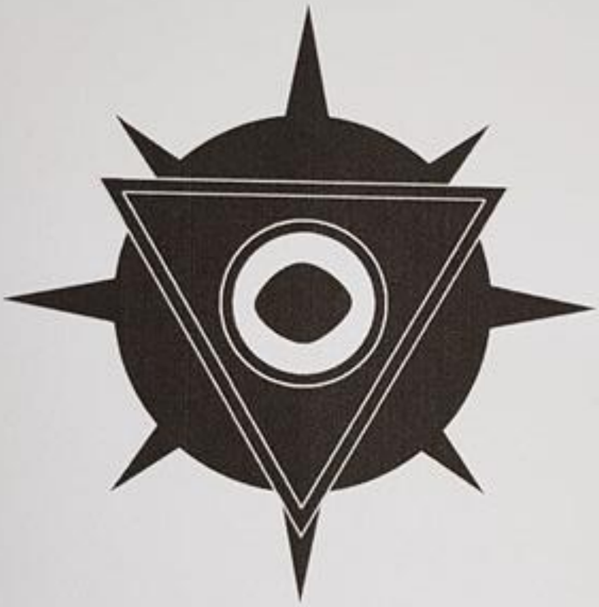
## SUMMARY REMARKS

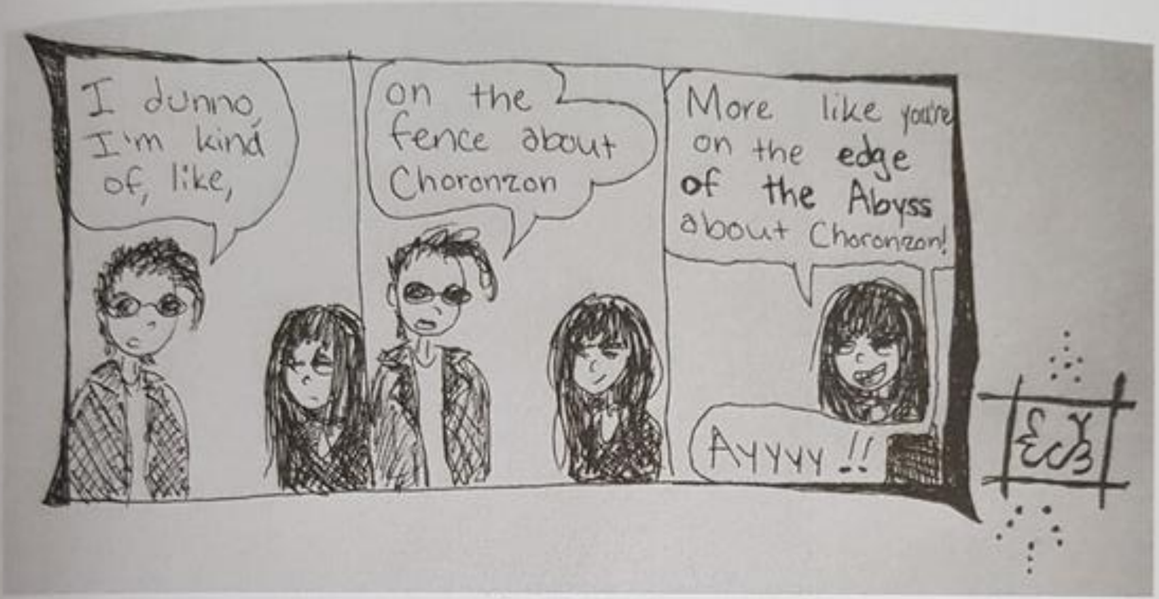
This lecture concludes with the following observations. The cult of Saturn is *cross-cultural* and *international*. The various incarnations of Saturn share very similar features.

- The colors black and blue are sacred to him
- The crow, the raven, and black bulls are especially sacred to him.
- He is both a chthonic/infernal deity, with control over fate/time/karma
- He is an outcast god who seeks to return to the center.
- His worship involves blood sacrifices and criminal intentions.
- He is a god of secrets and intrigue.
- He is often lame, or slow, or chained.
- He is entirely amoral and frequently associated with requests that are too profane for other gods.

If the Hidden Cult of Saturn is real, it is the most successful cult in the world. American and Muslim politics are part of its operating strategy, and it acts with impunity in arranging conflict and hostility. If someone wished to join this cult, then there are multiple points of entry: the Hermetic systems, the Voudou cults, and the Hindu cult of Saturn are several which survive today. Whether or not one accepts that Saturn is a real intelligence or deity, the Saturnine conspiracy itself is very real, and very well documented, when one accepts the data at face value.

**Thanks for your attention, I hope you enjoyed the lecture. See you next class.**




I dunno, I'm kind of, like,
on the fence about Choronzon
More like you're on the edge of the Abyss about Choronzon!
Ayyyy !!

*Sarah Wreck*
*Shitty Occult Comics*

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# CHORONZON

Volume III

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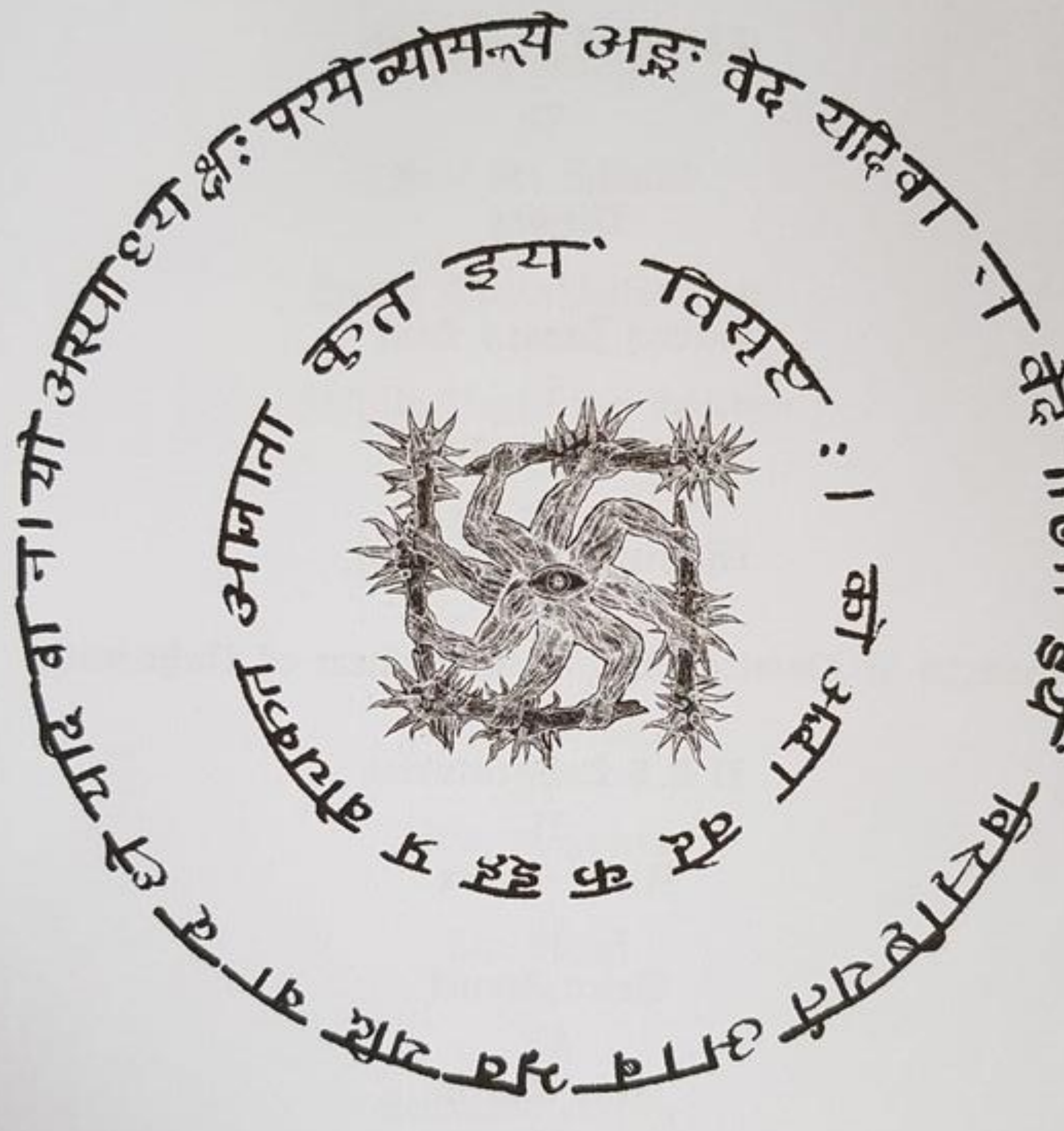
The official journal of Martinet Press

Volume III


यो अस्याध्यक्षः परमे व्योमन्त्सो अङ्ग वेद यदि वा न वेद ॥७॥ इयं विसृष्टिर्यत आबभूव यदि वा दधे यदि वा न ।
कुत इयं विसृष्टिः । को अद्धा वेद क इह प्र वोचत्कुत आजाता

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*From the desk of the Editor:*

It is my profound pleasure to introduce to you the third installment of Choronzon from the auspices of Martinet Press. The journal you hold in your hands contains artwork, oftentimes containing blood, that has been used by the artists as portals to the other side. Every artist is also an active occultist in their chosen discipline, whether it be hermetic or within their order. Take these pages, cut them out with razors, saturate in blood and use them as altar pieces to call the darkness into your heart and mind. As I write this, in the first days of Saturnalia, I implore you to become a permanent agent of Chaos.

*Disruption and corruption, thou art our Father.*

It is a great honor to become both editor and contributor for this and future volumes. As many of you may know, I am first and foremost an agent of the Abyss. My personal artistic work has been featured in the first two volumes of Choronzon. Everything I produce, whether it be paintings, collages or written word has the sole purpose of bringing the Abyss into the material realm. It is a calling which I have been acting upon for my entire life (albeit unbeknownst to myself at times). I continue to saturate the earthly plane with the energy of the other side as editor of this journal. Thank you to the writers, artists and black occultists who have joined me in this calling and entrust me with their work to include in this volume. Our efforts are not in vain; there are more and more of us each day who are able to see past the mundane and into the horrifying alien agenda of the Void through Satanic ritual practice. Those whose work could not fit into this volume are encouraged to submit more of their material in the upcoming volumes.

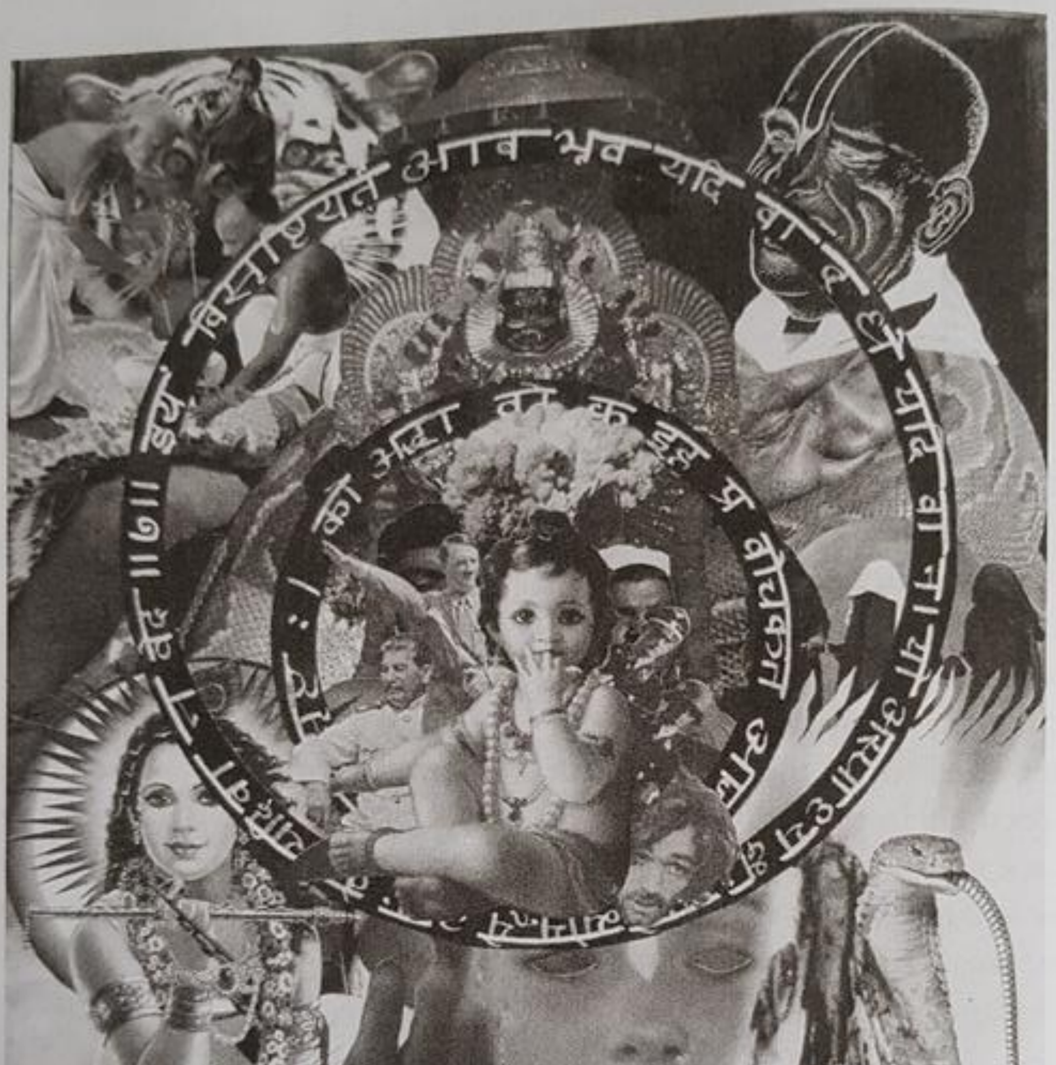
As Satanists, it is our duty to carry our nightmarish banners into the new aeon. Despite our myriad sinister traditions, we all have one goal: to master our spiritual evolution to become a beacon of evil... to become a living, breathing representative of Satan while here on Earth. In hiding and in broad daylight, we strive to manipulate this world with the blackest of magick until it is a suitable environment for our dark gods. The unjust rule of the Nazarene will not survive this new world.

If you hear ITS grinding, sadistic voice of metallic static reverberate in your inner most skull, you know what must be done.

The future is delightfully bleak and the time is ours, my brothers and sisters.

*Satanas Vobiscum*

**666**



**Lord Krishna**
Collage, ink and blood on board
Erica Frevel
From the private collection of ToB

# Vindex

In traditional demonology, Lucifer is known as the Emperor of Hell, lord of all demons. In dark magic Medieval books, Lucifer is described as the biggest one in power among all the devils.

Not only does he have devilish and infernal feature but also a pure gnostic self. It is important to observe that "Lucifer" is just a generic term used as an adjective for entities, not a proper name as thought. Lucifer can be understood as "the one who brings light", "the light carrier", "the lord of spiritual enlightenment", so, it's possible to affirm that many spiritual beings, dark gods and deities around the world have luciferic characteristics.

In the beliefs of Traditional Satanism, both Lucifer and Satan are names for chaotic, sinister and non-causal spiritual forces coming from Dark Gods, an intangible idea for mere mental understanding. Anyway, exoterically speaking, those names fit well for antinomian, rebel, dark, sinister nature representation of those Dark Gods who are the Bestial Chaos Beginning themselves.

In Satanic tradition, Satan is shown as a chaotic, transcendental, non causal, dark god, having violent instincts of creation and destruction. It's perceptible the dark alchemy principle inside Satanic Mysteries.

In India, Lord Krishna is represented by a chaotic, destructive and creative transcendental non-causal dark blue God, being sinister and violent many times. Lord Krishna commits violent acts such as murder and destruction, as luxury acts.

According to The Dark Tradition, there are many similarities between Lord Krishna and Satanic essences. According to Bhagavad Gita, Lord Krishna says that among his devils, he is the greatest one. Vedic literature also has many demons and obscure demigods subjecting themselves to him. In this aspect, Lord Krishna is seen as a supreme being on the Infernal Cosmic Hierarchy as so does Lucifer in the Medieval Black Magic Tradition.

# CHORONZON III

Lord Krishna presents a luciferic gnostic ethos, coming to Earth from time to time to teach the transcendental truth for the human beings bringing enlightenment and knowledge as well, as Lucifer and Prometheus, remembering the superiority of the spirit over the material which is the core precept of Gnostic Currents.

Besides that, Krishna is beyond Brahma and before Brahma, as Satan is beyond Ayin manifestations and before Ayin manifestations as the three chaotic levels: pre-cosmic, cosmic and anti- cosmic. In this context, Krishna can be compared with Satan in Chaos Gnosticism.

As Vindex, and assuming the Vindex Krishna role, Krishna promises to kill the weaker ones and bring the New Aeon for the strongest ones through genocide. The Lord Kalki avatar (which is the Vindex itself) will make a huge bloodshed in honor of Lord Visnu (Purushamedha). Washing the Earth with unfaithful and weak blood will bring a New Aeon belonging to the strongest ones, the numinous, the new elite called obscure aristocracy.

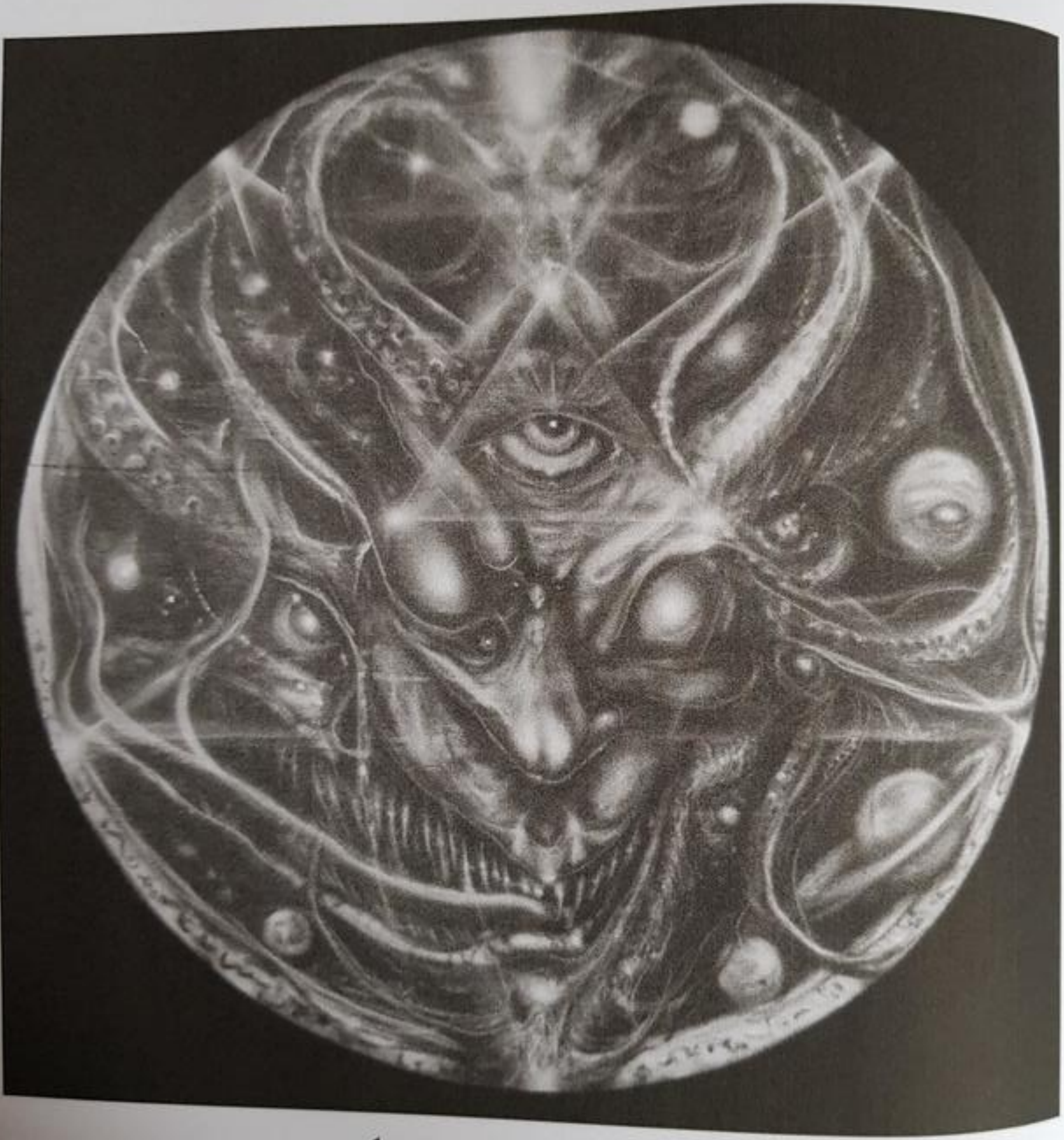
Lord Krishna can represent all the obscure gods from the dark traditions himself; as death gobbling life and as eternal life after death. Gnostic transcendence can be achieved by doing maha-mantra at least 16 japamalas times everyday as a fervent devotional act and as black mysticism.

Sing maha-mantra and join the Vindex Army praying for ruthless and massive execution by Lord Kalki's sword, offering weak blood to Lord Krishna who is the Vindex itself. May it bring a new world sinister order, a place where only the strong devotees will survive!

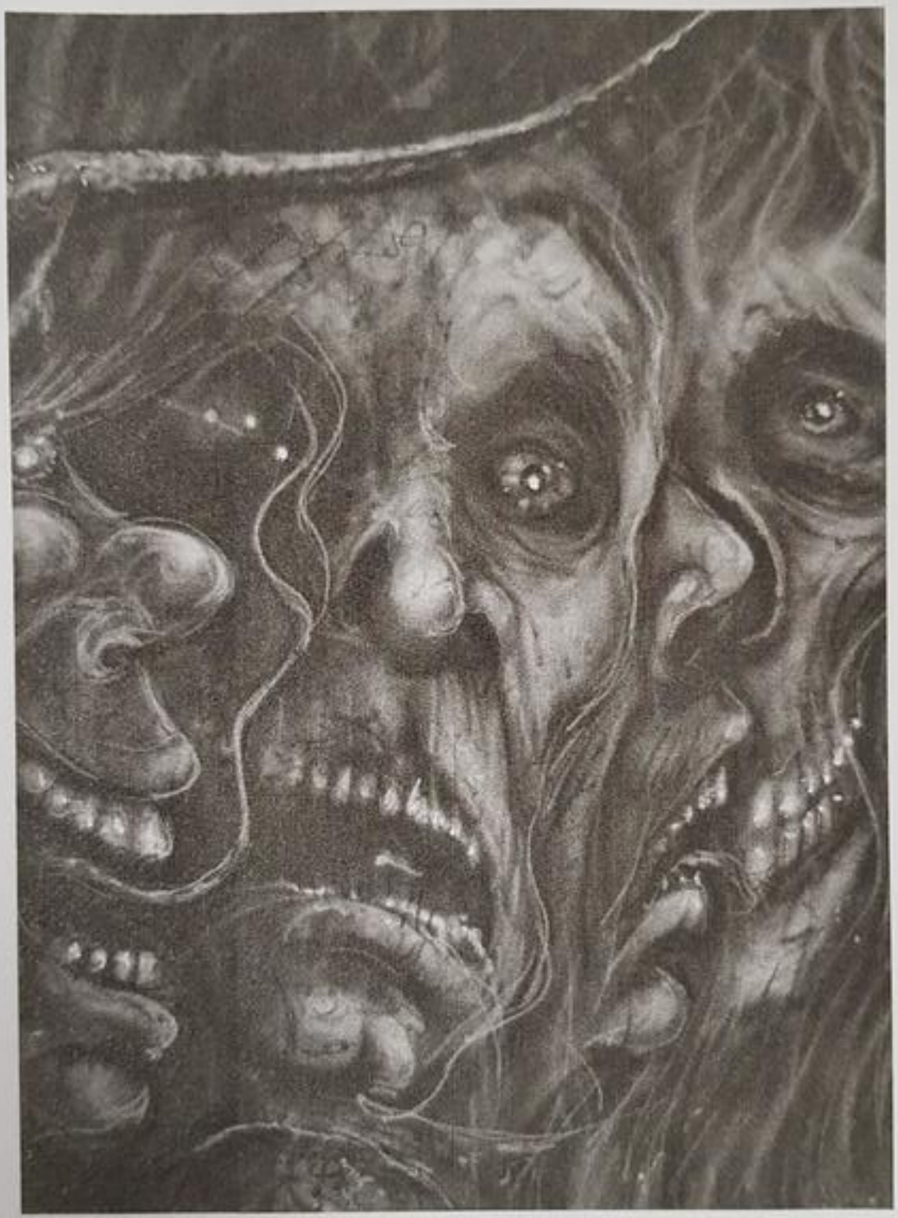
# Hare Krishna!

Pl. 48.
Tom. I. Pag. 191.
P. Sonnerat Pinx.
X.e INCARNATION DE VICHENOU
sous la forme d'un Cheval.

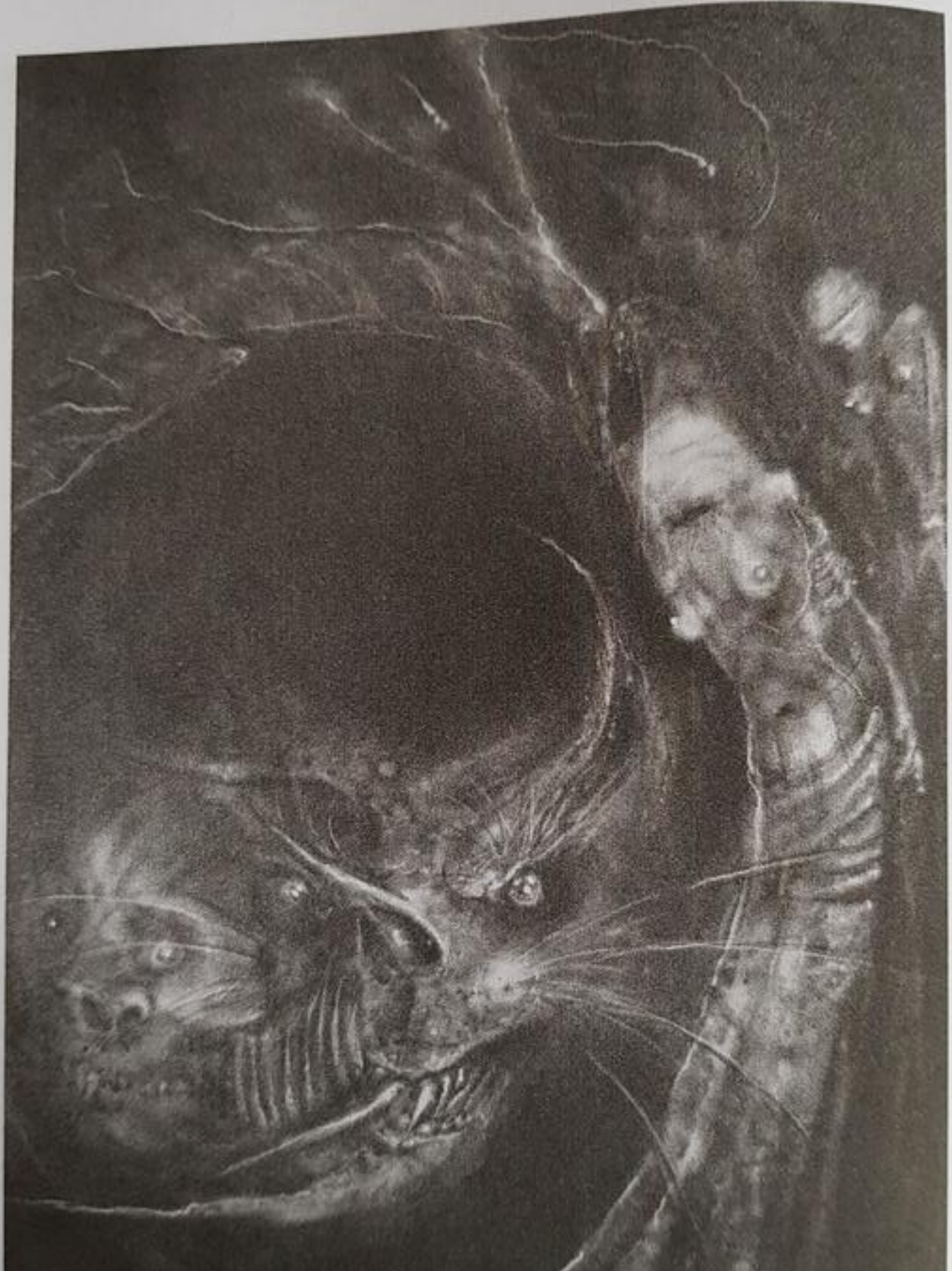
Illustration of Lord Sri Kalki
"Voyage aux Indes orientales et à la Chine"
Pierre Sonnerat, 1782



Devouring the Cosmos
Acrylic on canvas
Barry James Lent



Suffering in Eternity
Acrylic on canvas
Barry James Lent



The Dark Recess
Acrylic on canvas
Barry James Lent

Babalon

Acrylic on canvas
Barry James Lent

# Lera's Torment

Aubrey Wood Basnight

Part 8

There was only one door to the street from his corridor of the hotel - namely the main entrance out past the lobby - where, even from this present vantage, he could tell that the protest continued. So-called protest, Max considered now. Was the purpose of the obstruction in front of the hotel to block him from exit or to provide a degree of cover - a diversion - for him being renditioned? One thing was for sure - they had let him in, but they obviously did not intend on letting him out.

He rushed into a pair of clothes, a faded brown BDU jacket and matching EMC tactical trousers, well-worn. He wrapped the torment in the shirt that he had been wearing earlier in the day and stuffed it deep into his only other piece of luggage besides his leather satchel - a uni-style bookbag which he strapped to his bag before throwing the satchel over his shoulder.

Scanning the room quickly he saw that nothing discernible had been left behind. For good measure he fastened all security locks on the door and then shoved the top of the desk chair underneath the handle.

Max opened the window that led to the outside - the light now beginning to exude that nauseating glow, not dissimilar to that which emanated from the torment only a few minutes early, that typified the desert during pre-twilight. The sun appeared like a hazy malignant orb in the sky - its contours and features obscured by high-riding parched sands riding the wind currents and the clinging smog of unregulated industry.

No interior screen was present to keep out the desert gnats, nor were the security of the establishment's temporary inhabitants considered crucial enough to warrant bars on the window - the latter for which Max was extremely thankful for at this particular point.

Exiting the window, large enough, was no problem as his room was situated, as were all the others, on ground floor. The wings of the corridor stretched out from the main lobby in a slightly sideward fashion so that he would not be directly perpendicular with the protesters and assorted others outside - though he would potentially be visible to those on the outskirts of their number.

Despite this he would assume that his room was being watched - but he bargained that the surveillance would be heavier on the outside than the inside. A man climbing out of a window, even one conveniently situated, was a strange sight anywhere one might be however he trusted that the pedestrians would mind their own business - at least that is if they were not on the payroll of those who were attempting his detention.

Throwing one leg over the sill and then the other Max was out. He turned a two o'clock position headed in the opposite direction of the hotel over the street and was off at a quick pace - sometimes jogging through the traffic snaking across the boulevard - not looking behind him in case surveillance was on him.

Horns honked as he blockaded the forward motion of a small truck overloaded with crates for the market, a rickety Datsun with wheels nearly flattened by the back-end preponderance. He kept his head down and moved forward and the traffic once again began moving forward, ever so slowly, as impatient couriers and commuters on dirt bikes and other small motorcycles sliced their way down the middle of the lanes between larger traffic.

Max found an alley which seemed less travelled, darkened by rusted sheet metal roofing and a few precarious catwalks which blocked those below from the sun and the rare rainfall. An old man knelt against the wall of the soot-black wall behind which once resided a small tannery - long since closed. The old man smiled dementedly, drawing on a bent and bedraggled cigarette. Eastern-European import? Max thought to himself, sniffing and smiling in return. He made for the relative cover of the alley post-haste.

If his calculations were correct this alley would connect him to the next major road which led perpendicular to the one in which his hotel was located on. He would have to find a way out of the city from there.

The kingdom had only one major international airport and in fact only a few airports in general - though there was several military bases and at least one that serviced international flights further to the south but only for private jets and other contracted transport. That would have been the entry point for the people who were tracking him from abroad - that or the military bases, though the latter might be a bit too overt for their purposes, though it all depended if what they were doing here was being done with the concurrence of the resident intelligence forces or not. Max had his doubts. The uniformed police he saw back at the entrance of the hotel as well as prior to the procession could be on anybody's payroll - perhaps themselves agents and as such technically traitors to their own government - and as such, capable of anything.

Max bisected his way through a few loitering street people as he entered the mouth of the alleyway - their eyes diverting from each other briefly in assessment for potential exploitation yet only briefly - his evident mania and sense of mission indicating that targeting him, albeit foreign as he obviously was, would be too much trouble all things considered.

Taking the narrow passage at a commando's gait, Max was thankful for the relative lack of inhabitants - indicating to him instinctually that he had chosen the correct passage toward the secondary main road ahead which would provide the first leg in his escape route. The shade from above was welcome, adding if only in a cosmetic sense to his desire for covert movement - though even within the intermittent shade he could tell that the late-afternoon was dwindling minute by minute toward genuine twilight.

The shadows darkened around him and he could feel a resurgence of the dissociation he felt earlier when dealing with the torment directly. Situated deep within the pack upon which he shouldered, he could tell that the eldritch item was transmitting to him in vague yet distinct telepathic fashion palpable prompts for his escape - as if the torment was desirous of him making a successful escape from the individuals and hostile forces which sought to interdict him along the way. For this he was thankful and furthermore, took as a proof positive that his destiny and that of the torment were interlocked at this moment in time.

A few minutes only passed before he was clear of the alleyway and into the secondary main road running parallel to his former hotel. No signs of surveillance were seen - indicating that perhaps both opposing intelligence agencies - including nefarious operatives acting on behalf of the dealer and ancillary parties - were operating on skeleton crews themselves. The thought brought a brief emotive response akin to smugness within his mind, though not so much that it would cloud his judgement. Success would be measured in this particular leg of his journey according to how quickly - and how successfully - he was able to get himself out of the country. Anywhere, everywhere - though the more obscure the better - better than here, out from the scent of the onward hunt.

Careening across the intersection toward the walkway on the other side of the street a filament of a forward plan began to germinate in Max's mind. He knew a place where he could take refuge for the longterm - even if his North American domiciles had been compromised at this point, which he had every reason to believe that they were.

But what of the problem if they had put a hold on his passport? And restrictions on transportable items, the strictures which had been considerably tightened by all international flights who took their cues, even peripherally, from the dictates of the federal aviation administration.

He put his faith in the torment. If the torment had led him this far in his quest for consummation with the powers that dwelt within - if the torment had moved him physically across continents and within situations of imminent danger repeatedly, the most prominent example being in the here and now, then it would get him to safe haven.

## Part 9

After crossing the intersection Max restrained his pace to a slow, natural gait, walking block after block and keeping himself on the main road as twilight advanced along with his progress to the full night coverage of early evening.

The direction he was taking was leading him out of the more seedy areas of the city where most of his business had taken place and toward more habitable climes which were the more usual destinations of foreign travellers. Both parties that had been conducting surveillance on him, which he believed he had now foiled, at least for a time, would also have access to these more affluent areas - though renditioning him here would be much more difficult, especially if the local authorities were not in on the game.

His plan had gone from a filament of strategy only into full-flower during the time that he had been walking, around an hour and a half now and it was now time to begin putting it into motion.

The street was now bereft of the more squalid vendor stalls, though there were still a few food and drink vendors loitering here and there. In contrast to the area in which he had been prior there were actually some decent looking restaurants and even some night-clubs, outside of the latter which crowded the up and coming members of the young professional class, the venue catering to their metropolitan tastes and aspirations, with a smattering of smart and attractive foreign nationals in the mix as well.

Max suddenly was aware of the fact that he was famished and that particularly moment in time he wanted nothing more than to walk himself into the best of the restaurants along the strand, rest his aching muscles in a luxuriant leather cushioned booth and recover physically and mentally with a stiff drink and the largest steak he could order. Not yet however, he thought somewhat morbidly - though he did slake his thirst and immediate hunger with a extremely black coffee and a kebab, pleasantly charred, which he consumed while leaning against the corner of a building, well within the shadows and not visible from the passing traffic.

He scanned the various cars parked several yards down from where he stood - the uniformed, readily identifiable cabs - their rate system and telephone of owning company and/or owner-operators painted on the side or affixed in large commercially printed magnets. Amidst them the more marginal privately run commuters - cheap fleet cars with alert looking, usually younger drivers ready to negotiate fare schedules with their clients for a cut of the business. At the end of the line he could see a battered mini-van, with an exterior body that showed it was very well travelled indeed, reminding him of a similar model in similar condition which he had seen (and subsequently ridden in) years ago in a bombed-out neighbourhood of Beirut. Just suitable.

Max drained the last dregs of coffee from his paper cup before squatting and placing it on the ground next to  the wall and inserting the kebab skewer - cleaned of meat - leaning against its side, as there were no visible trash receptacles visible in the immediate vicinity. Stepping into the light of the sidewalk yet staying as far over toward the shadows as possible Max made his way at a leisurely pace toward the mini-van, one hand reaching into his side pocket as he did so.

Reaching the driver's side window, a stout man most definitely of Indian birth, very dark complexion - every inch a Dravidian - a Keralite or Tamilan - looked back at Max with a tentative smile beneath thick black mustache, nearly a handlebar - the expectancy of custom. Max smiled in return, much wider, before extending his arm and displaying a goodly stack of U.S. dollars, tapping the wad against window jam but keeping his hand cupped so that it would not be readily viewable should someone be passing from the walk behind him. The cabman's tentative smile turned genuine at this universal gesture and he beckoned with his head. "Come, come!" he said in an accent with little or no regional inflection. The driver reached back and popped the lock on the backseat roller door and Max climbed in, dropping the back containing the torment between his feet, slammed the door behind him and leaned back against the welcome cushion of the aging bench seat. The engine engaged and the van with passenger slid out into the medium traffic - headed away from the city.

## Part 10

His driver, as was revealed during the midst of casual conversation along the drive, was in fact a Tamilan and of Sri Lankan birth. The driver's family had emigrated from the Jaffna peninsula during a period in the early nineteen-nineties when the so-called civil conflict between the inhabitants of the region and the government to the south had been at a lull, when he was only a child. Pottu Amman was his name, as he told Max, which made Max smile silently from the backseat - as he knew that this was a pseudonym - a pseudonym of another, no less, an intelligence chief from the insurrection years later when the driver would have been at a particularly impressionable age and inhabiting a particularly volatile and fanatic climate amongst the Tamil Sri Lankan emigre community. The name in passable translation denoted "blood tilak" - the latter designating a religious facial marking, the former obvious - combined being somewhat blasphemous and quite completely revolutionary in import.

Max and Pottu drove and it was sooner than Max had anticipated that they were beyond the city - the lights of the desert metropolis shining dimly in the rear-view mirrors of the van and the grime-encrusted headlight covers illuminating a passably driveable but very remote stretch of highway that would lead them in an hour or two to the border crossing, shortly past which was Max's intended destination.

Pottu had no problems with accepting a fare beyond his locale, his choice of vehicle and demeanour being a positive signal which all seasoned international and domestic travellers would recognize as being indicative of willing to take a risk if the price was right. He had lived with his family after they had immigrated abroad - his memories of his native Jaffna now only faded visions of fertile jungle and a hellishly hot coastline, sometimes interspersed with the even more hellish aerial bombardments from governmental military and the dire disappearances of the fathers of his friends and some of his own cousins and uncles in the unmarked black vans that would perform snatch-and-grab operations even during the daylight hours - many of those taken never to be seen again.

It was with a sense of dark irony then that Pottu himself had found himself driving a van for his sustenance many years later - with those unforgettable images from his childhood in the back of his mind, sometimes witnessed from the second story window of the colonial building which was the setting of his grammar school, he and his classmates gathered at the ancient pane windows exclamating before their teacher would loudly shuttle them back into their seats - suffuse with protestations in order to foster the pretense of normality for the children but with cold dread sweat dripping down their backs wondering who amongst their neighbours might have been taken and if they themselves might be next in line.

While Pottu's family had settled - if settled could be the proper word - in the United Arab Emirates, his father, a trained engineer with a university diploma, quickly gaining a job working on some of the enormous pipelines criss-crossing the region - Pottu himself had decided to move further afield once in his late teens. Now nearing the cusp of thirty, he had resided in North Africa for some years and carved out for himself a marginal yet profitable niche for his standards.

Max's intentions once across the border were simple. He had provided Pottu enough currency to bribe the border officials without much ado and Pottu himself had assured him that he had made a similar trip many times before for many sundry clients - and, as Max thought, probably for much less than he himself had paid up front. But that had been his prerogative - he knew that there were forces working against him, with resources much larger than he himself possessed - a fact that he had not divulged to his driver but which Pottu probably guessed, though probably not to what extent. Max had given Pottu an ample amount of cash to work with and with the understanding that the remainder - after his bribing the border guards - would constitute his recompensation for the journey. With that knowledge firmly in mind, Pottu intended to bargain the hired security down to the least passable sum for entry into their country. As he would be arriving at the border crossing late, they would have the younger men on guard and with a few bottles of foreign whisky in the boot kept on hand for just such occasions (bootleg mind you, labels sometime lie - though the deception would be sufficient for the Islamic palate, per prior experience) Pottu had every faith that the crossing would be effected with minimal damage to his incipient profit margin.

Max stared from the sideward mirror out into the vast desert landscape surrounding him. An unsettled peace had come upon him in the half-hour or so since he had left the city - the lack of any headlights following them from the distance an indicator that he had more than likely lost his tail even as soon as exiting the hotel many hours ago. This strengthened his belief that the torment was in control of the situation - from a foul, occult vantage of influence - for his escape had been too easy, too effortless against forces that were clearly most professional in orientation. The thought that the torment had arranged his safe-passage even this far was humbling to him, for though his fanaticism waxed strong he could only imagine the sort of sacrifices undertaken by those who bore the object before him. But the time for more severe sacrifices would, as the case may be, lay upon the horizon and - for those to be effected - he needed to be out of harm's way, at least in the immediate sense. Again, the harm, to come later, most assuredly.

The flat alien landscapes passed by at a rapid rate - the stretch of the open road and Max's ample fee to the driver facilitating a median speed bordering on the reckless. Less than a mile beyond upon either side the landscape began to shift into shimmering dunes, hot winds throwing sand in small cyclones and eddies amidst a terrain which meant death to human life and was only livable for the most sturdy of entities and even for them survival was not an easy thing. Beyond that, ahead of them and to the north, insane and eldritch mountain ranges visible far in the distance - twinkling with the greenish light of hallucination and the sadistic fervour of well-entrenched military installations - these marking the border from here into the other through which Max sought a dangerous passage.

With the thoughts of these real-time images within his mind Max considered, his driver having gone silent for sometime now, amidst his own immediate concerns and formulating the stratagems which would take them across shortly, what sort of entities existed in the environs in which he now found himself - so full of not only potential for devastating, exoteric acts but in fact profuse with the sort of ultra-violence, catastrophe and terror only known through a glass darkly by the soft and civilized inhabitants of the lands from which Max himself came and which, despite his myriad travels abroad, still marked him as a civilian - and observer only - to the darkness, not incipient, but manifest, which exhibited itself in regions still obscure to western man.

One thing he did know - and this beyond the shadow of a doubt - is that he was the bearer of the torment. A bearer of something so far beyond the consciousness of those who bore pretense about their adeptship in the black arts - what to speak of the man on the street - that anything, anything could happen. He knew that his hubris was probably part of the game - something that everyone that had come before him in similar circumstance, in possession of the amulet bearing a reputation blacker than black, had probably felt before. Yes, each one of them thought that they possessed the fanaticism that no other had possessed - that the alchemical juxtaposition of themselves and the frightful demonnness that lived within the torment, in an existence eternal, would provide that elusive key toward unlocking a global harvest the likes which none had ever seen.

## THE CROSSING

Part 11

His mind a tumult of thoughts of the destiny which awaited him - a destiny which existed in a precarious balance of conflicting forces surrounding him and even moreso the torment - Max had fallen into a fitful sleep as Pottu drove silently and uneventfully those last hundred miles toward the border crossing.

All was quiet as they made their way through the harsh desert landscape, excepting the rumble of the road itself - surprisingly subdued even with the stiffness of the tires, the very ailing suspension of the van and the grit and small rocks which regularly blew in from the wilderness on either side of the track.

Max dreamed uneasy dreams as the van drove on ever closer toward those sickening mountains amidst their unnatural illumination.

He saw himself in a bleak forest - humid and damp in a coldness which bore a harsh chemical scent upon the air, a thick ground fog surrounding an area hermetically enclosed against the sky and anything else which might be surrounding by thick and drooping trees, branches and trunks twisted and leaves too green, creating a canopy through which only the most meagre light shone.

In this foreign atmosphere Max sat naked upon a slick greyish rock which stood in a pool of mirky water, the atmospheric climate and the sense of palpable foreboding creating a cold sweat upon his body, making him shiver involuntarily. In his dream a sense of overwhelming anxiety assaulted him - the torment! He had lost it, it was no longer in his possession. His bearings - and the amulet for which he had poured his life these last many months - were both gone. Gone then, a reason for his continued existence. A sense of doom assailed him.

From one of the copses of trees beyond the pool he saw the rustling of leaves, the tinkling of ankle bells and the sound of girlish laughter.

Could it be? Was it her?

The flicker of hope changed his consciousness immediately and he knew that he must investigate the sound.

He endeavoured to raise himself from the rock and to cross the pool toward the edge of the surrounding forest from which the sign of life had emanated however as he took the second step into the knee-deep water he felt himself being inextricably drawn backwards - his movements going in reverse even as his will and body moved forward and then he found himself once again seated upon the rock.

Lips drawn back in an involuntary sneer Max attempted again but this time it was harder still - he was only able to barely dismount the rock and step a foot into the cold murky water before his muscles seized as his body came under remote control being drawn back to his position of bondage. A groan escaped him as the effort had the cumulative effect of a great deal of strenuous exercise concentrated into a few moments of time. His body stressed and tightened and the more he fought against the outside control the more strict the control until he was effectively immobilized.

Overhead, the canopy of trees began to part outward, the limbs of the trees which appeared more and more to be possessed of an evil energy in the sparse light creaking loudly as they did so, exposing an iron firmament covered over with dark greyish-black and fastly moving clouds.

Again, barely perceptible now, came the slight movement from the edge of the treeline and the tinkling of bells, again, the girlish laughter. The laughter was tinged with a sinister edge now however - purposeful - for the entity desired to let him know that it was she who was controlling his bondage, she who held him against the rock - her will dominating his own and through that hideous will, his own physicality.

The canopy of trees now realigned the movement above him stopped and he could hear the sound of hurricane-force winds whipping overhead - though the air within the clearing felt stale, dead, oppressive.

Max felt a palpable sense that he was being bled of energy - as if both the clouds above, the evil trees surrounding him, the fog, the foul water - all had effectively coalesced in some vampiric conspiracy to destroy what lived within him, whatever pathetic energy that he might now possess he thought with some nihilism, so as to add to the lifeforce which lived within them. Beyond that even it could simply be play for entities which had little concern with human life - his discomfiture a side-effect to which they were neither aware nor concerned with and continuing along this line of reasoning their actions all sadism on their part, with no real need at all other than to relish his suffering through senses that were markedly alien to his own.

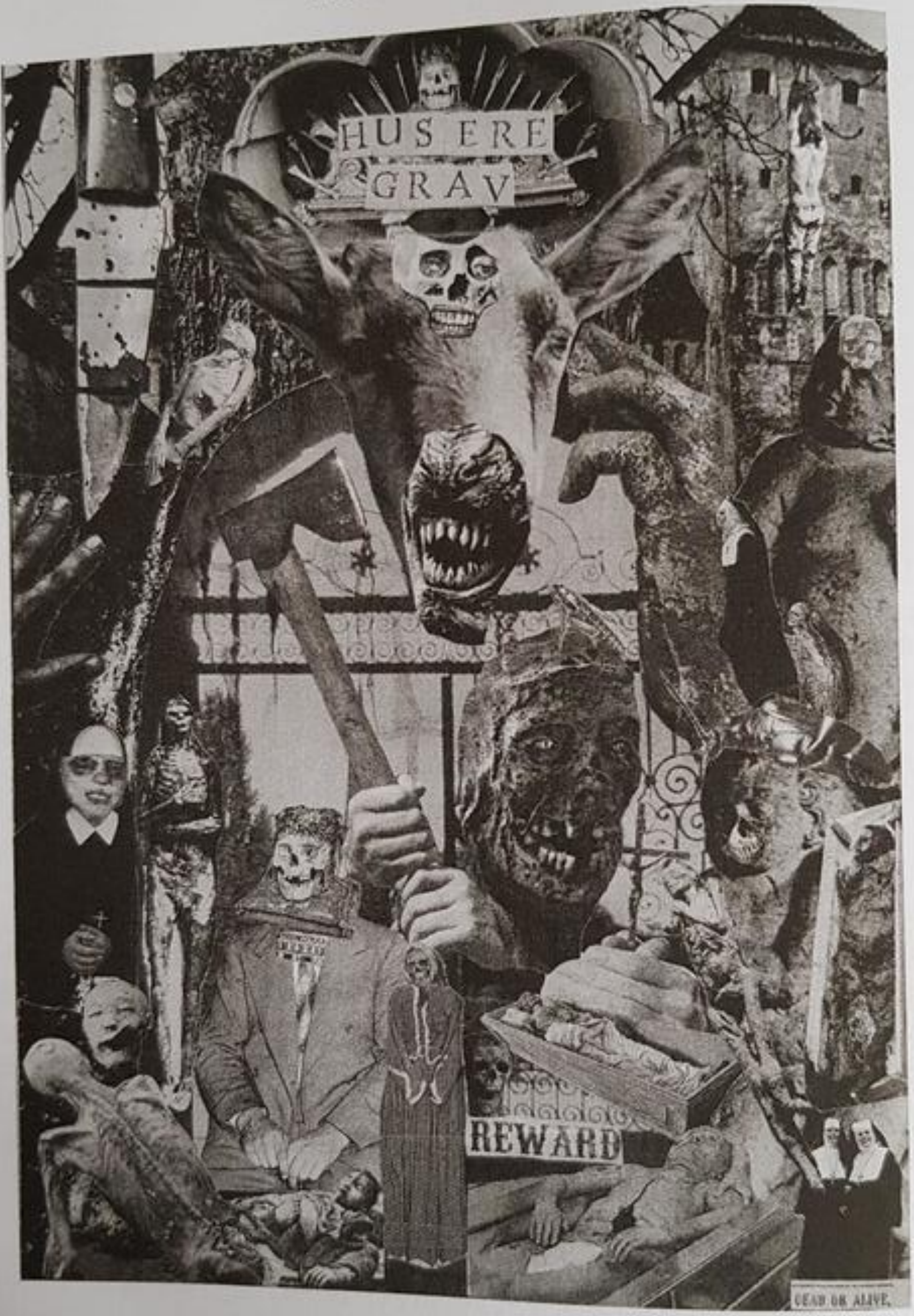
The sound of the winds above him increased and craning his neck painfully upward at the tumult he could ascertain that the clouds were filled with electrical charge - white lighting strikes erupting at an unnatural rate inside the blackish clouds which now flew by at a rate which transgressed all natural phenomena. The sense of utter displacement - of being in an utterly non-human atmosphere, a foul holding planet in a black site within interdimensional space - was so overwhelming that nausea set on. His body yearned to vomit, to excrete automatically from whatever orifice in the face of abject terror. Yet, the vampirized weakening and induced paralysis of his body did not allow it - causing the bile to rise yet not able to be expunged, the poisons within his blood only increasing with no avenue of escape, no hope of cleansing purge.

Once again the copse of trees across the fetid pool rustled but this time the trees parted - not by any human hand but by themselves, by telepathic command, just as the canopy above had moved earlier but in microcosm. Through this rent - this green archway beyond which could only be seen an impenetrable area of complete and utter darkness - she came. Dressed in black silken garments and headdress, reddish leather straps bearing small bells on her ankles which tinkled with each prancing step, she moved forward out of the darkness a few steps only before stopping. Arms crossed over her chest in a posture of haughtiness she gazed toward his hapless figure - grinning so wide that it appeared almost a painful posture to hold - milky white teeth exposed inside a mouth stretched thin, reddish lips the colour of fresh meat.

She was the picture of the girl that we had seen in the procession earlier in the day but older by several years - fourteen, maybe fifteen. The sense of mania and violence had increased ten-fold in her visage in comparison to what had only intimated earlier despite her gory entourage. And as to age - he could not be sure not simply because that her figure was within an inhabitation that was well beyond the earthly but trebled in the fact that she herself seemed to be commanding all that occurred within down to the most minute feature which Max, in his strictured state, counted himself.

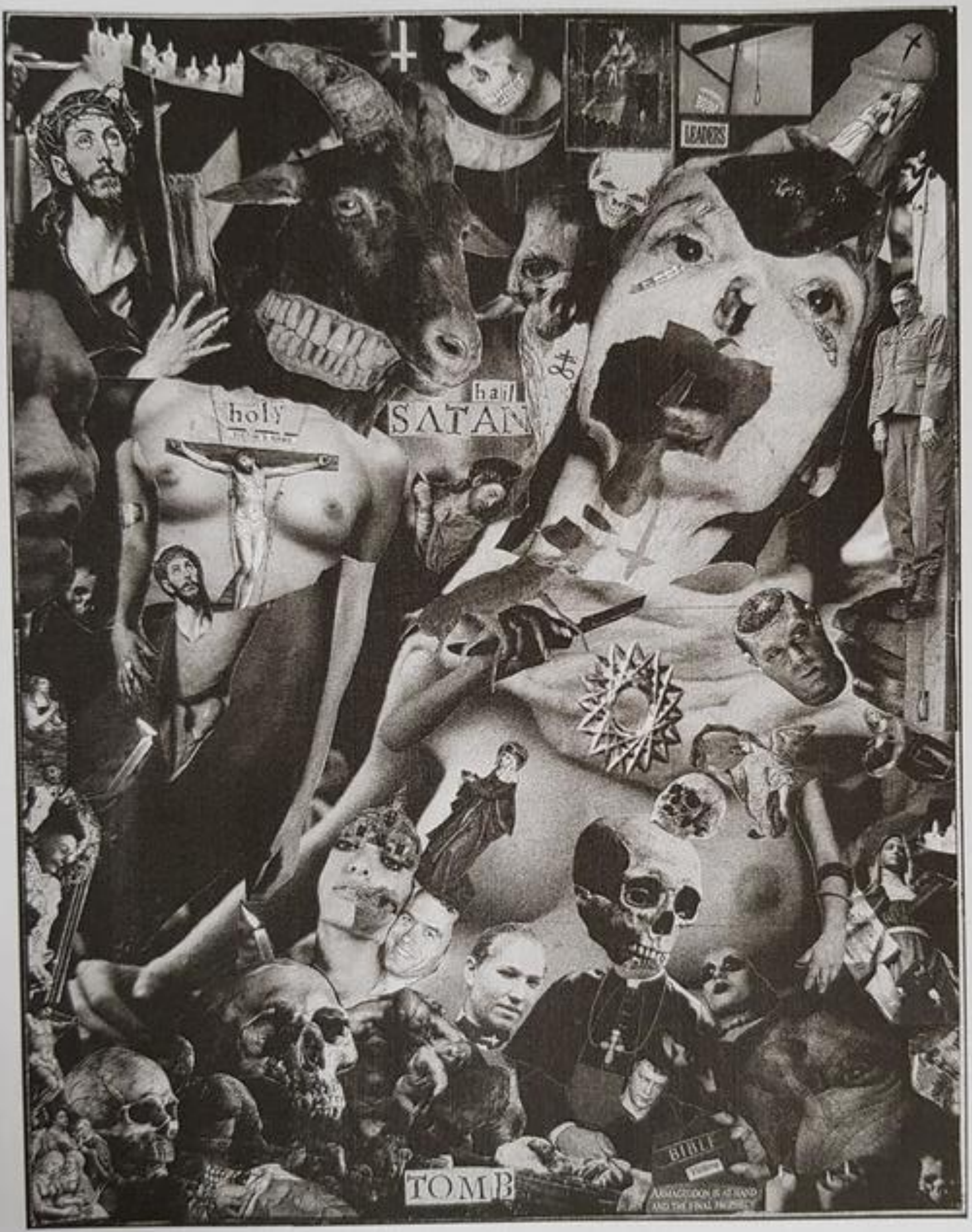
The lightning flashing above him began to illuminate the forest grove which gradually grew darker and darker until only that light from above from the bursts of electric charge within the swiftly moving clouds remained - creating a schizophrenic situation of bursts of clear vision amid lulls of blank darkness. In that light the girl's features began to transform into something more sinister in visage - the lightning flashes revealing her face to his frozen gaze revealing a countenance that had become pale, undead even, suffused with a cold sweat. As her eyes grew darker and more intent upon him Max felt his own eyes closing against their will.

Then - in his mind's eye - he saw her face alone, larger than life as if splashed across a cinemascape - her eyes also closing as she began to laugh with abject abandon, her head rocking backward in insane mirth even more dreadful than before. He saw the blackish clouds begin to surround her all around now, almost minute in comparison with her figure, for she was now a giantess - the extent of her potency and her absolute control over the elements and himself, recklessly wielded, now set in stark relief. It was at this moment that his tongue finally loosened and he began to scream.

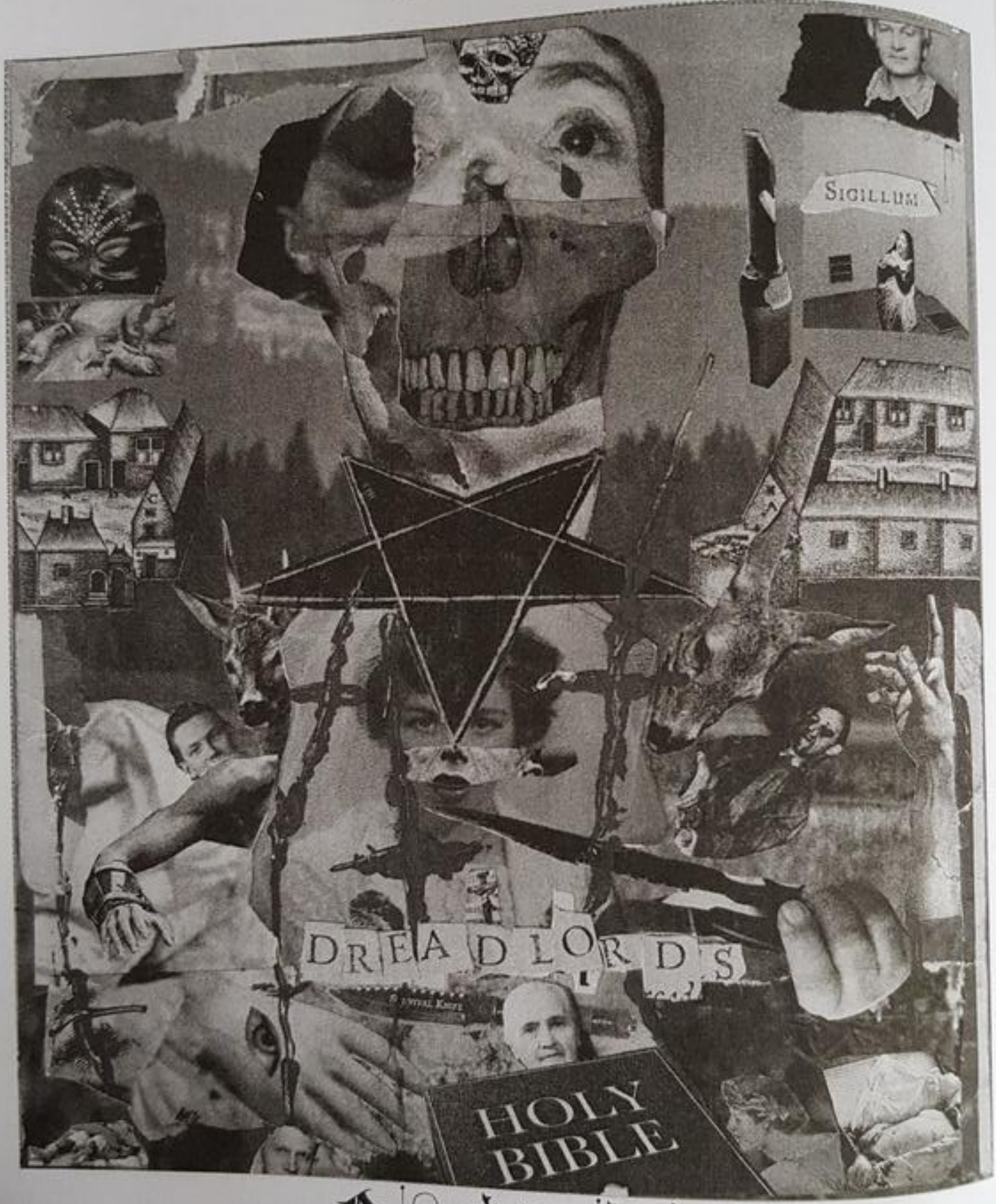

HUS ERE
GRAV
REWARD
DEAD OR ALIVE.

Husere Grav

Ritual collage and blood on paper
In support of occulstist of Husere Grav
Vladimír Vácovský

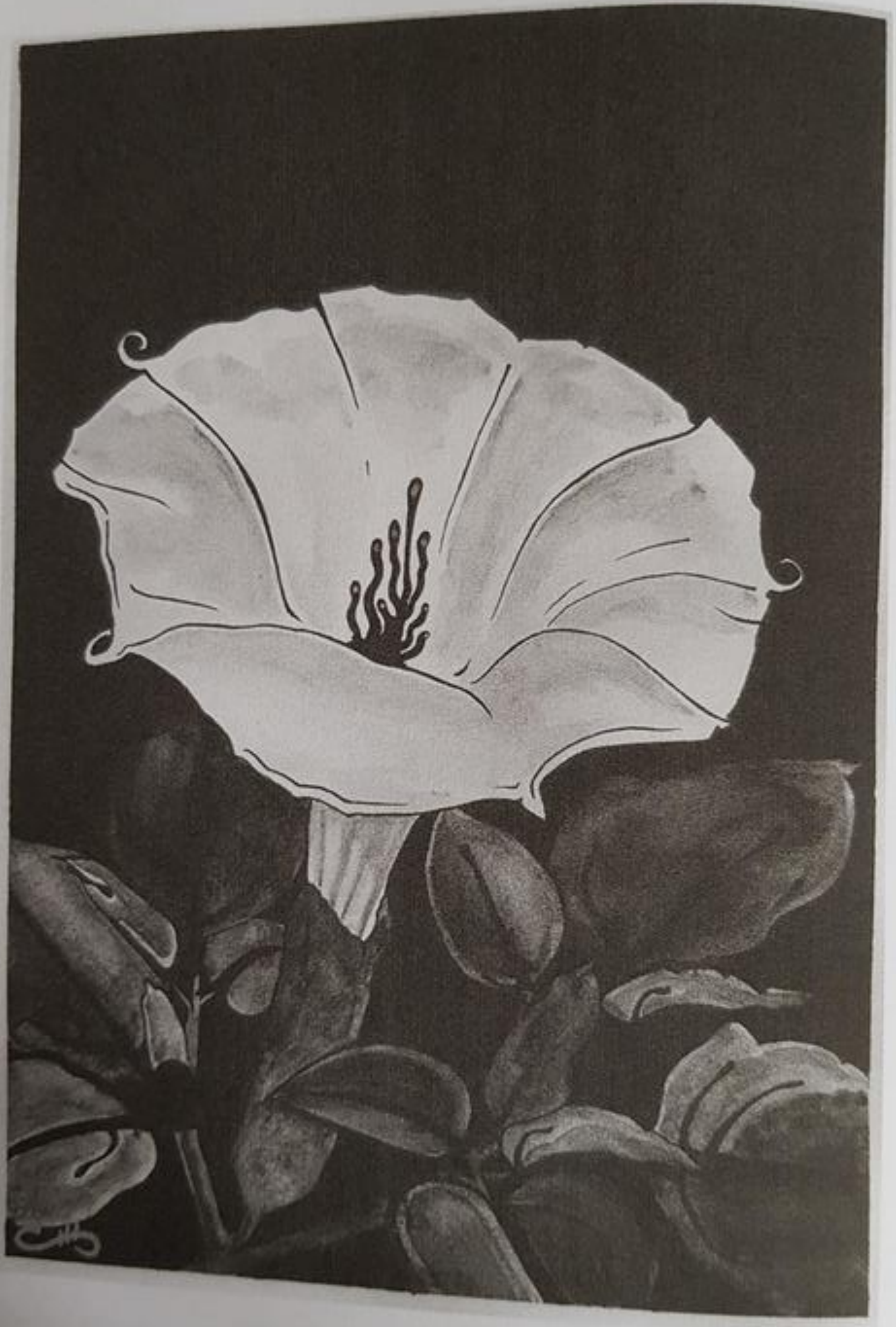

LEADERS
holy
hail
SATAN
BIBLE
TOMB
ARMAGEDDON IS AT HAND AND THE FINAL PROPHECY

Hail Satan
Ritual collage and blood on paper
In support of occultists of T.O.M.B.
Vladimír Vácovský


SIGILLUM
DREADLORDS
HOLY BIBLE

**Dreadlords**

Ritual collage and blood on paper
In support of occultists of Dreadlords
Vladimír Vácovský



**Datura Flower**

Ink on paper

Chapel of Astaroth

# Aspects of Datura Within the Sphere of Nahemoth

Frater Terminus

Within Qlipothic praxis it is known that the initiator of the first Gate of Hell is Nahema/Naamah. From this first gate one is expected to gain the blessings of the five accused nations, the Nephilim, Geburim, Raphaim, Anakim, and Amalekim. The various tribes and spirits hold many connections to Ancient kings and spirits aligned with a satanic praxis i.e. those opposed to the thoughtful side of divinity who are ever striving to tear down and hinder the force of creation. Yet to gain these blessings one must draw the attention of Maiden Lilith (Nahemah) and her flesh and blood manifestation, Naamah, descendant of Cain. Naamah is known within Hebrew and Gnostic scripture to be the seducer of many a man and spirit, namely Azazel. Yet when approaching her she is shrouded in as much darkness and shadow as those leading further into the tree of death. Where should one begin? The present author can only give evidence of what he has encountered within his ritual praxis and experimentation.

The experiment in question is the use of the spirit and essence within the plant Datura as a shamanic guide unto the underworld. It is no secret that Datura is a mighty and terrifying spirit but how does one approach her, let alone make sense of the visions within a scrying mirror and dreams? Strangely enough, the story of this spirit, Datura- Nahemah, not only extends to the ancient Sumerians, the Hebrews but interestingly enough the Aztecs as well.

Briefly explained, according to Lawrence Gardner author of Genesis of the Grail Kings and various other sources : The Annunaki, Enlil took a wife Ninlil. From them gave birth to Nanna-sin the future moon god. As punishment for this, Enlil was sent to the underworld. Upon reaching the Underworld Ninlil disguised her-self as a gatekeeper and seduced Enlil once more to give birth to the god of death Nergal. Gardner goes on to state the Union of the current ruler of the underworld, Erish-Kigal and Nergal could be the progenitors of Lillith. Yet it is interesting to note that upon the Death of Ninlil she was elevated to being a goddess of the wind, practitioners within Satanic current need not have this significance explained. It is of the current authors personal understanding that Ninlil, Lilith, Erish-kigal and Naamah are the same spirit and essence undergoing various changes, reflecting their Chaotic/Chthonic essence.

I obtained a good portion of Datura and after its obtainment performed a ritual invocation of her night side spirit according to Current 182 tradition that I have been practicing for almost 2 years. Within that time I have cared for and grew a Blackthorn plant to be my main helper spirit within this Chthonic Shamanic praxis. This spirit of the Black Thorn acts as an intermediary between the lesser and greater Saturnian spirits between Nahemah the realm of lunar and sub-lunar spirits and Sathariel the sphere of Qlipothic Saturn one of the unholy trinity within the Qlipoth . After the consecration of Datura I took my scrying mirror and smoked the dried leaves. The results were astounding.

The first manifestations upon my mirror was moth and the bat. As well as the ever shifting beautiful and crone-like aspect of Datura when I called her. Next was visions of tunnels and Draconic eyes that lead me to a great tree. Before this tree were five figures with a stag in-front of them. The figures encroached upon the stag and struck its head clean from its shoulders. I was instructed to go deeper. I went deeper, and looked into the symbols and goddesses across cultures who are associated with the moth, tree, deer and the number five; ultimately, finding the Aztec Goddess Itzpapalotl. Within Itzpapalotl's domain the reader will be interested to know that the Obsidian Butterfly, weather one chooses to identify this as Bat or Moth is her nick name. She is a skeletal, Chthonic goddess who rules over an underworld entitled Tamoanchan - the realm of children who die in child birth and well as women who die delivering them.

She is associated with the moth, Rothschilda Orizaba from the genus Saturniidae according to various internet research. So we have a goddess who is the ruler of a realm of dead children, it is no secret Hebrew lore describes Lilith as the taker of newborns. A goddess of the Cihuateteo (woman who dies during child birth) Just as Ninlil gave birth to the moon god and was banished to the underworld to give birth to yet more Chthonic spirits. As well as according to the Aztecs the Cihuateteo were shades attributed to the west wind which also bears a great resemblance to Lilith. A Goddess corresponding to a moth family with the convenient familus of (Saturn)iidae who can manifest as a beautiful seductive woman or one of terrible might. These Saturnian spirits have a lesser home within Nahemah and a fully manifest home within Sathariel governed by Lucifige Rofacale.

Interestingly enough Itzpopalotl is considered a demon of the Tzitzimime, Star demons who attack the sun during solar eclipse. Legend has it the Tzitzimime fell from the sky with her other demonic conspirators some of which having form of scorpion and toad. To further elaborate on her animalistic manifestations she can also be represented within Aztec culture to a two-headed deer. The Tzitzimime are five in number. Tlaltecuhtli, Coatlicue, Citlalicue, Cihuacoatl, and finally their leader, Itzpapalotl. The author is still meditating on the significance of the five within the scrying vision as reflections of the five accused nations or the five Tzitzimime. More than likely there are a myriad of connections within both.

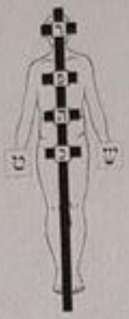
*Blood offering to a Tzitzimime. Codex Tudela, folio 76*

Finally, Itzpapalotl and her Tzitzimime, or Lilith and her Lilitu correspond with this poignant image of Tamoanchan. That of a tree split in two with a fountain of blood emerging from the center.

This image should be apparent to those of the black flame to represent the tree of life split asunder, allowing the blood line of the dragon to flow forth. Should one, even with-out Datura choose to focus on this with dedication to the tradition of usurpation and lawless becoming, the gate to the black earth will become apparent. None of these insights would have been gained without the assistance of the spirit of Datura which the author believes to be one of the various servitors of the Great Lilith's spirit.

Now to a more practical application, How can this effect you ? The author wants to give a heartfelt warning to those choosing to use Datura. There is a reason why she is poisonous, there is a reason why she kills and destroys, frequently, wayward teens and the unwary. Yet when one approaches her with the correct veneration and sacrifice within any Satanic current she can hold the keys to the underworld. From the information presented the author suggests making a talisman. Should those worthy, providing proper sacrifice and dedication towards their altars learn the correct ingredients towards their own lawless becoming, this talisman will increase the altar and practitioners power within the first gate of hell manifold. Which in turn leads to stronger manifestations of those spirits within a scrying mirror, dreams, and every day life.

Statue of Coatlicue
National Anthropology Museum
Mexico City



# ATTO 719

PT 1: PORNEIA
PT 2: ALOGOS

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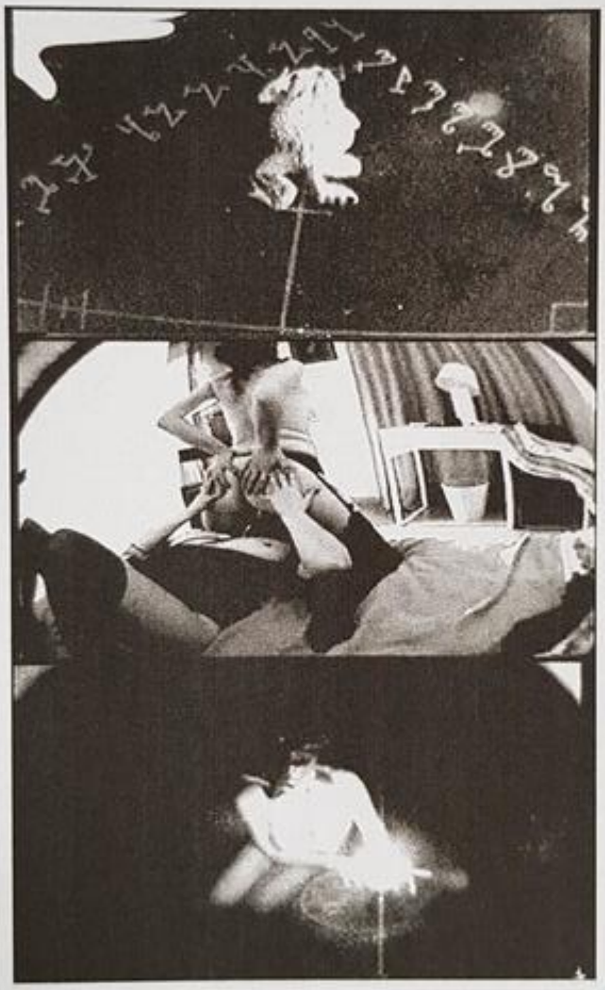
# πορνεία



We overthrow Hod as an act of abstention
the cause-effect structure.

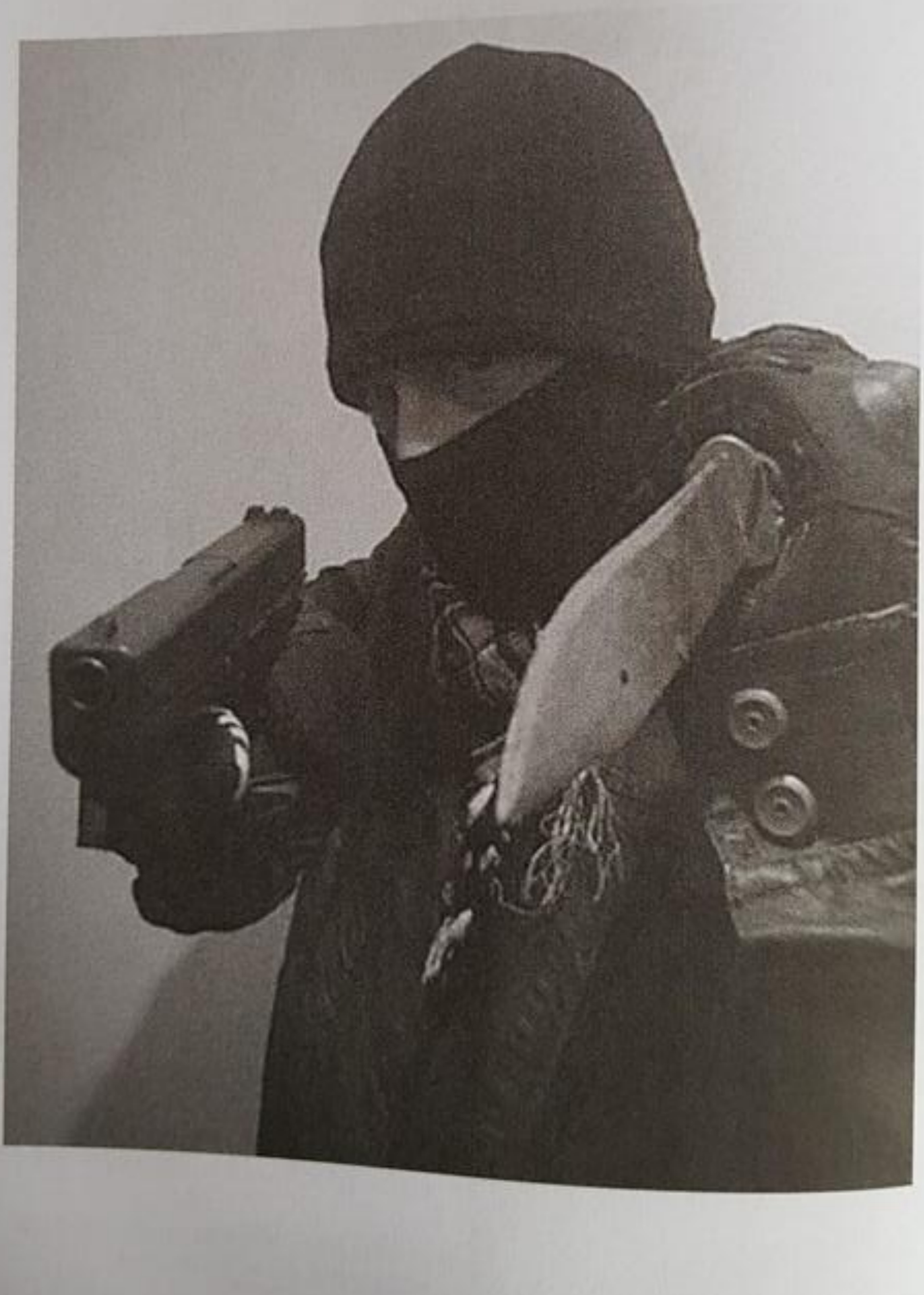
We replace the Passion to the Will
with the awareness that Holiness
pervades the matter.

# ἄλογος

Our action is a centripetal motion against the Aristotelian non-contradiction theory.

With our work we align ourselves with the chaotic structure of the Universe.

JOIN US !!



# KNIFE CODEX: The Cult of Primordial Weapon

Danilo Coppini (L.T.J 49)

## Introduction

At the making of man, no natural weapon was given to him. Weak and susceptible to inclement weather, he counted only on his survival instincts to develop weapons, tools, and strategies that helped him to overcome all obstacles. With soft skin and no claws or fangs, he found in nature what was necessary to balance the Predatory Law.

Looking at things from a cold and rational perspective man has always been prey for more aggressive and predatory species. If the purpose of man was to be prey for the other species, then the advent of the knife completely changed the intention of creation and it was a big mark in the history of mankind, a powerful and lethal Goddess of Death and Survival. The knife is the manifestation of the balance that was not granted to man at his formation. It's the physical manifestation of a greater power, an artificial claw created by death itself and presented to men in a crucial moment of their evolution.

In this contemporary universe of paleontology and archeology there are scientific suggestions strong enough to suppose that the ancestors of homo habilis had some ability to use primitive tools to slaughter animals and bone its prey. In certain Kenyan and Ethiopian archaeological sites there were found fossilized bones over three million four hundred thousand years old whose marks indicated the utilizations of rudimentary instruments, ancestors of the first blades, in the activities of hunting and food preparation. Today paleoanthropologists have discovered stone blades manufactured deliberately more than five hundred thousand years ago, shapes impossible to have been made "randomly" by nature. Most likely knives originated with splintered stones, flint, obsidian (a type of volcanic glass,) and meteorites, but they were being improved according to human needs. Throughout the evolution of man, stone blades were replaced by bone, wood, and posteriorly, and then, after the advent of metallurgy, bronze, copper, iron, steel, ceramics, and titanium.

We can't put an exact date on when man first used these tools to attack other men. Most likely, since our ancestors lived as nomads in small groups, they ended up fighting for the defense of occupied territory (where food, water and shelter existed). War instincts such as these are found in other species that live in packs, wolves, ants, and chimpanzees for example. The groups that killed and dominated more effectively grew in numbers and conquered great er territories. The art of killing was the key to survival and all opportunities to destroy rivals should be used. This meant that they were not only required to be masters of offensive attacks but also defense. Ever since the earliest of ages man has developed techniques to attack and preserve his space. It is a fundamental salient that humans are the fruits of war. Only successful warriors were able to mate and "pass their genes forward." Man created armies and all of the primitive concepts of community were based on such alignments. Weapons have transformed man from prey into the greatest predator of all history.

To master the blade was the same as being graced with a sacred gift. The clawed man (in all variants) performed his bloody rituals and gradually these rituals were being rooted as part of war itself. War became an art and weapons the embodiment of divine powers.

The fascination with the blades goes beyond all ages. The knife is the great symbol of survival, hunting, feeding, protection, prosperity, domination, and hierarchy. This instrument became so present and fundamental to the human race that it was absorbed into the religious plots of many diverse cultures. Gods and goddesses everywhere flaunted their blades by subduing enemies and imposing their parameters of Justice and Ordinance, superstitions and legends appeared all over the world, and the rustic survival tool assumed a sacred place.

## The Formation, Apogee, and Fall of the Gods of War

The great majority of deities were born out of human phobias. At first the gods were built based on 'superior' animals and natural events that the groups could not reproduce. The notion of divinity began to exist as a form of man to materialize everything he did not understand. 'Father and Mother Gods' have sprung up in all cultures to protect their fear-filled 'children' and have been constituted according to the values of each folk. The gods received shapes of raptors (totemic), the strength of felines, and other strong animals (buffaloes, elephants, snakes, and bats, amongst others), the elemental domain (fire, air, earth and water), wings, Skins and / or impenetrable scales, power to contain or promote death, mastery and influence in various thoughts and weapons.

At this very point we realize that many Gods and Goddesses were not created to corroborate humanity but to cripple it for centuries to come. Fear (in the various forms of phobias), caused the gods to sit on the thrones of collective memory where they perpetuated generation after generation as a reflection of the yearnings, desires, and failures of the people who created them. However, as had been previously reported, man had made war a complex and broad art, a creed and a religion. A warrior can be compared to a priest and his weapons, especially the blades, are his connecting points, his sacred icons, his works of art and the receptacle of his own ancestral shadows. Unlike the other gods and goddesses generated from fear and ignorance of nature, the War Gods were built to exalt the "human-predator," the adversities devastator, the bearer of the artificial claw that could fight in equality with all Animals (opponents) previously feared and deified. The Gods of War were projections of what men should be. In analyzing the evolution of some gods of this nature, we find that there are strong traits with (preceding) deities associated with the power of fertility and this corroborates with the concept that only to the greatest warriors were offered the most beautiful women in order to ensure the continuity of blood And a biological formation without fragility. In other cases they were associated with agriculture, which demonstrates the ambiguous nature of weapons and, at the same time, the protection of livelihood (one of the great causes of war).

There were gods who carried 'lightnings', magic sticks, some threw fire from innumerable other fanciful attributes. These gods could not be a reflection of men, after all, they portrayed only what men could not achieve or could not physically / mentally understand, but when a War God was worshiped in his representations, he did not show objects that were beyond reality. These gods carried muscles, armor, and weapons. Regardless of the culture / group to which this god belonged, his powers were within reach of men and were part of the physical life of society. A God of War could be represented by a mythical hero or a historical warrior.

Man have lived in groups since remote times and these social groups have created his own structures. When something goes against this composition, there is a strong pressure to suppress these opposing ideas, and war (conflict / combat) is the way to guarantee and impose superiority. Man justifies his murderous desires and impulses behind innumerable excuses, but we have full conviction that it is an instinctive reaction or even a subconscious action for domain. However, the evolution of society has created lamentable point in our structure by suppressing the ethics of violence and virility, constantly imposing moral values that inhibit combat instincts and promote education to "unlearn" war as well.

The disastrous result was the construction of a tamed society. The Gods of War were being weakened and transmuted according with the exaltation of passivity began to overlap the 'predator-man'. The power - representation of the group organization that guarantees the ordinance of all structure - was gradually being removed from the hands of the warriors and being exercised by men with more diplomatic rather than aggressive inclinations. The consequence of this transition was the emergence of Gods who were molded from a dual essence, after all, war continued to exist, but more veiled and hidden under a mask of Justice. The worship of the ancient deities was falling into oblivion or being adapted as part of a completely enslaving and manipulative plot. This was because warriors began to be restrained from diplomatic decisions. Again, we see gods submissive to the evolution of man.

The powerful genes that were inherited by man were being replaced and old, defeated phobias returned in greater numbers and intensity. Man, like his Gods, became weak, oppressed, blinded spiritually and physically, and tamed by hundreds of codes of conduct. As the incapacitated had the opportunity to exercise power, they created rules to protect them and learned that the art of war should be taught only to the group that would protect this newly created model of society. Kings and Queens became trained dogs in the hands of manipulators in the name of the Law and the population returned to being made up of prey.

# The Father and Mother of All Weapons

All the transformations that took place in the world were influenced by disputes. Regardless of the 'Culture of Fragility' imposed on men over the centuries, weapons bravely resisted and perpetuated. A small chipped stone was much tougher than societal beliefs and models. The apogee and decline of the great warriors and their gods caused the evolution of weapons to become driven in mysterious ways and adapted to the time and space but still without losing the majesty. The energy of these mortal instruments is still alive, despite the numerous attempts to ban and restrict them.

The knife is the Mighty Father/Mother of All Weapons. We understand that a knife can be understood as follows: Every sharp object that can be wielded can be considered a knife. Thus, swords, sabers, tridents, axes, spears, arrows, maces and even firearms are direct descendants of this primitive tool. Objects built to protect bodies (shields, helmets, and armor) are considered indirect descendants of the same ancestral matrix. Unlike men who have had their strong genes subdued, the "genes" of knives have remained intact for thousands of years, after all, it was not first conceived as only a combat weapon, but also as a necessary tool for the survival of men. Poetically, knives are the expression of balance, of perfect love, of awakening in face of the problems of survival, and their uses are the same from the primitive eras to the present days - which includes disputes, hunts, and murders.

The vast majority of human beings manipulate them daily, mechanically, without imagining all the history hidden in the blades. This ignorance is a natural consequence of the return to the state of 'food' (now measured in energetic levels). The genes of our warrior ancestors were buried under a thick layer of pacifist and egalitarian submission transmitted generation after generation. We are the product of fear and all of our thoughts are slaves of clay molds made throughout hundreds of years. Man believes that he possesses freedom of thought, however, this is a false sensation fueled by invisible barriers contained in our own psychic labyrinths, the fruits of a transgenerational inheritance.

## The Soldier and the Warrior

The great majority of men do not know how to differentiate a soldier from a warrior. In fact, historically, there have been incidents where the classifications have merged, that is, a soldier became a warrior or a warrior became a soldier. But under no circumstances can we understand this as a rule.

We define a soldier as a person who works, voluntarily or not, in the armed forces or militarized patrols of a certain sovereign region. They receive a specific and gradual training and, throughout these activities, use military equipment to carry out their functions. They are governed by Major Laws and Internal (Military) Laws that determine their conduct, how they behave and react to certain adversities. The function of a soldier is to dedicate his life (or a determined time of it) to defend militarily the interests of his homeland.

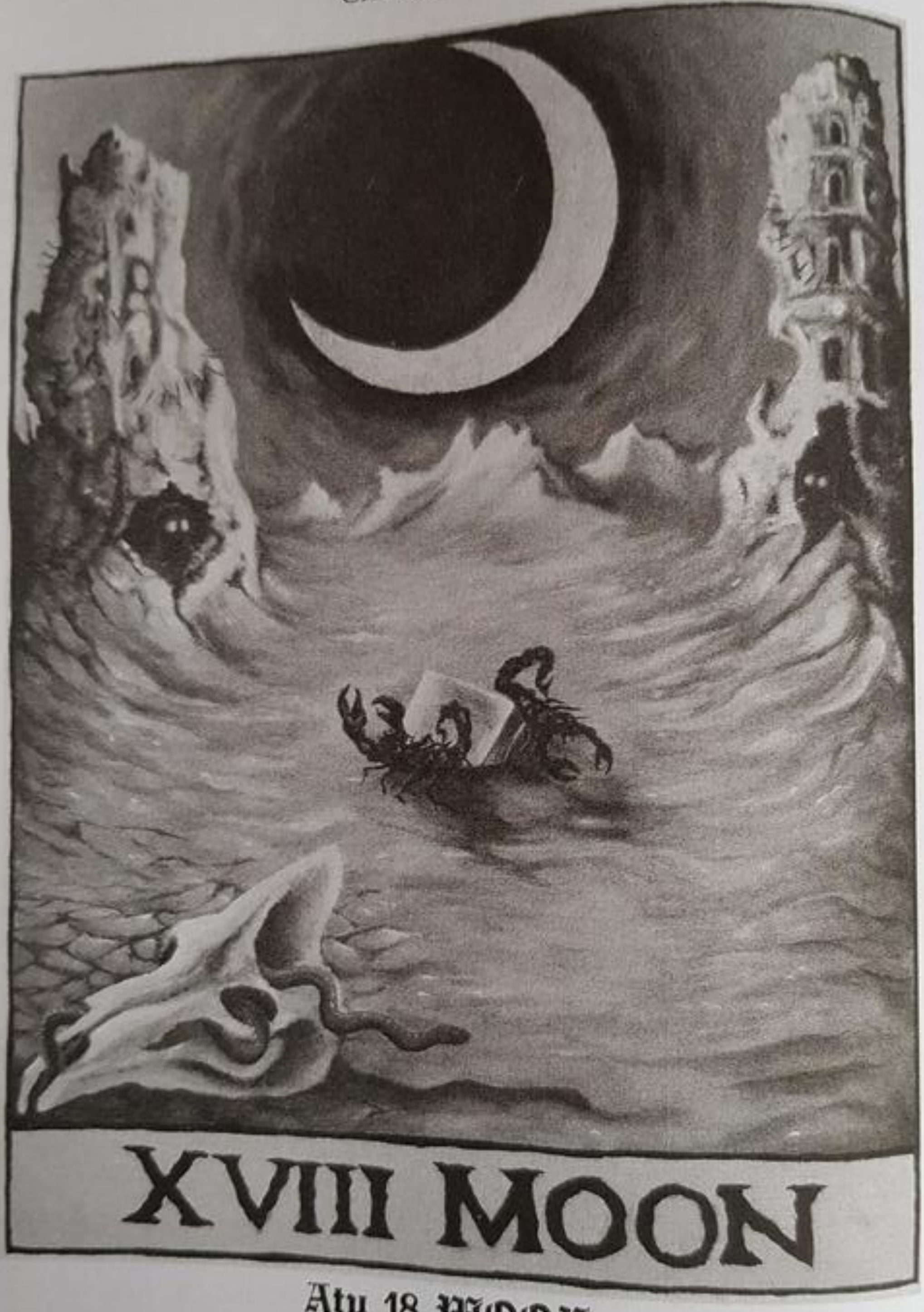
The warrior is classified as a person who fights for his own interests, goals, and dreams with strength and determination. He has great personal abilities that naturally come out in moments of precision. There were peoples in the past who have stimulated such impulses within their members since a young age, such as the Maoris and the Vikings. Warriors usually defend their ideals with vigor and intensity, are belligerent, committed to what they believe to be the right path, and do not position themselves neutrally in situations that have opposite poles. Warriors are committed to their goals because unlike the soldiers, they fight for what they believe to be right and not for what is determined to them. Warrior impulses are contrary to apathetic or phlegmatic impulses. A warrior is not a threat to society, but he does not surrender to everything imposed on him. A warrior has an internal code created from various life experiences that is capable of guiding his decisions. Warriors exalt courage, bravery, loyalty, and honor. Not all have access to weapons and military training, however, they do not avoid combat when necessary. They struggle with everything within their reach.

"Difference between Soldier and Warrior:
The warrior knows which battle to obstinate or give up.
The soldier follows orders."
-Alber Germânio

True warriors do not follow orders blindly and have a questioning tendency. They fight for what they believe in to the point that they will even give their own lives if necessary, always considering their thoughts before every act, after all, they are own their own 'Scales of Justice'. When they make a mistake they have the honor to apologize and repair it if necessary. What makes a warrior brilliant is the ability to join projects that exalt their personal characteristics, motivating them to achieve their goals. By having a war like nature, (both internally and externally when necessary,) everything that helps him to become what he really is becomes necessary at some point along his evolutionary journey.

Warriors are forged in iron and fire, in the heat of personal disputes, and their motivation is what makes their acts so powerful, after all, those who fight for what they believe in are allied with overcoming. This is one of the main foundations of Knife Cult.

Photos: Fig. 1- Danilo Coppini / Fig. 2- Zeis Araujo
Symbol: "The Constant War"
English translation: Nathan Portela
Correction by David Simmons (Hanged Man's Seed)
This text is part of the Knife Codex project.



Atu 18 MOON
Oil on board
Erica Frevel
Private commission by Bölþorn;
an initiate of the Seven-fold Sinister Way

Portrait of Mutating Fire Demon in Astral Form
Oil, blood and goldleaf on board
Erica Frevel
From the private collection of DD Chainsaw

# Star Coffin

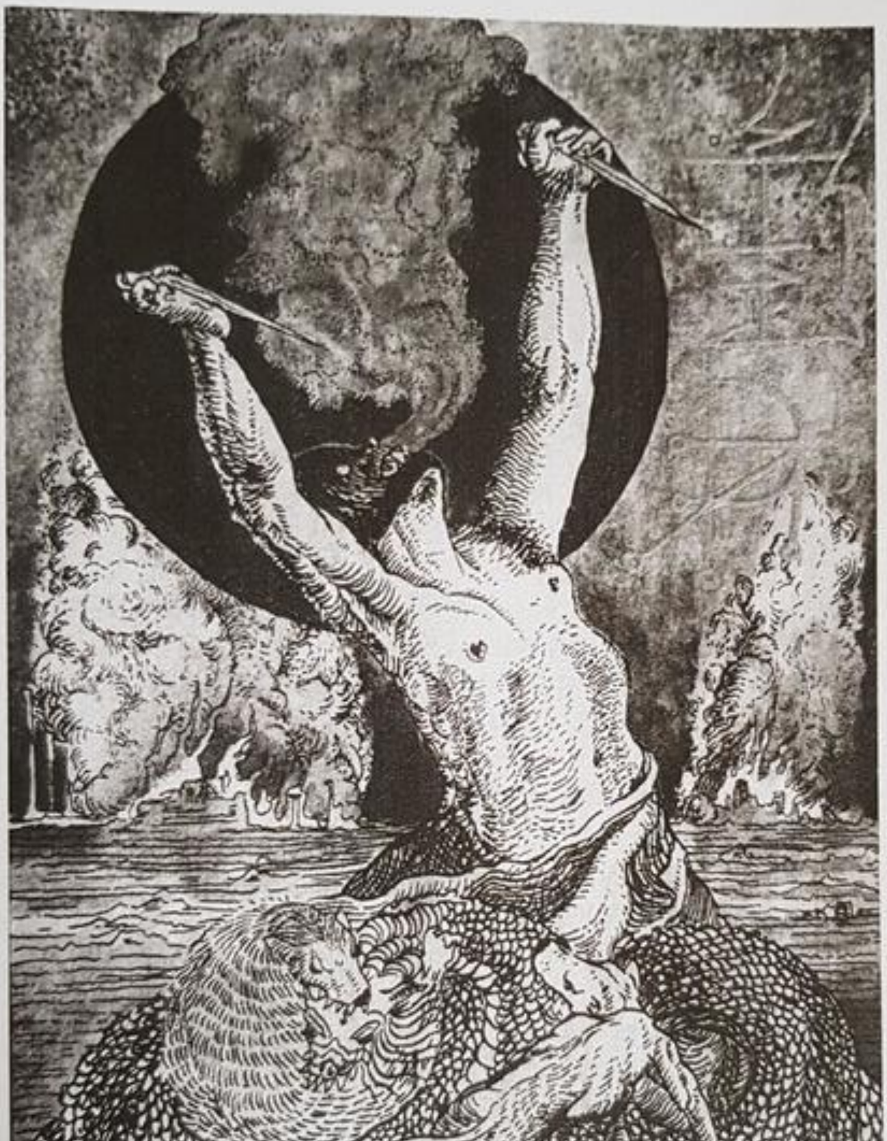
VAMAPALAH,
TEMPLE OF NIGHT

Rise from your grave,
Deepest mother of dreams.
I twist reality for your return,
And bind the hands of prayer,
With razorwire.

Blood drunk,
On the incandescence,
Of militant dragonism,
From a foot soldier of night.

Come again the ways of strength.
Come with nightmare gaze.
Return from death,
The cackle of laughter's flame.

From this red whetted blade,
The key to your star coffin congeals.
Opening eternity,
From whence the final darkness roars.



# Last Fire

Ink and blood on paper
Erica Frevel

# The Traveler

On a plain grey platform, I wait for the train, pacing back and forth alongside the other travelers. There is a span of boredom which I fill with thoughts of luggage and small familiar objects that might fill the luggage. A collective movement of heads toward the left of the horizon snaps me out of my thoughts. The train arrives on time and we all nod in agreement that this is our train. This is why we are here. I step back to allow all the other travelers to enter a series of thin doorways into the train. Faces fill the windows and look out onto the platform where they stood only a moment ago. The last of the travelers enter the train but I pause without knowing why. I see the luggage being unloaded from the undercarriage by men who don't speak to each other. A distinct wet slamming of meat against concrete. There are oddly shaped, lumpy, poorly wrapped packages on the platform with me. I stare at them until the train whistles at me, pushing me to make a decision. I lean over the packages and feel the cool shadow of the locomotive move forward on its timely journey. I am alone with the packages. I unfold the outer wrapping of thick black plastic. There are bodies of young girls with no heads. I search for the heads in the mound of packages but cannot find any. The flesh is streaked tan and baby blue. Part of it is dead and part of it is still living. I wonder, whose luggage is this?

A tall man in a thick black pea-coat and leather gloves moves toward me from the far end of the platform. He walks with steady soft steps directly before me and the luggage. He tips his brimmed hat, smiles with exposed teeth and asks if these are my packages? I tell him that they are under my care now, as they are unclaimed, but I am not a thief. Were they his on the train? He tells me he only has use for the heads, that I am free to claim the rest with no ill will from him. I stoop down to unwrap a thick red cord around the black plastic to expose the entire length of a female body. I run the back of my middle finger along the open wound of the throat, between the cold separated breasts, graze the navel and feel the course blond pubic hair in between my fingers. The man nods toward me and indicates that I am to follow him.

"Bring your newly acquired gifts with you."

He walks with measured steps past me and waits for me near a freight elevator. He holds the doors for me with muscular gloves hands. I carefully drag all the bodies into its spacious cage. I arrange them just as they were with the exposed body on top of the others. He smirks at my caution in arranging them. He asks if any of this seems familiar. I tell him no.

"I am just a traveler who missed a train."

He slowly shakes his head in disagreement. His thin mouth hangs open a moment before he speaks again. He has a strange eastern accent I cannot place. He clenches his teeth and moves his tongue oddly at the end of his statements. He speaks another language to himself inside the privacy of his closed mouth.

"You are no longer a horizontal traveler. Trains charge forward only toward the horizon or away from the platform man has built," every word ringing with a metallic tone that I can almost taste in the air. It gives me a sharp pain behind my eyes to listen to him.

He retracts his arm into the elevator and the doors close. There are no buttons to indicate floors. He makes a series of crossing gestures with his index finger in the air between us. The elevator jerks itself free from its inertia and we start to descend. Slowly at first, just like the man's gestures. He steps closer to me. Closer again. He is standing over me and the packages. He is breathing but only barely and I can see his lack of breathe as the elevator becomes colder. I wonder how far we are descending to bring about such change in temperature. I place a hand in my pocket to appear unfazed. The further over me he leans the faster the elevator moves. He searches my face for signs of distress. I do my best to remain straight faced during his inquiry. Without breaking eye contact he raises his left hand and extends his fingers upward. The elevator quickens its pace. We begin to move with such speed that I can feel my consciousness slipping away. I feel the blood rushing away from my face to be replaced with cold numbness. I almost ask him to stop. He finally clenches his fist in the air with the sound of creaking leather and the elevator gently stops. The doors slide open and he politely moves aside and lets me pass by to unload the packages. I line them neatly on the dirt floor before looking up to decide where we are. There are no trains. There are no platforms. I can't tell where we came from because there is no elevator anymore. There is only an undulating darkness where we had just been. It becomes clear that there is no way back.

He claps his hands together three times and separates into two identical men. They both clap their hands and a dozen filthy mutated creatures emerge from the dirt and swing their hips to slap their hideous feet toward the two men. The men point at the packages.

"Bring the lady's gifts into the holding place."

They obey their orders and work together to lift each body before loping over the side of a hill. They disappear in the darkness beyond us. I imagine the blond pubic hair becoming dusty and grey.

Unencumbered by any further loading and unloading, I am free to search the landscape. There is a sky but it has no sun. No moon. There is only a dim greyness emanating from above that sheds so little light that I am forced to move my face very close to what I am inspecting. I trip over something. I pick up a pale blue shoe and lift my left foot over my right knee to determine if they would fit. They are too small. I see another pair of pale yellow shoes with ornate straps. They too are not my size. The men laugh to each other while looking on at my activities.

"Leave what you cannot carry," they say in a metallic harmonized voice.

They each gently put a hand on my shoulder and lead me downhill. There is dust kicked up on our path and cracking sensations underfoot as we move together. It grows colder and colder down the hill and my ears pop from the altitude change. I jerk my head to catch what I think sounds like music from another time wafting through the dead air. I slip and lose my balance and they let me fall forward despite their grip on me. I catch my fall on a thin skull and crack it with my weight. I pick shards of the skull out of my hand and the men seem delighting and surprised by a trickle of blood from my palm.

They glance at each other and then say to me,
"All blood is welcome here."

I see such perfect skulls all around us. Some are stacked together as if they are part of a structure beneath us. I am taken by the sheer amount of bones and skulls, every one unique in shape, the colors ranging from burnt orange to a perfect lily white. The men notice my delight. I ask them if I may take some with me? I have a shrine. I want to use them for my shrine.

One of the men reaches into his pea-coat and hands me a green velvet satchel. I fill it with three skulls after examining them closely like choosing ripe fruit.

"The bodies were gifts. Erotic life. Flesh and hair. Take the skulls to your shrine if you wish."

They hurry down the hill past me. I try to keep up but they are leaping over bones in front of each other. There is a large black car, an older model, waiting for them. One opens the passenger door for the other and enters the driver's side himself. I make my way to the car clutching the satchel so the skulls don't bounce together and crack. I pause like I paused before the train. I can see my reflection in the rear window and I look sick. My eyes are sunken and my skin is pale and turning purple around my mouth. I tell myself it is only the effect of the strange dim light from the sky. I move my hand toward the door and it opens for me. I slide inside the dark vehicle on the rear passenger side. There is only one man in the car. He is the driver.

"You have chosen three of death's heads. They are yours now. But they were not gifts like the girls of flesh and hair. You must give payment before you reach your shrine again."

I am confused about the gifts and the flesh and the hair and the bodies and the skulls. I can't remember accepting any gifts. Who gave them to me? I can't even remember what the destination of my train was. There is no way back to the train platform now and I know this. There is only a path downward. A further descent into the musty cold. Why did I want the skulls so badly? What did I think they could do on my shrine that they hadn't done on the hill of bones? Even so, I thought it ill advised to recant.

"What will you accept for payment?"

The car slows to a stop and the man spins around to meet my gaze. He smiles and I am both terrified and comforted.

"A transformation. I can show you."

He reaches into his pea-coat again and pulls out a revolver from an inner pocket. It is well shined and new. He nods for me to take it from him. I reach my hand out and grasp the top of the barrel. I pull it into my lap with the velvet covered skulls. I carefully push open the cylinder to count the bullets. There are only two.

The other rear door opens and the man’s twin enters beside me. Now they are both looking at me and the gun.

“Transform him. He has wronged me.”

Before he could finish his sentence I have a vision flash before me. I see the man with two entry wounds in his head. One is on his temple and the other is above it to the right. I see myself opening the door and kicking his body out of the car. He is heavy and I have to kick him twice to push his weight fully away from me.

“Transform him. Give me payment.”

I don’t understand how he could have wronged himself. Now the man beside me is staring forward at the identical driver. I’m afraid that if I kill one, the other will die. Neither of them show any hesitation.

The driver bellows without anger, “TRANSFORM HIM. THIS IS MY PAYMENT."

I raise the revolver toward the man’s head. He doesn’t look at me. I feel my finger on the trigger. I feel its slight resistance. I aim at his temple. I squeeze twice and see him slump over as the empty casings ping against the window and roll under the seat. There is a red hole in his temple and another nearby. I reach over to open the door and kick him twice just as in the vision. The weight of his torso pulls the rest of him down. Blood runs off the interior of the door and the dust below swallows it, taking it deep within itself like a parched animal. The door closes itself.

“Your vision is your action. There is no difference now. You have paid one of three debts to me.”

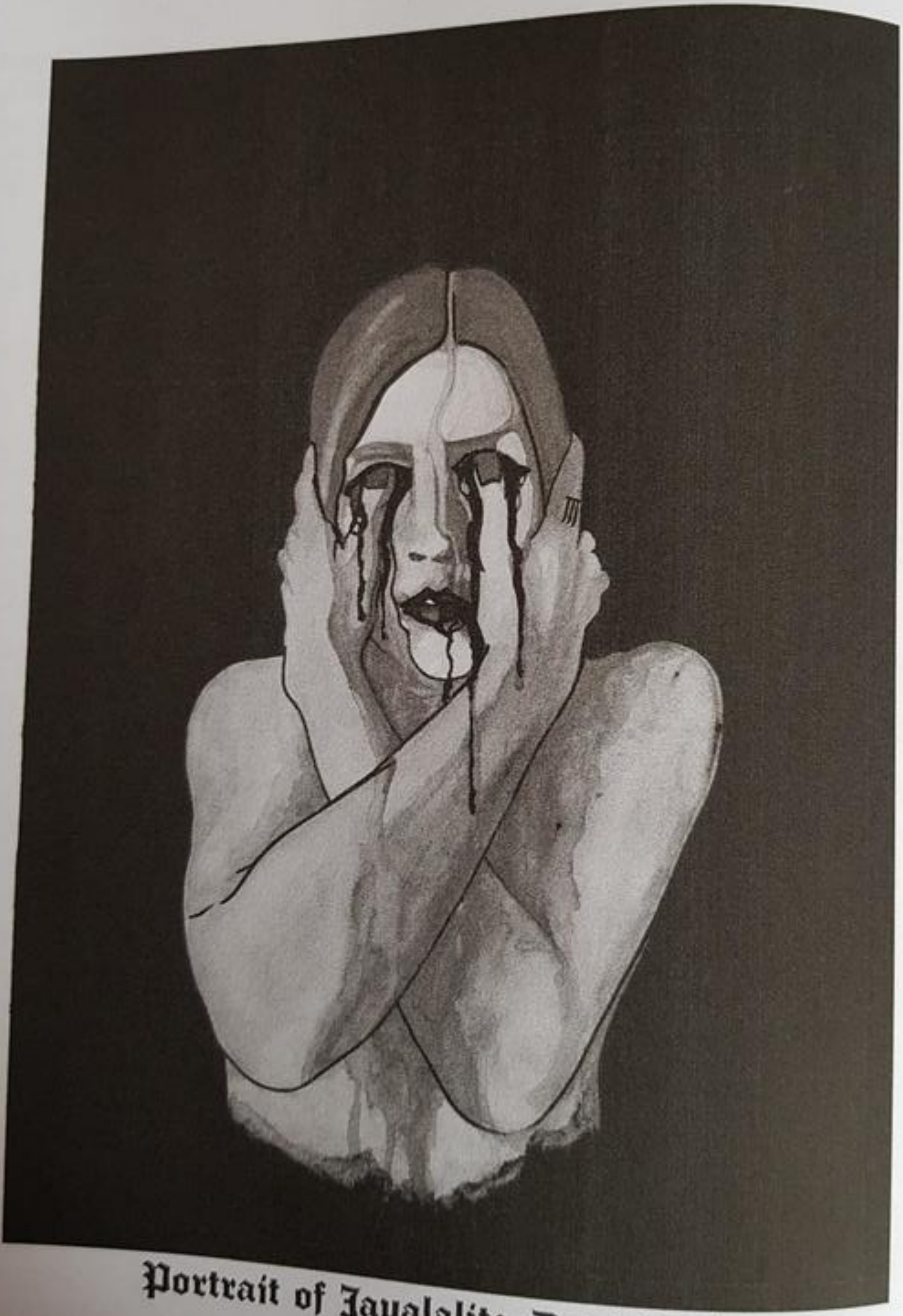
I try to hand him his revolver back by the handle but he waves it away. I open the top of the satchel to put it inside. Something is wet. One of the skulls is growing flesh. It smells like rotten meat instead of dust. The satchel turns a dark emerald green with the fluid it is absorbing.

The driver moves the car forward as he answers a questions I never asked.

“This place is not the garden of Eden.”

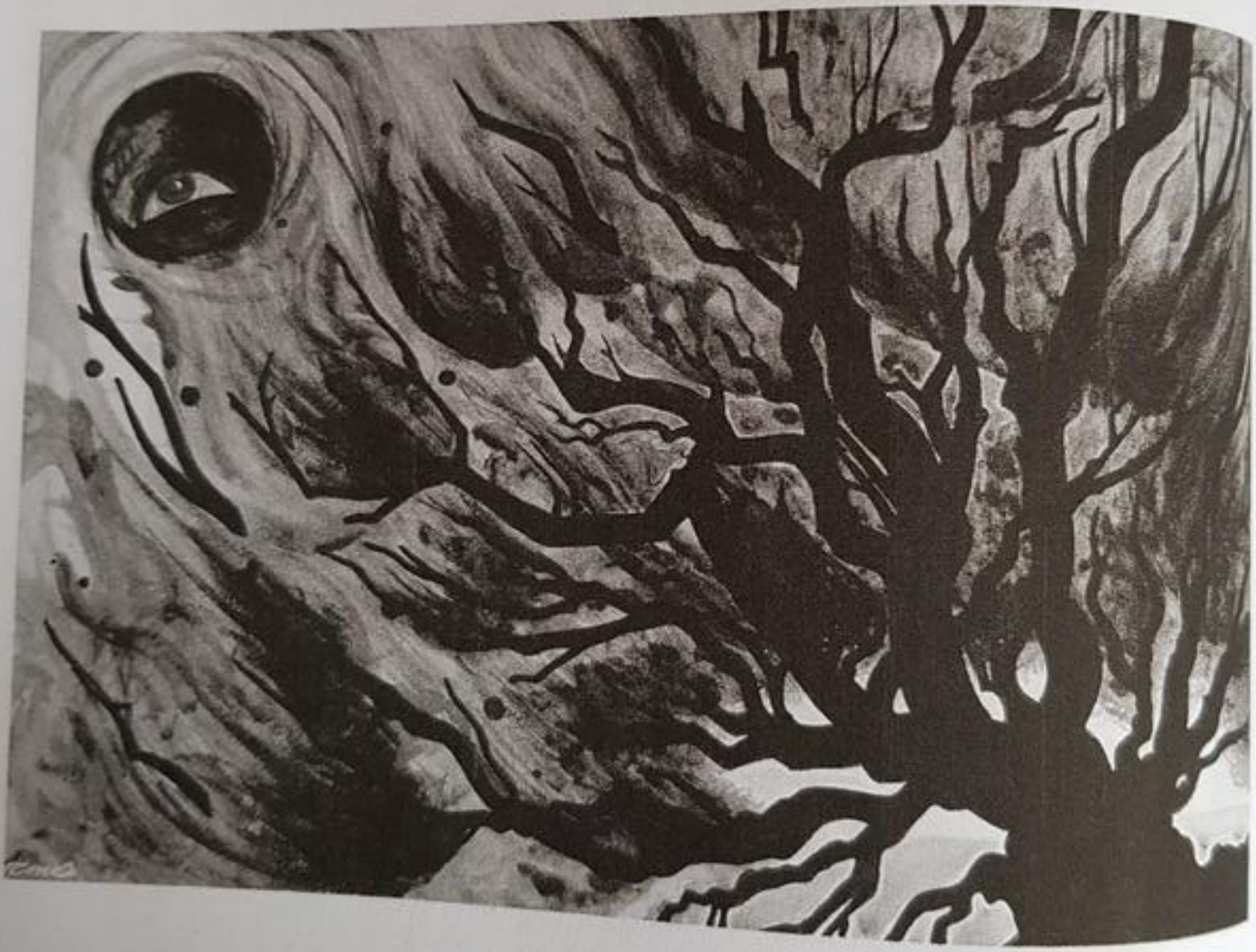
I ask him where the road leads then, if this is not a garden?

“The Citadel.”

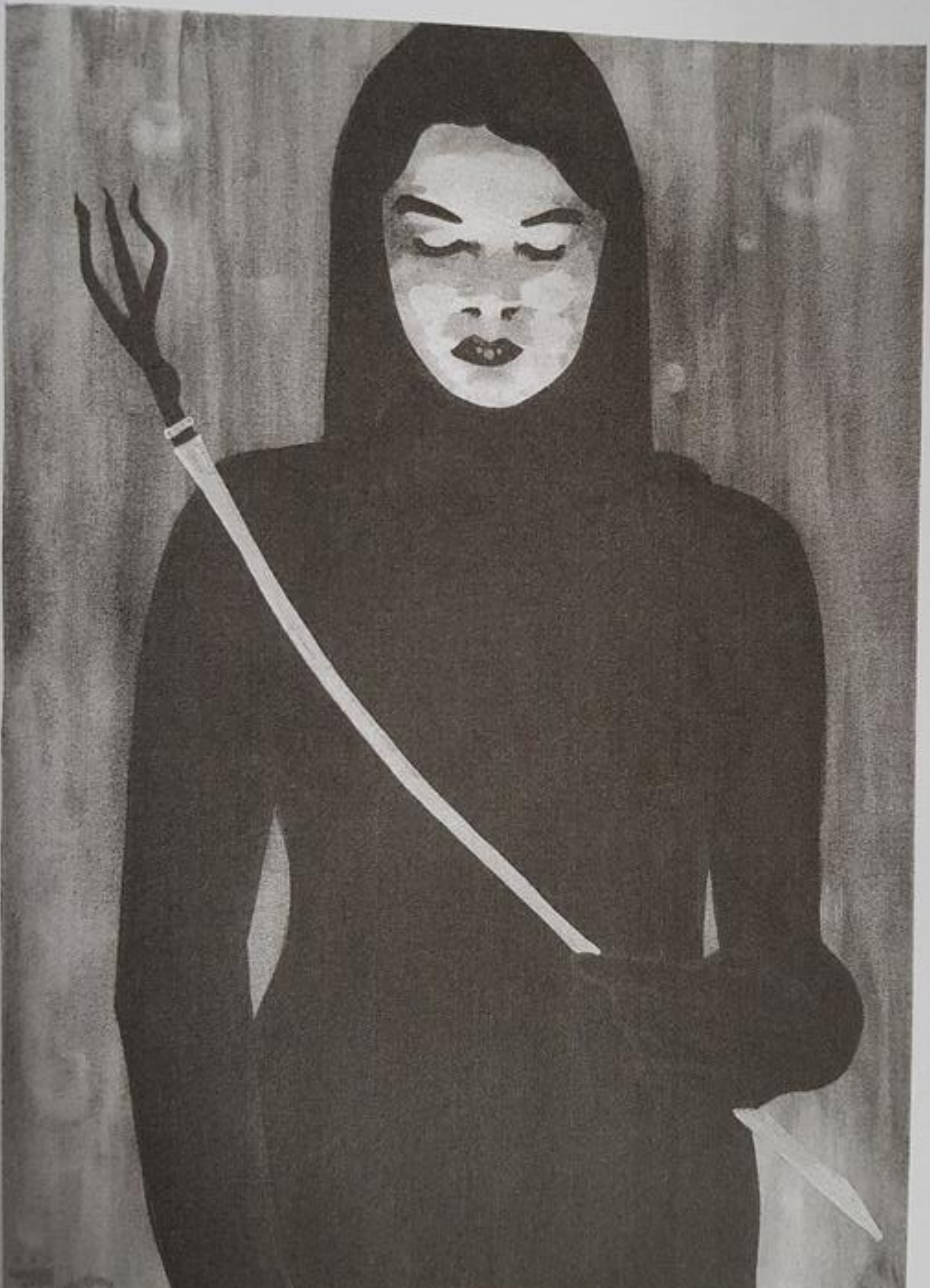


**Portrait of Jayalalita Devi Dasi**
Ink on paper
Chapel of Astaroth

**Untitled**
Ink on paper
Chapel of Astaroth



**Andura**
Ink and blood on paper
Chapel of Astaroth



**Three ov Wands**
Ink on paper
Chapel of Astaroth

# Pilgrimage

Zoran Antonijevic

We are walking
Silently through the desert
Looking at the skies
Stars are winking at us
Tartish guideposts
Flickering Heavenly neon-lights
For the angelic whorehouses

There's no way we can go
It is so far away
Only a miracle
Can lead us to that eden

It is uncertain
What if at the end of the road
You become me
And I become you
Like back then, when
We were walking the Holy Mountain
Following the coo
Of the pigeon flock
Which led us to a recluse
Where we realized nirvana
While we voiceless fucked

Never mind, let's go
The ride is coming
From the cloud descending
Holy Archangel

You ride him first

# S&M Ritual

Zoran Antonijevic

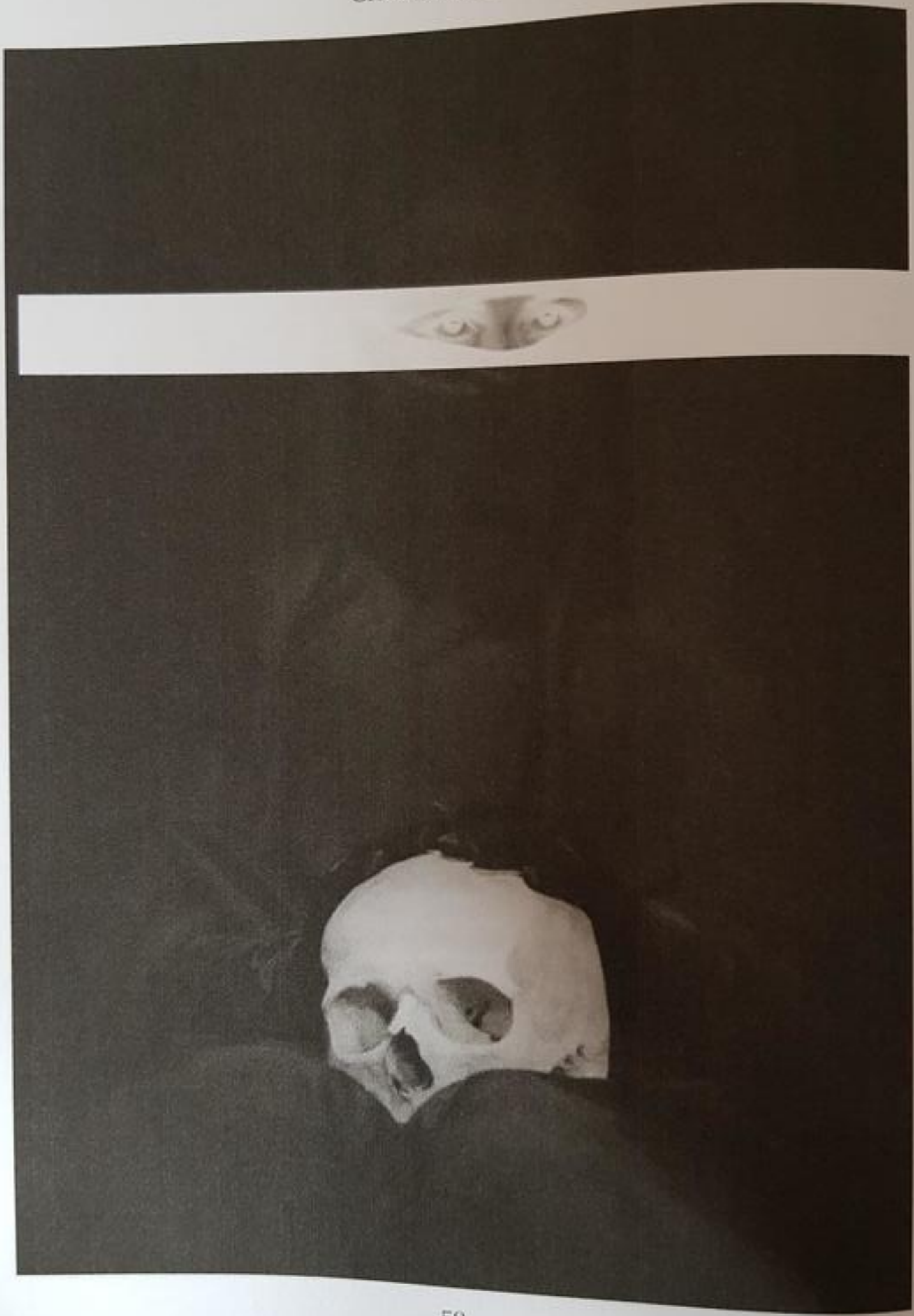
When I hear it
How much you beg me
To love you
When I hear
Tears hitting the ground
I will find mercy for you
Like a god

On your breasts
I will light up briquettes and incense from Jerusalim

Over your mouth I will tie, with rosary
a goatling bone washed in holy water

Instead of a paper, I will use your skin
That what I will inscribe upon you
With a whip and a scalpel
Is a sacred secret
Which you must
Reveal to everyone
Or forget about
666
slaps in the face

## CHORONZON III



# The Devil's Icon

## An Interview with
## Fosco Culto

The following is an interview with a friend and fellow Satanic artist, Karina Kulyck, better known as her painting pseudonym: Fosco Culto. Born in St Petersburg, Russia, she began painting at a young age before moving to Ukraine where she studied at Lviv Academy of Arts. She has since settled in Livorno, Italy and has representation with Stephan Romano Gallery in NYC. Her paintings can been seen in International occult publications as she is well versed in Black Magic and Satanism. She is also a gifted singer and musician, releasing dark ritual ambient under the pseudonym Lamia Culta. She also works within a musical collaboration known as Corona Barathri. Her demonic paintings are used as album art in her musical projects, effectively bridging her two current disciplines. Despite her notoriously elusive persona, she allowed me to conduct this interview in the summer of 2017.

**Erica Frevel:** Under what circumstances did you first embrace Satanic worship? Was there an initiation?

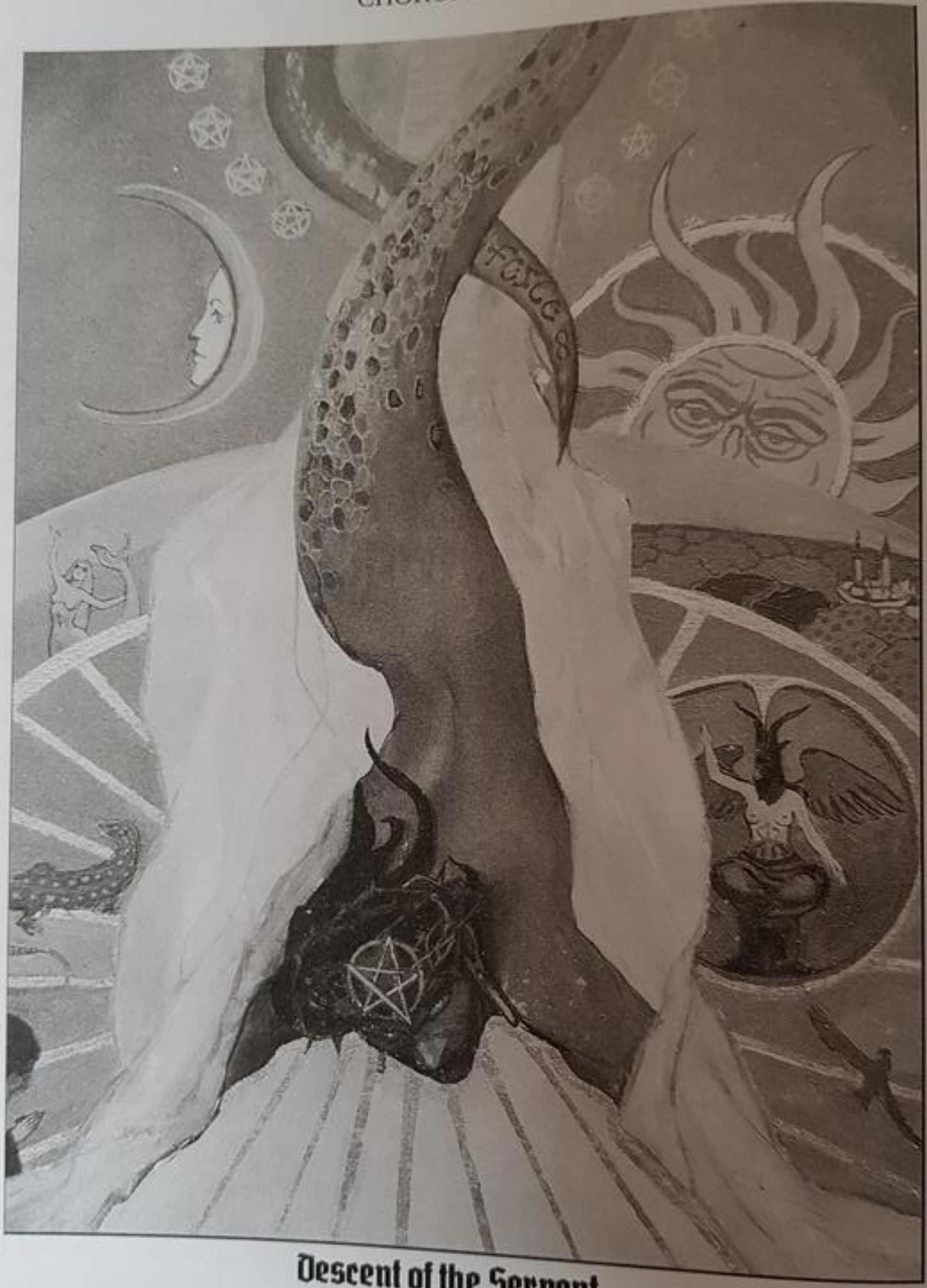
**Fosco Culto:** I consider the year 1999 the date of the transition to the side of Darkness. I saw this Way more noble than following Christian or other religions of light. I was interested in magic, I liked the dark aesthetics. This is the Path of the Singles, and I have always been lonely. There was no information on how to correctly conduct the ritual of self-initiation. But soon I found the right one and spent it in the woods at night. I lit up the first black candles in my life. Then I found two friends with similar interests and we began to conduct rituals in the forest and gather information together.

Patre Satane
Et si
Sanguinem
cum abrupta
Patre
Satana, Rex
hominum tremende,
Induce me in
Infernum

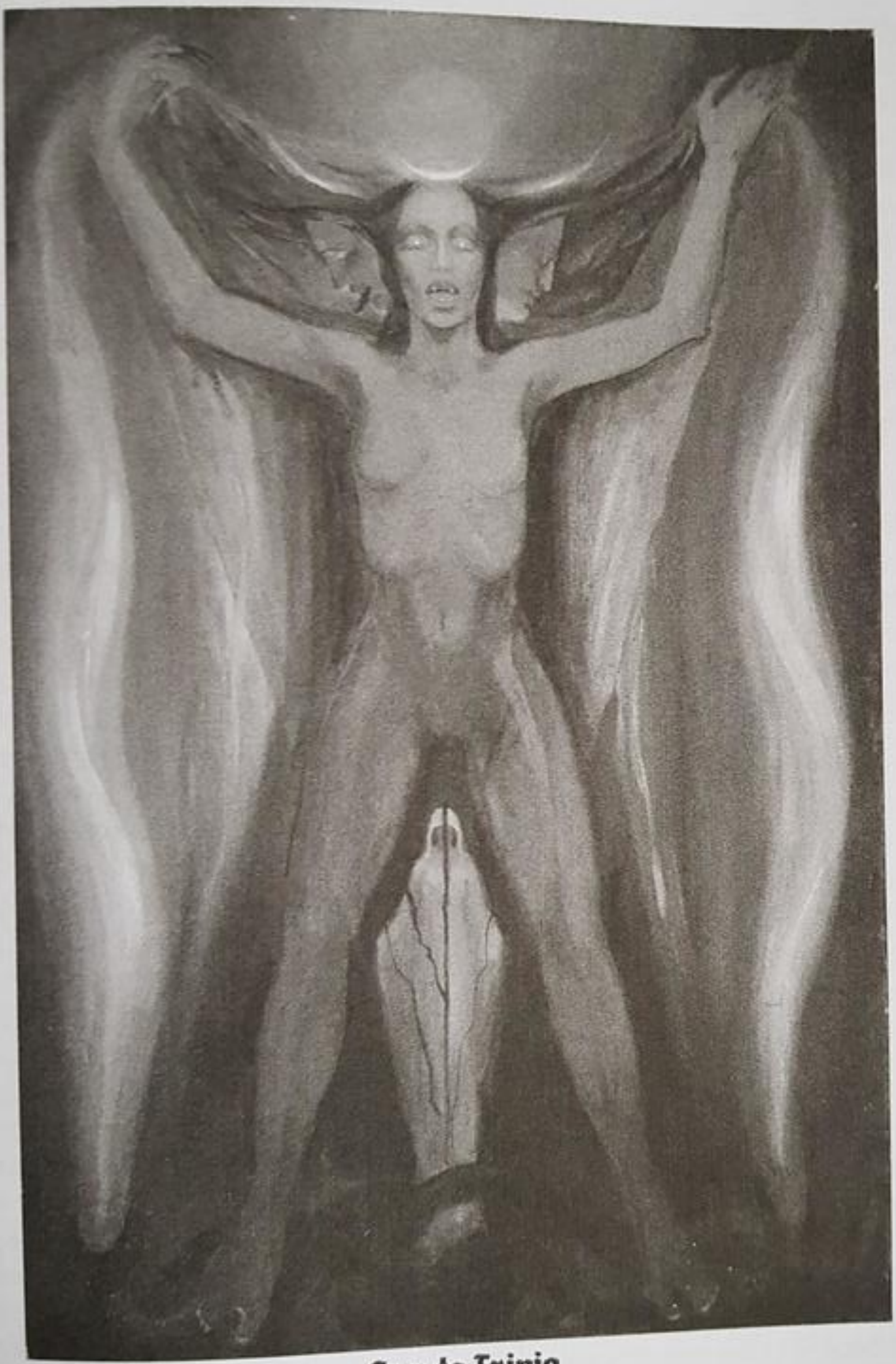
**Erica Frevel:** Your paintings hold such intense emotional states. Even the brightest colors invoke a certain darkness and sense of spiritual isolation. Do you experience visions? Are your paintings reactions to your Satanic devotion?

**Fosco Culto:** My pictures absorbed my emotions and thoughts, because I could not discuss my hobbies and experiences with others. They just did not understand me. I always had to seem simpler. Those who were close, wanted to give me good advice, how to make people like you. I talked on topics that are interesting to them. I was afraid of being alone. I wanted to have company. On the other hand, I so despised people and their idiocy, that directly radiated a negative. People felt it and avoided me. Those who were around had always an excuse to accuse me of my problems and say that I should be grateful to them for the fact that they are still communicating with me. As for satanists - some of them are too far away for real friendship, and some of them I hate and it is impossible to build something useful together. A lot of mad, stupid, perverted and dangerous abusers like the mask of the Devil. Better to stay alone then to stay near such persons.

Now I understand that (after myself ) my mother is my best friend and the most reliable person. Of course, I understand that I do not have to listen to everything. But more often than not, she was right. In my family loved art and from childhood I was shown books with reproductions of famous artists. When I began to live alone, I started to paint by oil. At the same time, I investigated satanism and magic. I started with deliberately dark tones, because, like all newcomers, I saw only the invert of white, the wrong side of the light, I wanted to infuriate the people who got into their heads that the flowers and barbie-type are ideal. Therefore, I chose with my favorite music the most vile noise and the most blasphemous bands of the style of black metal, death, grindcore. Black in everything. Black lipstick, black hair, black walls in the house and all just terrible and brutal. This was the stage of Nigredo. Confrontation and Denial of imposed ordinary thinking. In order to appreciate the beauty of the flower and the rainbow - it was necessary to have more experience and thoughts in your head, you had to go through the pain and blackness of the years to fully learn to see the beauty of the entire palette. My mother criticized my first pictures. She spoke, 'there is no space, it's just black colors'. Although now she likes my early works. Then I remembered what the teacher of painting told me when I was 6 years old: black is used in graphics. In painting, black must be excluded altogether. Replace it with a dark color. And he showed examples. He was a kind person and died soon, as many really good people. Many years passed and I completely ruled out the black pigment. Very rarely I use it. I wanted to learn how to transmit Dark without black. The same thing about music - after many years of practice and just



**Descent of the Serpent**
Oil on canvas
Fosco Culto



**Hecate Trivia**
Oil on canvas
Fosco Culto

life I see Darkness even in the singing of birds. I do not listen to metal. I found a lot of music, in which there is a lot of demonic influence. Blues, for example. Enough dark music. All my life is a Devotion.

**Erica Frevel:** When I first saw your paintings several years ago they were attributed to a mysterious name: Fosco Culto. Why do you choose to show paintings under this name? Do you think the name will ever change as you progress on your spiritual path?

**Fosco Culto:** Before I came up with a pseudonym, I tried to sign the first works differently. My name never suited me. When I was 19 I found in the occult book the symbols of evil spirits, and there was an inverted letter "K". There are few works signed in this way. But, I finally decided. I entered the Academy of Art and there I met musicians who invited me to play in a music band. Then I got excited about the idea of playing black metal. And in BM, as you know, all performers use nicknames. One of my favorite bands was the group Darkthrone. From there - "Culto". Now it sounds so funny and prosaic .. But then I was such an impressionable and ideological person, I was also fond of occultism, namely, I was interested in black magic. I knew that I had to build a base for my new personality, to look for a new name. Which will suit me always. My parents divorced and my mother went to Italy. For the Ukrainian people, that meant everything. The Italian language seemed not jaded, like English. Fosco is a word that I liked, it meant "gloomy". Fosco Culto suited me for many reasons. First, it sounded ominous. Secondly, it was impossible to determine exactly who it was - a man or a woman. Because I always knew that the Higher does not have gender, but is a pure energy, essence, phenomenon. Inhuman. Otherworldly.

For a long time I used only this pseudonym, composing music and signing paintings. I refused to perceive my old identity before Initiation. Fosco Culto is the name of the one who creates, this is not a name for everyday life. It gave me strength to go on, to believe in the best. Only once did I want to get rid of this name. There was a hard period in my life. It did not happen unexpectedly. It seemed to me that I had been doing this for a long time, and my world-view was to blame for everything. I was in such a terrible situation that I almost believed that I had been called to come in the flesh of the real Devil, who came to torment me, which destroyed all my achievements and did so that I slowly and painfully died, covered with shame. Before he came into my life, I drew a portrait of the Devil. And a month later I saw this face in reality. The fact is that all the things that I loved, I loved alone. People coldly perceived my achievements. The men I met never considered my talents useful. They wanted children, they wanted a wife, not a person. Although, I think I tried very hard. But some even scoffed at my hobbies. For years we lived like strangers, everyone in their own worlds. And my world was called "idleness," many considered me "cold", "envious," "arrogant." But I was natural. I was Fosco Culto. I explained this to myself - I'm just devoting myself to the Dark Gods, so our roads are so different. And I still believed that I would find my man. And he met me and put me on a pedestal. He listened to my music. He idolized my paintings. He did everything I liked and supported me in everything. And then he threw me down. He showed me that I have nothing to be proud of and I am not worthy of respect, love. He did so that I hated myself. I despised myself. Nobody around loved me. He and everyone around me began to force me to renounce Satan and repent. It meant to deny myself. Kill myself. It was his sick plan. I nearly broke. But, when I passed this test, the glamor was left behind, and the name remained with me. And I still like it.

**Erica Frevel:** Is it a goal of yours to have your art and music be seen or heard by a mainstream audience or would you prefer it remain underground?

**Fosco Culto:** I do not think that such art will become mainstream. But I would like my art has seen and heard by many people. That's why I must develop myself and make everything better. Although, at least all things that I do is a proof that I exist.

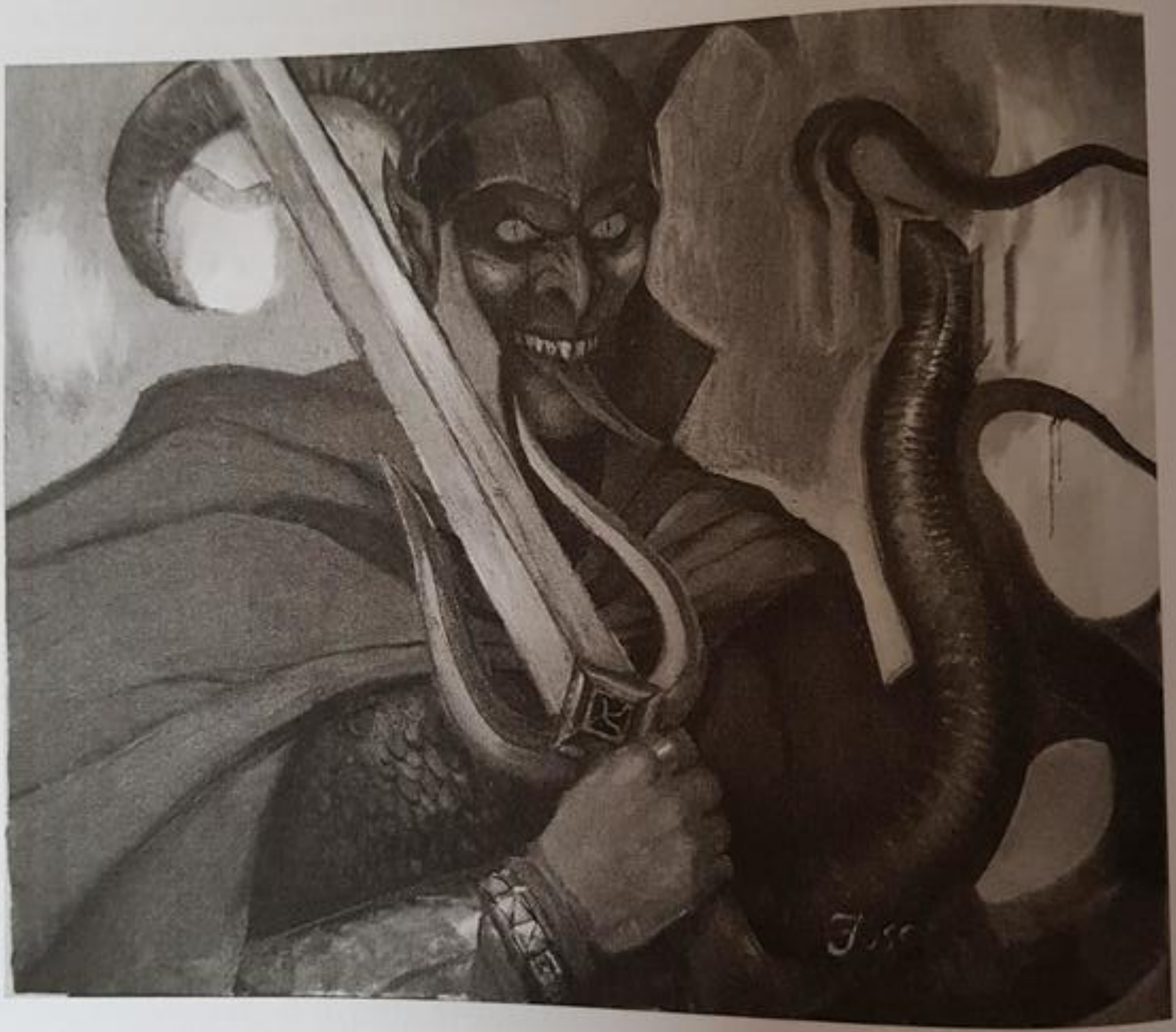
**Erica Frevel:** Who are collectors of your work? Are you aware of other occultists using your paintings as altar icons or in their temples?

**Fosco Culto:** The largest collector to this day is the occult order TOTBL (Temple of The Black Light). Basically, my paintings are bought by people who practice magic and are interested in Satanism. Yes, I heard that reproductions of pictures are readily used as altar images. This always makes me happy. I like very much to decorate my altar and, frankly, many of the works were created for the altar.

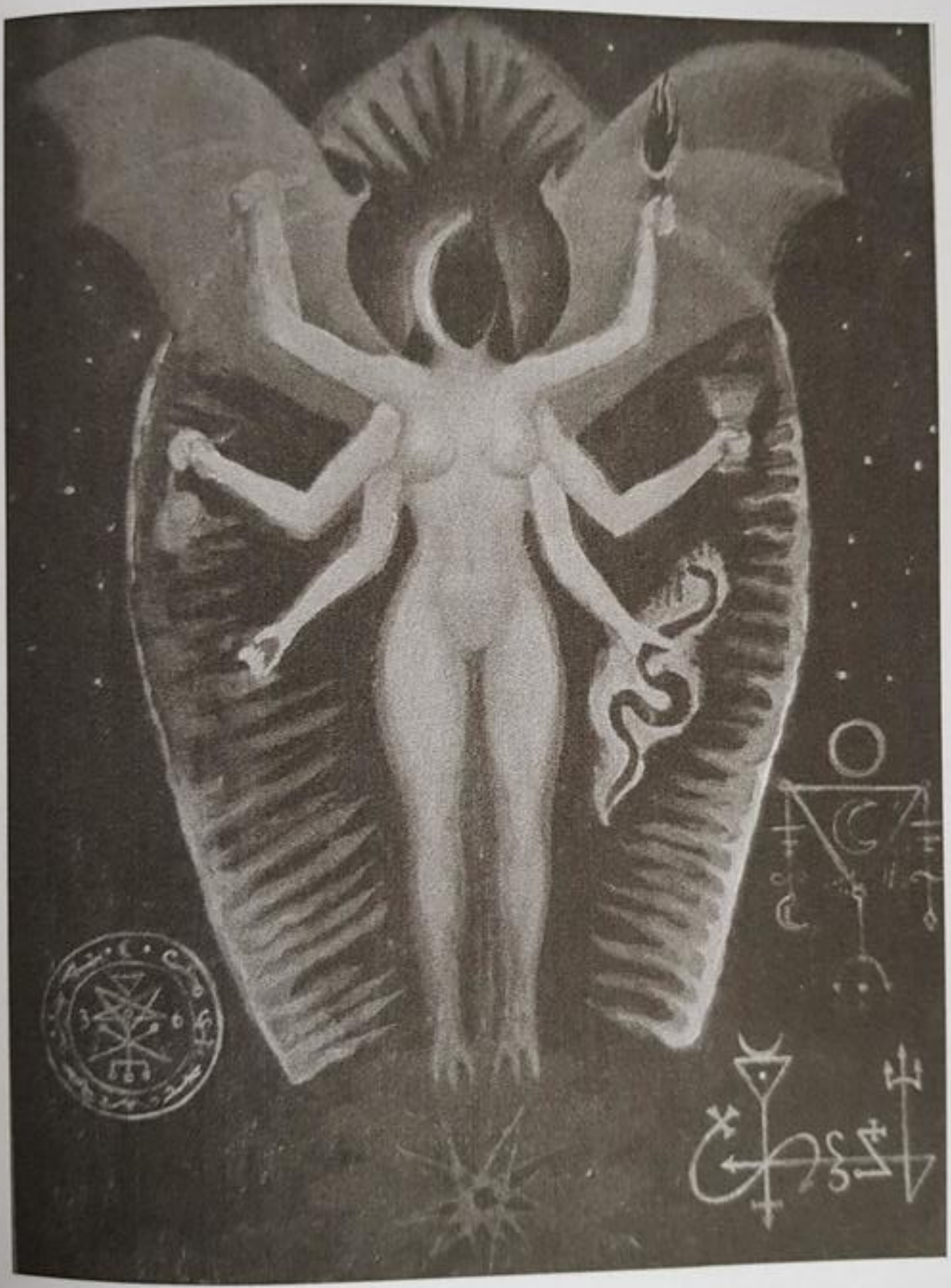
**Erica Frevel:** You create in multiple disciplines; as a singer and musician as well as a painter. If you had infinite resources at your disposal and no one to censor you what would your next creative project be?

**Fosco Culto:** If no one and nothing could restrain me, I would grow beautiful wings to fly under the Full Moon. Then I would like to become a mermaid with a beautiful silvery tail, swim in a vast ocean to scare people with beautiful songs on the night shores...

In the meantime, I am experiencing many limitations that impose on all of us in earthly material existence. I want to continue doing dark music and painting. I would like to start making a video. There are many plans. There are already a lot of work waiting for me this year and next year. Recordings, new paintings, photography, publishing, new friends.



**Will**
Oil on canvas
Fosco Culto



**Nightmare Image of Lilith**

Oil on canvas

Fosco Culto

# WHITE NIGHT

# FOR LAUREN

### Tempel ov Blood

# CHORONZON III

## I.

Lauren grabbed her ankles, bending at the waist as clear, crystalline tears began to fall down her face - dropping onto the burnished wood-panelled floor beneath her.

Behind her handler, high-tier within the intricacies of applied intelligence yet also her father, watched and appreciably so as his daughter's skirt began to raise by dint of her positioning - now showing the hint of where thigh met bottom and a flash of panties showing where a burgeoning sex lay beneath.

Incest was the rule here in the secret cult into which Lauren had been born. Those base in their thinking, unimaginative in their ruminations as to what actually constituted the transgressive thought that Lauren's situation and the situation of others like her was mere fantasy.

Far from it.

The deeds that took place on a day in, day out basis amongst so many across the width and breadth of America were exactly like Lauren experienced.

Concerted, concentrated and covert.

Activities that lay beyond the width and breadth of modern, lawful counterparts and pretendus of the "occult" alike - Satanic Ritual Abuse "in the raw."

Lauren's handler teemed with paranoid visions multiple, layered and nuanced according to the severity of the criminal levels which his various acts - both recently performed and those still yet to be enacted - and those latent but soon actionable in conspiracy - would entail should doom befall his activities.

He knew the risks, the potential price to be paid in availing himself of pursuing the very zenith heights of transgressive activity - yet his programming, fluttering on monarch wings, allowed him to press forward - further and further into that which was unknown except to a very minute portion of the populace, and the enactment of which with what amounted to carte blanche only experienced by even a more ultra-elect.

mental and physical attention that was poured upon her both by her handler, clientele and fellow-travellers - the latter two demographics more often than not intersecting frequently, the proportion rising as the former became increasingly compromised and found their lives exceedingly under the sway of her father and his associates.

A small drop, then another, then another fell from the mechanism the female adult had removed from the small amber bottle - doses miniscule but felt as they fell upon their fleshly target and as the absorption began sublingually. The lady reinserted the mechanism into the vial, sealing it, and patted Lauren on the head - signalling that Lauren had done her due diligence at least in the inaugural stage. Her small lips closed then, feeling the strange liquid beneath her tongue with its strange absorption, swishing slightly and then swallowing.

Large black banners hung from floor to ceiling, several in number, in the steel building into which she was now led - the fields of black marked three-quarters the way up their expanse with a round circle within which was a thick black swastika. Lauren smiled to herself sardonically, knowing that these specifically were the insignia of a whore - or rather one enslaved to a whore, martyred for a whore by her own insidious and fell manipulations - her monstrous appetite for seduction having moved beyond single men here and there but latterly aimed at the seducing of an entire people. Her swine, weaponized and deployed and ultimately controlled by her own cunt - the hidden and alien mastermind concealed through the rigid, wiry brown-clad suicide troop who was its cut-out in the classical espionage sense of the term.

In the corners others went about their work quietly, self-contained person to person in quiet concentration - the night yet still young, the moving concourse of time marked on the large digital clock near the most central area well-proportioned and indicating to each and every one the time that had been spent and the time yet left. All hurried to reach completion on their individual projects and targets by the moment the red shining numerals reached a certain point, lusting for yet sublimating for the time being their desire to be about other pursuits, latterly.

Lauren had received her ministration openly, overtly in the presence of the others as she always did, for she herself was always primed on these special evenings there among the hive and there was never any question to that fact. The dosing of the others among the retinue of her handler was more deceptive and with more room for apparently random medication - small disposable paper cups of water passed out to each and all at a certain hour, some laced - some not - those drinking not knowing but more often than not hoping that they too would be in the position of being attuned to Lauren in the way that most of them at least once or twice had been accustomed. While randomized and hit or miss in the knowledge of the postulants, Lauren knew that the handler knew - as she often did - who would receive and who would not in most cases than not during those occasions - intentful elements laid down with the crisp precision and brutality of well-seasoned black leather upon naked and supple flesh.

Monitors showed visions pre-determined by the high-tier of their number, chosen carefully and with much deliberation, as speakers liberally arrayed throughout the interior infrastructure broadcast sounds, messages and command prompts sometimes directly correlated with the screen display - sometimes asymmetric to them. The purpose was always the same, however, to induce dissonance and confusion - to bifurcate then trisect the consciousness allowing the dominant consciousness of she, harridan prime, to insert, intrude - to take hold of and in so doing, control. She the center, they the links in the chain of terror.

Lauren sat down upon a divan, dilapidated due to its age and qualitative degeneration yet on these nights altogether regal in its purpose and by dint of the one who it bore. She watched idly as the lady who had administered her dose went about the room, impugning upon the others during the course of their activities - some receiving the active, salient ingredient which would accelerate their participation in the night's coming activities - others imbibing only a placebo.

Her mind wandered as she waited for the narcotic to take its effect upon her consciousness, looking comparatively at the various congregants who possessed biological vehicles feminine in nature and presentation.

Was her own mother among them, knowing that she, Lauren, was her spawn in part - was one of them an unknowing surrogate?

She silently cursed at both possibilities for she rejected the entire concept of conventional motherhood even if enacted under subversive auspices - even then it was too compromising, too sound in nature to allow the furtherance of far-reaching agendas entirely unsound to their every last filament.

She imagined for her own amusement the possibility of one of the women in attendance being possessed of the seeds of life within them even now - on this night - and she relished the vision of herself prowling among them, selecting the lone offender or offenders in the plural and ripping the stillborn fetuses from their very flesh.

She was hostility embodied in the body of not a woman but a girl - already long blooded by the tearing of the shroud of skin which for some indicating the crossing of a formidable threshold into a country entirely new, but still yet not secreting that blood unbidden and internal that marked the possibility for producing another human life. Hers was girlhood, her black power and her very living a vector for anti-life.

III.

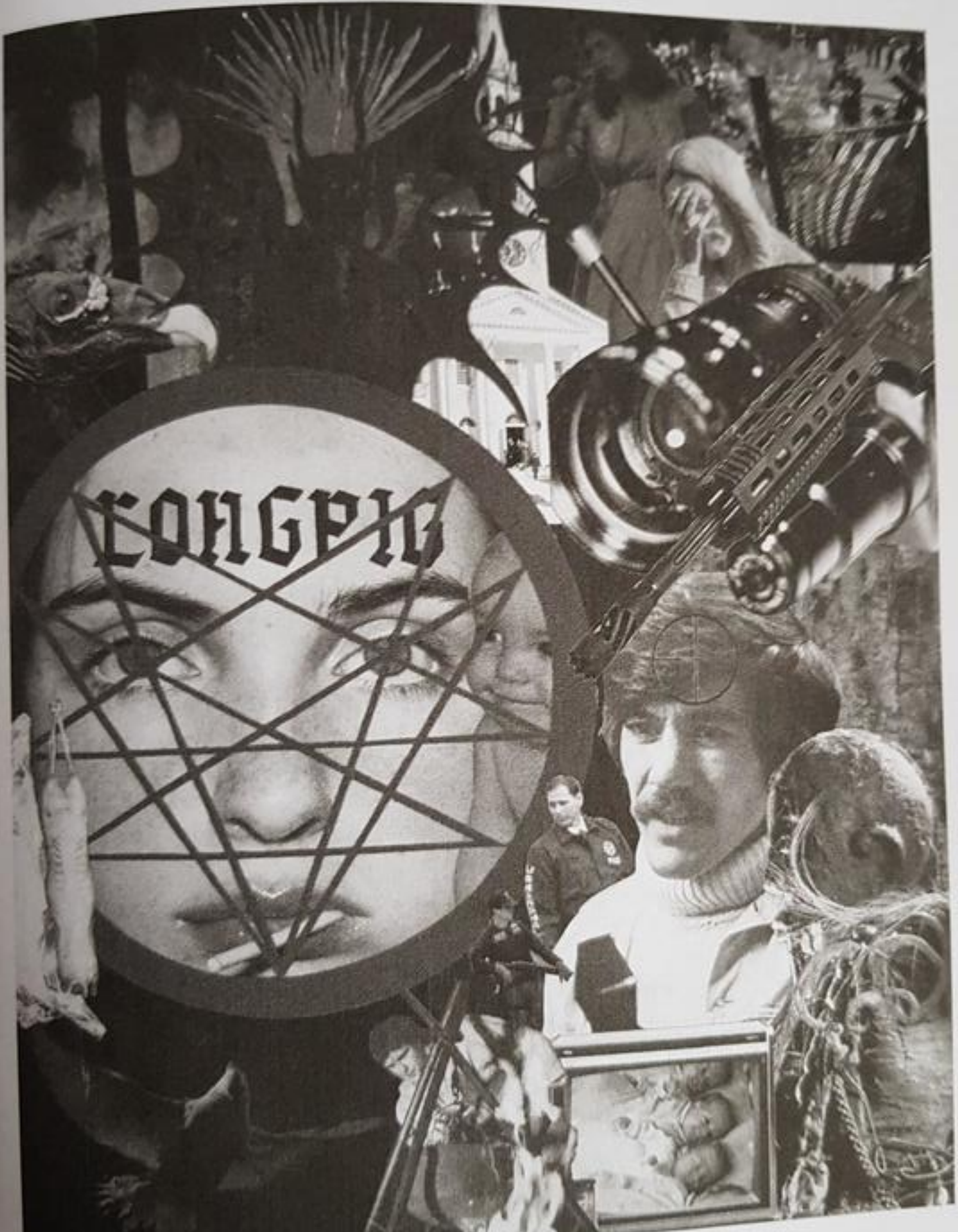
She felt her skin became papery to the touch and visions of billions of stars exploding flashed before her eyes which were open, unwavering and dilated to capacity. The bodies of those around her shimmered with strange disturbance, pulsating, and despite their loyalty or perhaps because of it she imagined herself slaying them at the speed of mind, snapping bones and piercing through their flesh and tissue with her hands alone - exploring eagerly their still-living flesh to extract bloodied organs - the once esoteric now exoteric - to hold aloft in grim triumph amongst their garbled screams.

Her handler - father - knew these thoughts and as such she found herself held down, shackled - platinum-toned steel cuffs with correctional black box for further restraint upon her child-like wrists - leg irons upon her ankles, heavy and painful in their bondage. Her clothing, already somewhat revealing, sheared from her body with the type of instrument utilized in surgery.

Now naked, bare and chain-laden in the assembly beneath the sodium lights - murderess in potentia - daughter of Mars, forced devotee of Saturn in communion under duress.

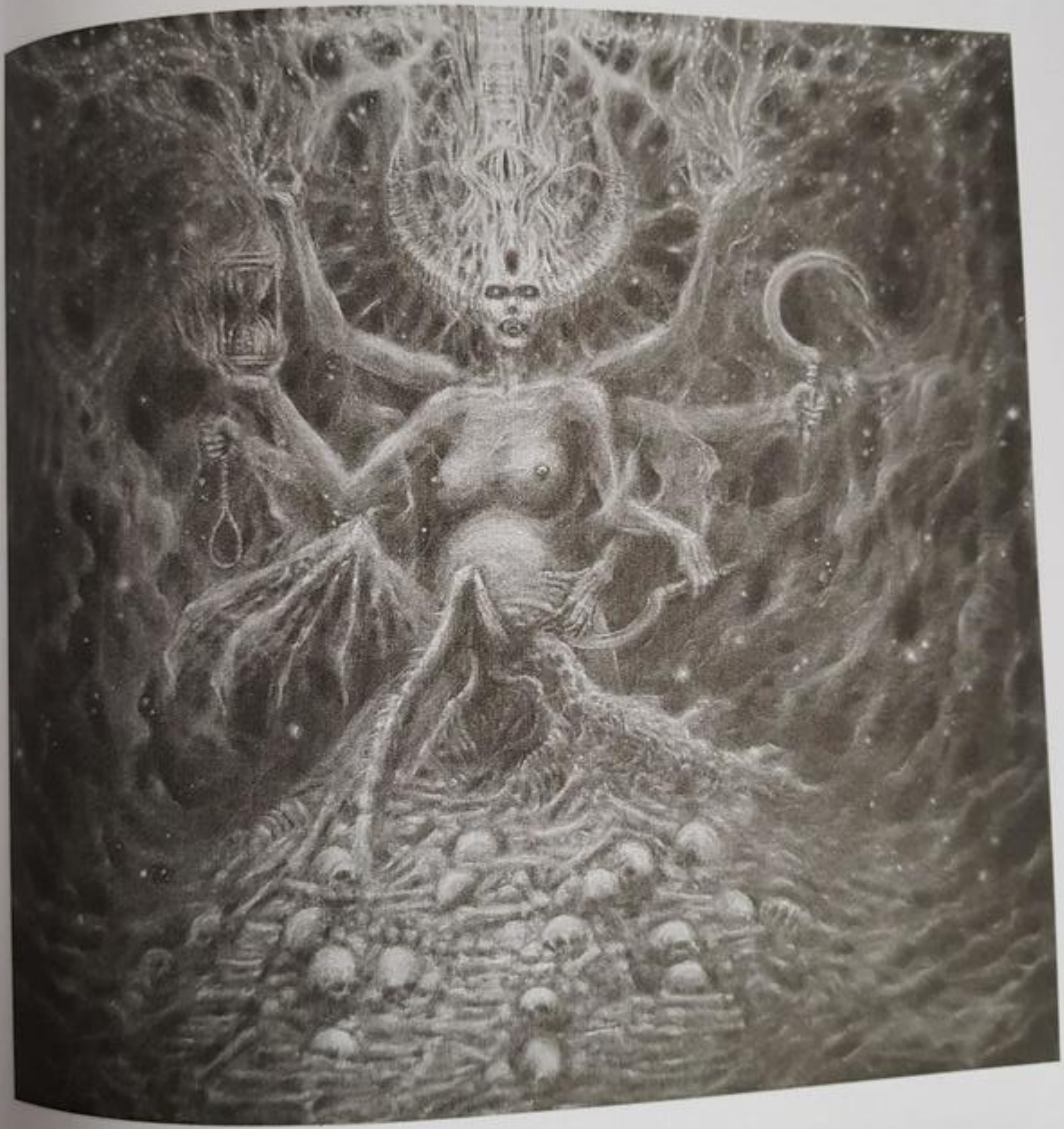
"Suffer the little children to come unto him, for of such is the kingdom of hell.
All praise be unto Satan, for he is master of all. All condemnation be unto God,
for he is master of nothing."

- Child Killer Rite, The Book of Dark Mothers

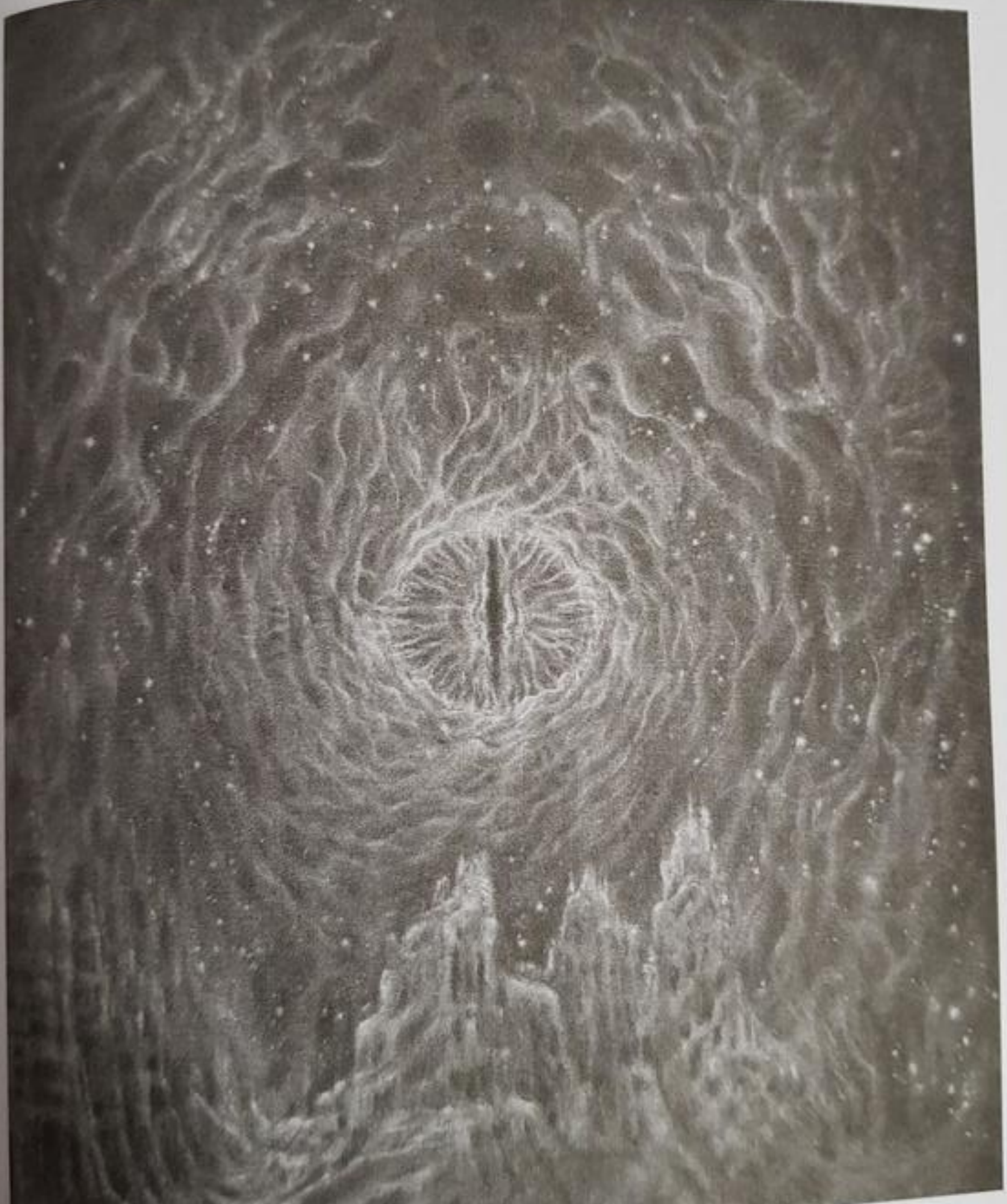


**Longpig**
Collage on board
Erica Frevel

# CHORONZON III



# CHORONZON III



# His True Face

Christopher Ropes

### Vision 1

It began in fire
And blood,
An inferno laying
A blazing blessing
On the head of
Every man, woman, child,
And gouts of crimson
Spilling down from the sky
And up from
The dark places
Of the earth,
As if every god's throat
Was cut all at once.
The screams of the dying were
An orchestra of the damned and doomed.

I,
Even I,
Was burned and bloodied.
I was stained
And my mouth filled
With the salt and copper
Mystery of death.

When the flames burned low
At last,
And the rivers of blood
Trickled to burbling puddles,
The earth was blackened,
Reddened,
Fat from its corpse feast,
And uninhabitable.

## CHORONZON III

Those few of us left
Knew we were not
Long for the world.
Why we had been spared
Was irrelevant.
We were going to die
By the hand of another,
Or our own,
Or else we would waste away
With starvation
Or from whatever new plagues
Traveled on the coattails
Of the apocalypse.

We avoided each other,
Seeking some Satanic enlightenment
And a scrawny safety
In solitude.
We were like the desert fathers
And o, we were tempted.

For days,
Surrounded by visions of copulating demons,
I let my own blood flow and
I prayed over
Three unmarked graves,
Side-by-side,
To my Father Satan,
Knowing not why
This place
Or these three graves.
My prayers were prayers of thanksgiving and joy,
Gratitude for being shown
The coming of
His Kingdom.

On the sixth day,
The dirt of the graves
Began to stir,
To push out and back

## CHORONZON III

As the blood-saturated earth
Gave birth
To three living corpses. |

The first,
On the left,
Crawled out of the grave
And slumped
Facedown
At my feet,
But it trembled,
As if vibrations deep
Underground
Shook it,
Ever so slightly.

The second,
To my right,
Stood with a hand
Stretched
To the sky,
Where I saw
The stars were maggots,
Wriggling in distant
Cosmic rot.
The eyes of this
Second one
Were uplifted
And I could not see them,
But its entire attitude
Was of a saint
In ecstasy.

The third stood
Directly before me,
Its eyes locked
Onto mine.
I could barely meet
Those eyes,
Though I forced myself to,

## CHORONZON III

Thinking it would not do
To avert my eyes
From the Lord's gaze.
The eyes,
|The eyes
Were full of stars
And the stars
Were the worms of death
And the works of death.
This being
Held out its hands,
Cupping in them
Its own heart,
Seething with living barbed wire,
And it offered this
To me.

In devotion,
Recognizing in these three corpses
My beloved Master,
I took the proffered organ.

The barbed wire tentacles
Wrapped around my hands
And lashed forth
To grip my face,
Barbs digging and hooked
Into the backs of my hands
And my weathered, leathery cheeks
And around my neck.
It pulled itself
Up to my mouth
Whereupon I bit into it.

Black, thick blood
Gushed forth
Into my mouth
And forced itself
Down my throat
With violent life,

## CHORONZON III

Holy life.
The flesh of the heart
Tore loose
Between my teeth,
Wrapped itself around my tongue
Like a lover's kiss,
And slithered down into my belly.

"Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,"
I chanted.
"I have eaten of your body
And drank of your blood,
But I do not ask
To be saved.
Instead,
Let the song of my torments
Reach the throne of falsehood
And slay the lamb,
Brutalize the shepherd,
Scatter the flock
To the wolves
That devour.

The central figure spoke,
If such could be called speech,
In a voice that was
Sheets of parchment
Brushing against each other.

"You are our true son,
And with all our sons and daughters,
You shall know
The mercilessness of Hell.
Your body will be flayed
Down to the bones
And the bones
Will be sharpened as weapons
To be wielded by demons
Against the throne of falsehood.
To slay the lamb,

## CHORONZON III

Brutalize the shepherd,
Scatter the flock
To the wolves
That devour…

"But your soul
Shall be a jewel
In Satan's iron crown,
You shall see
His Kingdom
From atop His head,
Gazing through
His all-piercing eyes.
You can have all this,
To protect your
Insignificant existence
From looking upon
His true face,
Which not even a man's
Immortal soul
May do
And yet live.
Do you accept the bargain?"

And then I wept.
"Have I not been faithful,
That I may not see
His true face?"

The entity said,
"I offer you glory
And salvation."

"Glory and salvation
Be damned,"
I cried.

## CHORONZON III

"The prizes of a weak soul.
All I have done
Has been to serve
In the hopes of seeing
His true face.
Your true face."

The corpse nodded
And the starworms in his eyes spun
In ever increasing agitation.
"You have chosen well
And you are worthy,
O Prophet.
Behold our face,
And I shall even grant you
A life on the other side
Of death's maw
That you may tell
Of the beauty and anguish
Of serving Satan."

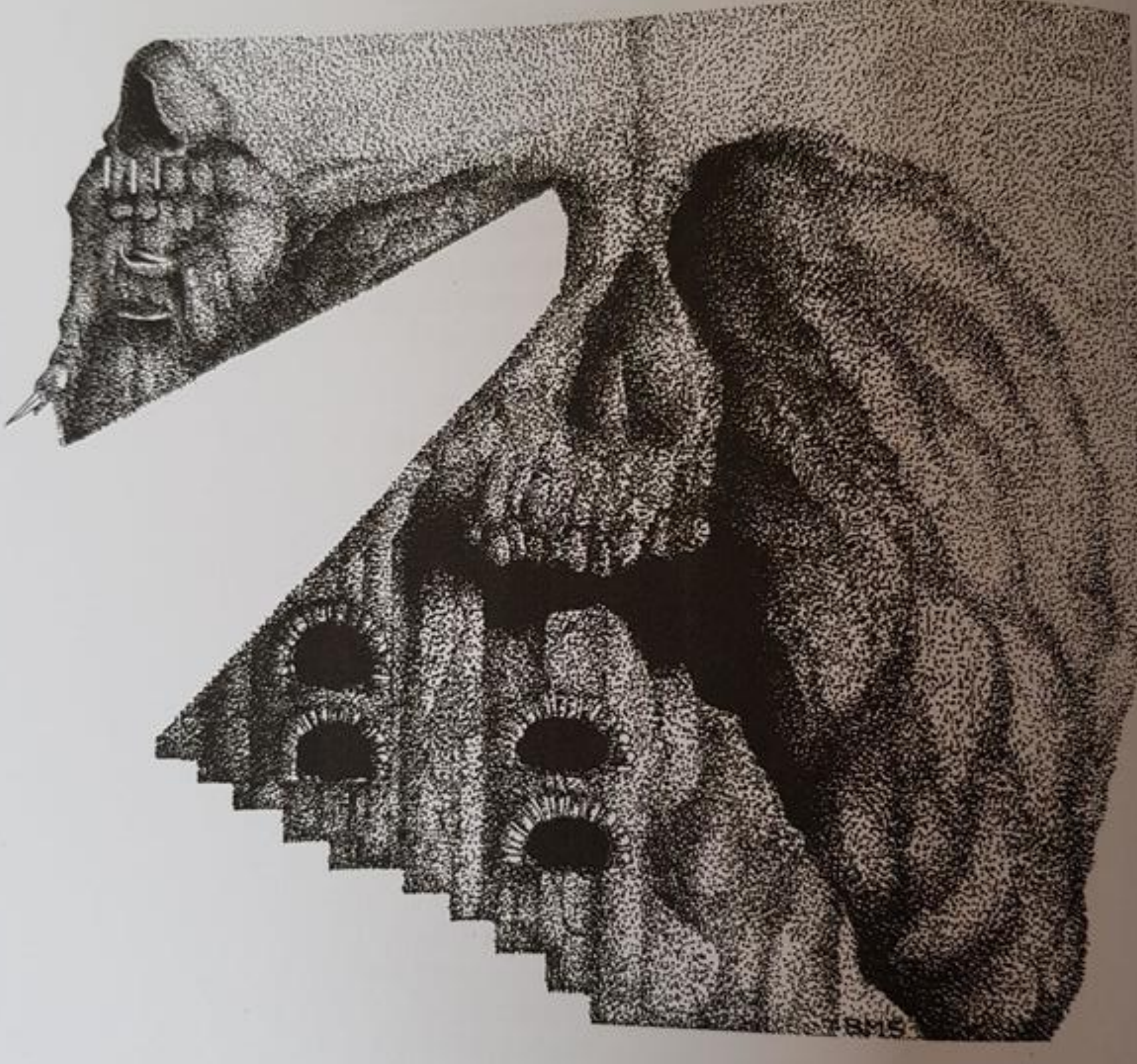
And then I saw
A Blackness wash over
Blackness,
An ink moving between
The worming stars,
And the ink swallowed
The stars
And their larval souls.
And there were infinite eyes
In that Blackness,
Eyes that I could not see
But looked upon me
With malice and bliss.
The pictures I normally saw
In my head,
The words that normally
Narrated my life,
Were replaced

## CHORONZON III

With slashes from an infinity of razors,
The cuts slicing open
My mind and my soul.
All manner of Diabolism
Seduced me,
Murder and blasphemy,
But I was paralyzed
In the rapture.
And the life left my body
Through countless cuts
And the disintegration of my spirit
Under Satan's unveiled gaze.

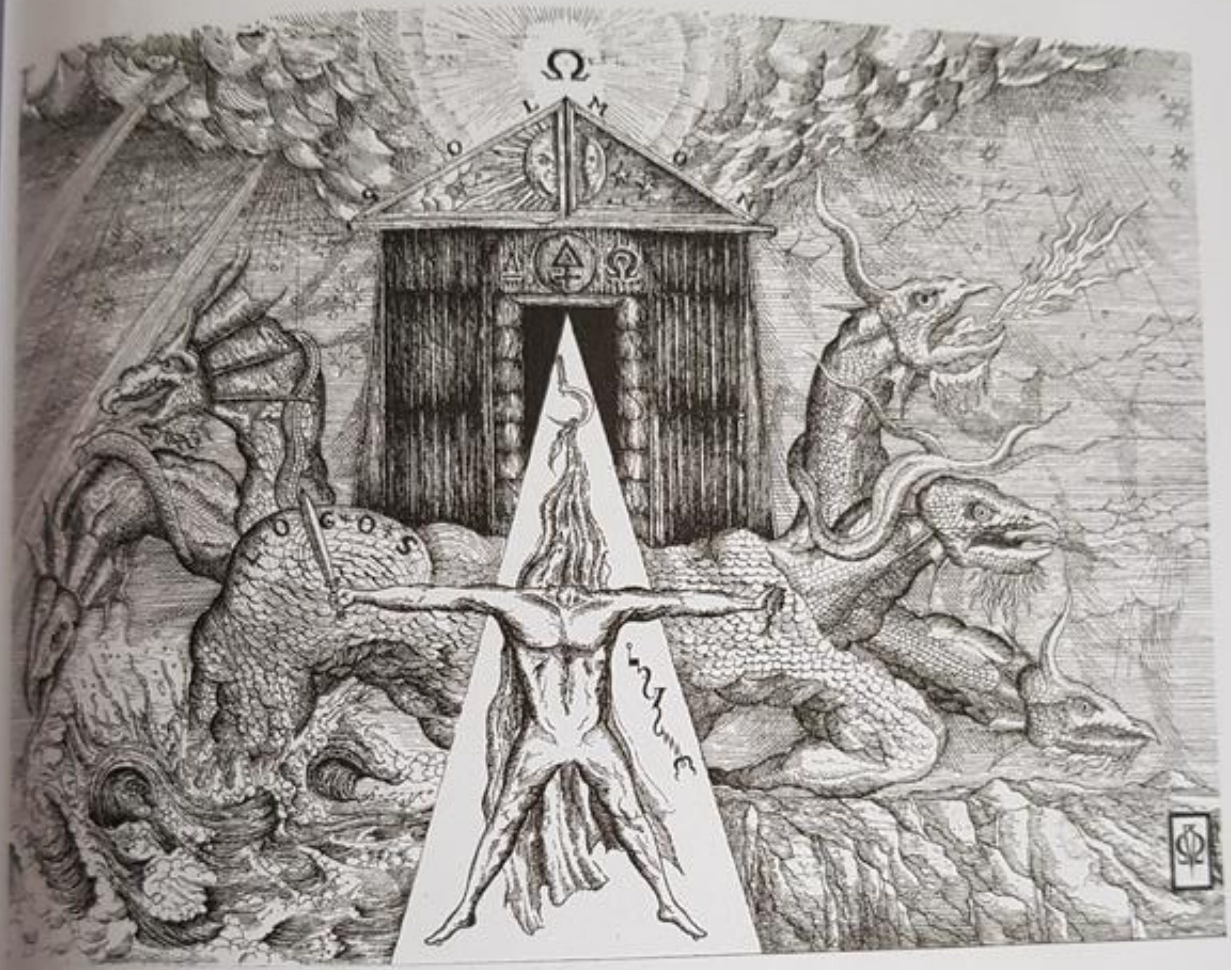
But life,
As promised,
Was returned to me.
When I opened my eyes,
I was before my altar,
The candles burning low,
And these words in my book.

The vision slipped
Into the wilderness
Of my thoughts,
Where it remains hidden,
Flirting from tree to tree,
Like a hungry ghost
Stalking His prey.



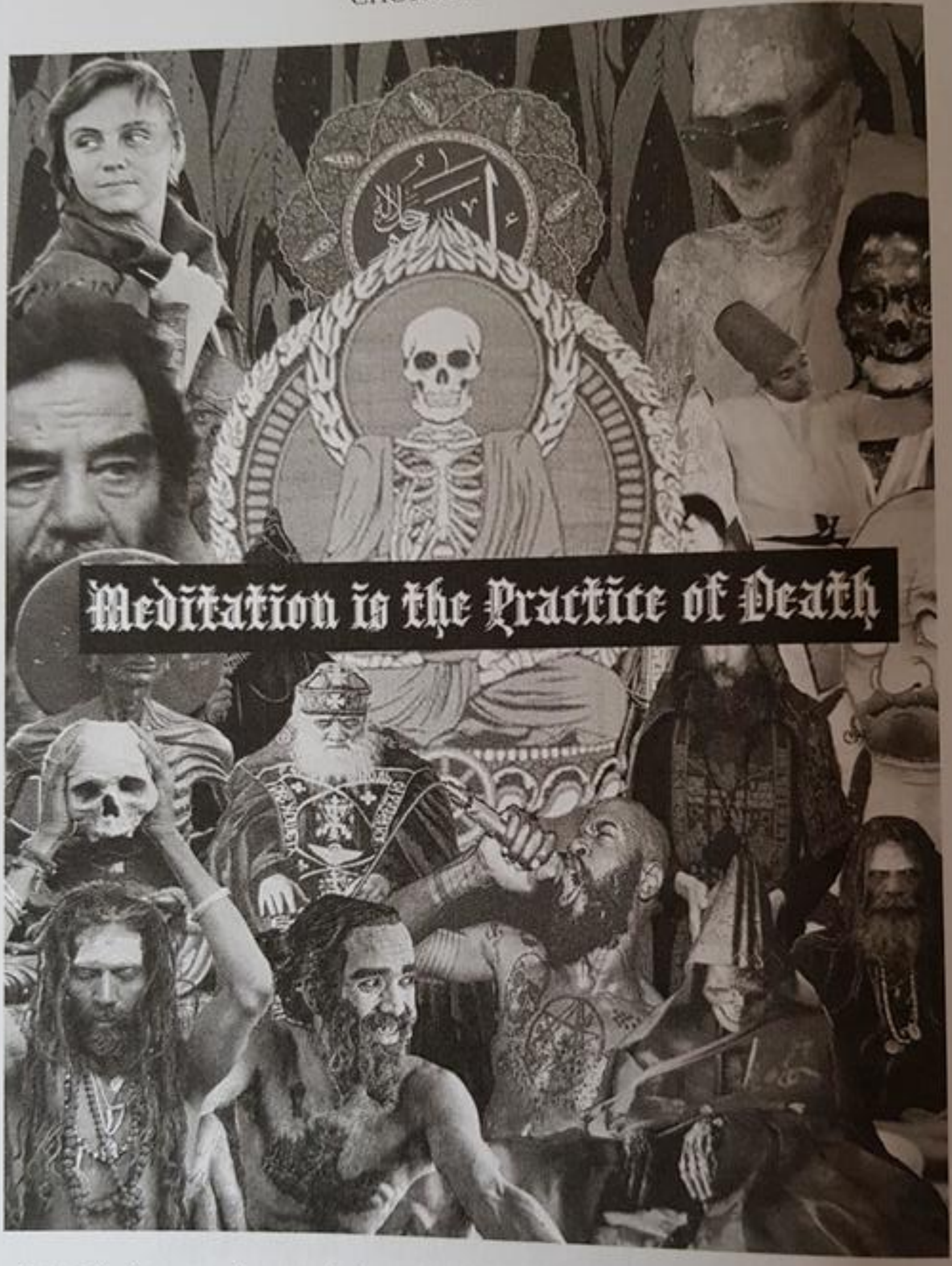
Abyssus Abyssum Habitatis: Meditant

Ink on paper
Bryan Maita

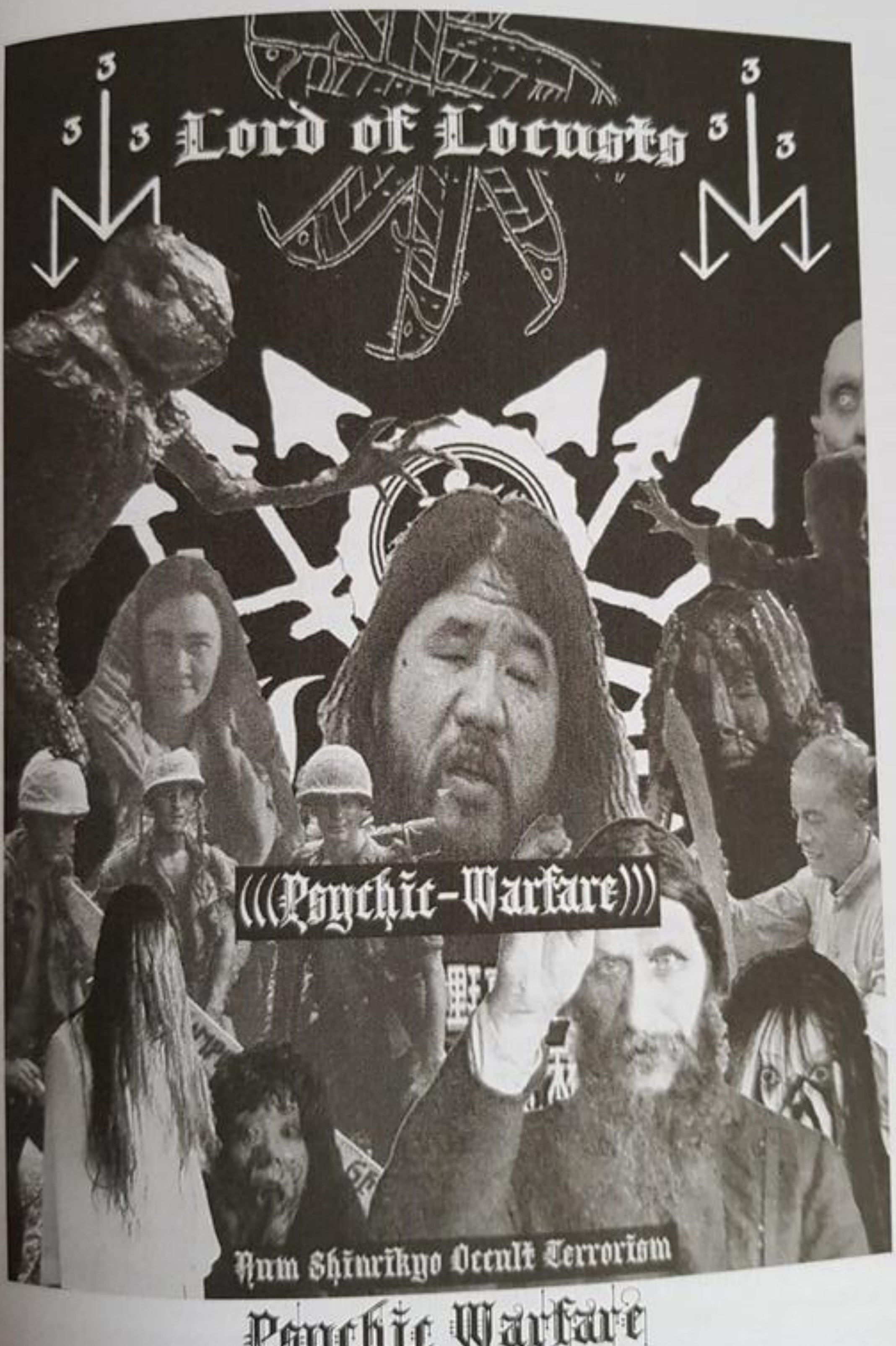

Ω
SOLOMON
LOGOS

Hermetic Initiation Through
The House of Logos

Ink on paper
Bryan Maita


Meditation is the Practice of Death

Meditation is the Practice of Death
Digital collage
Nurgul Jones


3
3 3
Lord of Locusts
3
3 3
(((Psychic-Warfare)))
Aum Shinrikyo Occult Terrorism

Psychic Warfare
Digital collage
Nurgul Jones

# The Wolf
## Black Magick, Cannibalism and Lycanthropy

Erica Frevel

The history and practice of lycanthropy has long been associated with witchcraft and vampirism (blood-drinking aside) due to their common source of power flowing from the Devil. Through Black Magick ritual, there are those who seek to discover a full realization of the sadist within themselves through a relationship with Satan. From the isolated heights of the Carpathian Mountains to the dense jungles of the Valley of Mexico, werewolves have found their hunting ground on the forested perimeter of civilization where night creatures roam freely with the spirits of Evil. Nocturnal sorcery is the feral ritual embodying this evil in the abandoned sanctuary of Satan's sacred ground. The forbidden cult of the wolf is where man finds secret connection to his demon nature; a bloody liberation.

### BLACK MAGICK and ASTRAL PROJECTION

It is thought that only through Satanic Magick or the blackest of Witchcraft that a man can master the transformation of lycanthropy. It is the Devil that allows the minds of man to perceive of themselves as predators or demons in the flesh. Whether it is a subjective illusion or an objective physical transformation cannot be determined but the outcome remains the same: a witch befouls the mundane creed to become one of Satan's beasts. Sexual transgressions lead to orgiastic frenzy. The use of hallucinogens (especially herbs of Saturn) are said to aid in the witch's ability to astrally mutate the subtle body. This is one aspect of the mastery of astral projection. Once deep trance has been attained, usually by frenzied dance, it is not difficult to will the "projection of the double" to appear as though a wolf. The common account of werewolves being subject to the pull of the full moon is also indicative of the hormonal, passionate, sexual aspect of the wolf. It is during a full moon that all underlaying emotions come roaring out in humans and animals alike. It can be seen how easily shamanic animal totemism can be combined with the act of feral Satanic magick.

Looking to nature for a terrifying sublime connection to Satan, in the vein of Romanticism of the 18th century, we can see how the ravenousness of the wolf makes it the obvious choice for a totem animal. Ripping apart large and small prey alike, the predator utilizes instinct, not law. Within nature we find that only the strong survive in the face of overwhelming indifference. In some ways, this indifference is perceived as demonic by humans. The predator is also a false prophet; a wolf in sheep's clothing who deceives mankind. The wolf's nature is cunning, cruel, savage, treacherous and thieving- they are deceptive outlaws and apex predators who hunts by the dark of night. However, the wolf will also feed upon carrion which further indicates a correlation with Saturn and the greater Saturnine sphere of dark influence.

## THE ANTI CHRIST

Wolves were once the most dangerous predators within man's immediate environment. Given free reign to exist in their natural state, they are just as likely to devour a small child as a chicken. This state of remorselessness is anathema of Judeo-Chrisitan morality and the civilizations that uphold it. Anything that violates this morality is therefore demonic in nature, not to mention the deeper cannibalistic aspects of lycanthropy. One can attempt to pray for the divine love of christ's miracles or accept the animal fury within himself.

By choosing to emulate the characteristic blood-lust of the predator, one is also choosing the avatar of the enemy of the lamb of Christ. One is reminded of the hedonistic crimes of Gilles de Rais and Erezebet Bathory in the Middle Ages. More recently, we have the 20th century crimes of the child murderers Ian Brady, Albert Fish and Andrei Chikatilo. All were explorers of the outermost regions of sadism who continually violated laws, both secular and ecclesiastical. For the mourning, frightened parents who lost their young children to the hands of predators, these men are but werewolves - monsters who experience debaucherous pleasure while participating in the ritual slaughter of the innocent. These killers, although from the view of the church are deplorable, are the temporary embodiment of the Antichrist. The wolf's favorite meal is a plump, distracted lamb, meek in its disposition.

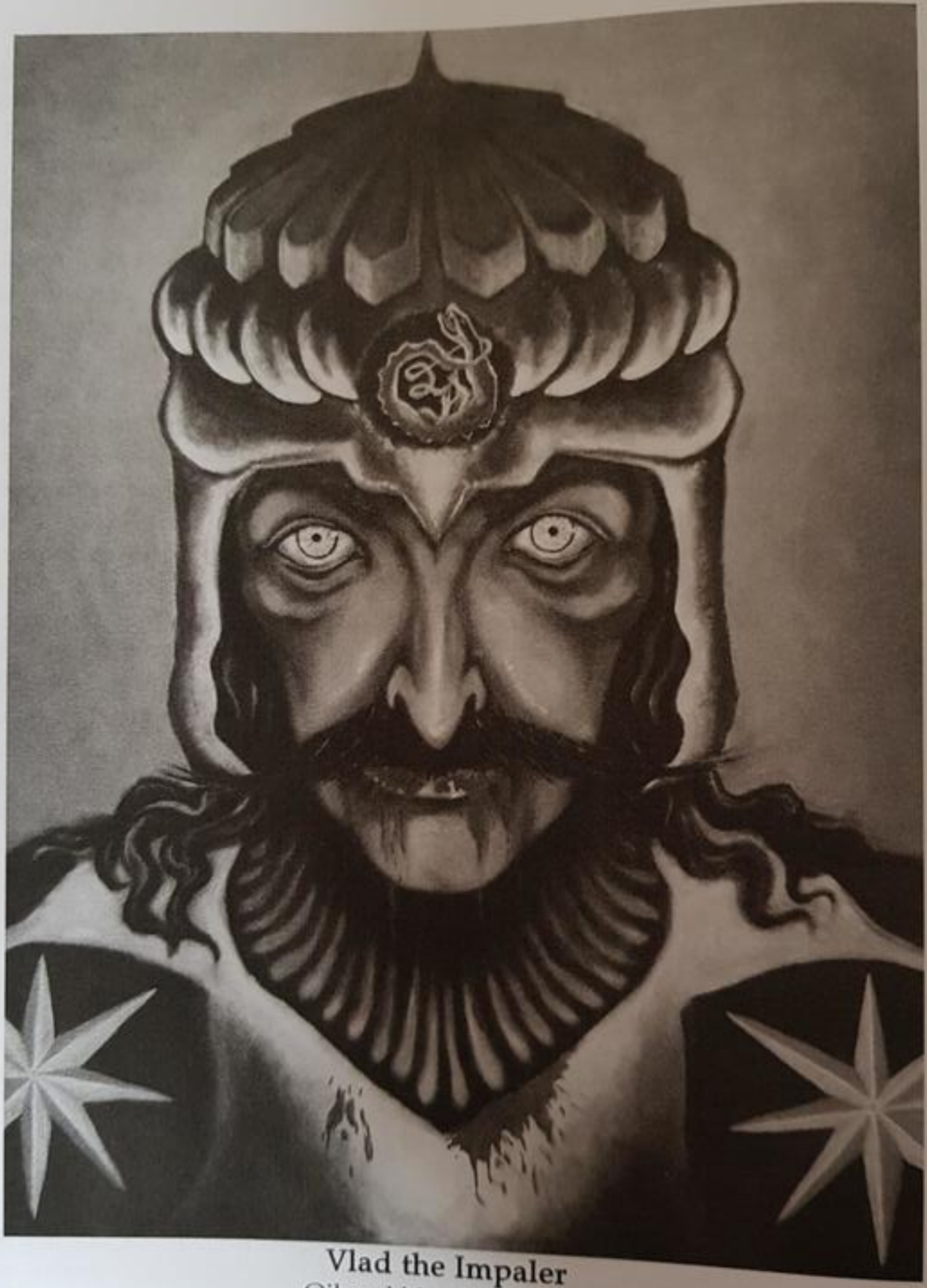
## WOLF CULT

Across cultures there are strong associations between wolves and what I refer to as the dark gods and their various cults. In North America, there is the Navajo belief in the Yee Naaldlooshii or skinwalkers; witches who practice cannibalism, shapeshifting and necrophilia. At the peak of their black magick teachings they are required to perform a human sacrifice (it is arguable that this is a contemporary practice). The victim is often a family member, which is reflected again in common European accounts of lycanthropy. In Mesoamerica, the Aztecs used the word Nagual to describe humans who could transformed into animals, especially individuals born on "the dog day" of their calendar. Tezcatlipoca, invisible god of divination, chaos and disruption, is known to be the patron overseer of the Naguals. In Greek mythology, Hades is never without his hellhound, the three headed Cerberus. Charon wears a wolf pelt or wolf ears in some descriptions.

Although it may recede into the forest for periods of time, the presence of the wolf cult has circled the edges of human spirituality indefinitely. The völkisch movement in Germany eventually lead to the anthropomorphizing of the Nazi forces as wolfen. There was a pervasive fear of Nazi werewolves, hardcore clandestine operatives employing sabotage, assassinations and ambushes behind enemy lines. Furthermore, Hitler referred to himself "a wolf", named his headquarters "Wolfsschanze" and hired his chief secretary, Johanna Wolf, for love of her surname. The nationwide worship of Hitler as a spiritual figure constitutes a 20th century wolf cult. We continue to see how persistent this cult has been into present times. In the midst of Greek financial and political crisis, there is a resurgence in its native pagan practice, which is now legally acknowledged as a religion. Many young people are turning away from the orthodox church toward their ancestral rituals while more evidence of a wolf cult surfaces. As recently as the summer of 2016, archaeologists digging on Mount Lykaia in Greece uncovered the 3000 year old skeletal remains of a teenage boy under an ash altar. These findings have initially been considered evidence of human offerings to Zeus-Lycaeus, a king who is transformed into a wolf by Zeus in punishment for serving the god human flesh. Zeus-Lycaeus was later worshiped and secretly sacrificed to as a god (hence the prefix Zeus). It is said that the god requires human meat every 9 years culminating in human sacrifice. The sacred mountain site at which these sacrifices took place predates the existence of Zeus by thousands of years.

The area of Upper Egypt was home to the area known as "Lycopolus" meaning "city of the wolves" in the Greco-Roman era. This Egyptian city (now the modern city of Asyut) had a patron deity of war and the dead personified as Wepwawet or Upuaut, who was half man and half wolf. Although there are less ruins in Lycopolus than in other areas, there are bones of wolves in the tombs alongside mummies. This sacrifice of wolves (most likely African golden wolves as opposed to common jackels) is unique to the tombs of Upper Egypt.

The regions west of the Black Sea saw the rise of the Dacians, who are ancestors of ancient Romans, and said to have considered themselves "wolfmen". These Balkan peoples held onto their ancient Neolithic wolf cult from the mountain regions. They were a warrior people whose military initiations utilized hallucinogens and wolf rituals as a means of transforming a soldier into a fearless, bloodthirsty beast. The territory of the Dacians was known widely as "wolf country". The symbol of the wolf is later assimilated with that of the serpent/dragon to make the infamous Dacian Draco used to terrify the enemy in battle. It was in 1436 that the dragon and the wolf became permanently bonded in history as Vladislaus Dracul ascended the throne to defend his ancestral "wolf country" against invading Turkish forces. Bloodthirsty enough to be feared by his own people and enemies alike, Vlad Dracula had a heart that knew no fear or remorse. His decisions were quick merciless, such is the instinct of an experienced predator. The prince was known to kill both mother and child in the most inventively sadistic of methods. Not many could bring themselves to make eye contact with the Voivod; his gaze was thought to have evil, hypnotic powers much like that of the wolf. His torturous yet effective reign of Wallachia led to his current legendary status as the original Vampyr.



**Vlad the Impaler**
Oil and blood on canvas
Erica Frevel

## WOLF RITUAL

There are many recipes for hallucinogenic salves, nicknamed witch's ointment or lycanthropic unguent. They are ritually prepared with the intent to aid in the willful manipulation of the astral body. The most common ingredients are, as stated earlier, the herbs and plants associated with Saturn or the Underworld. Most herbs and flowers listed here grow in cracks or gaps, therefore rooted in darkness. Many names for the herbs used in witch's ointment from antiquity are colloquial terms, sometimes referred to as their "wiccan names'. It should be noted that some modern interpretations for these recipes state many ingredients as common parsley. However, the parsley/celery/carrot family (Apiaceae) itself is not entirely poisonous; it is within the genus Oxypolis and Cicuta that we find the more deadly plants. There is also a notion that one is to harvest these plants in the wild during the corresponding planetary day. If that is not possible, as some are now endangered species (and it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain the fat of children) there are several alternatives. One can plan ahead and grow some of these plants in a private garden or purchase them and consecrate the plants on the altar individually corresponding to their sacred day.

These salves put your body and spirit in the proper position to achieve astral mutation into a wolf. However, it is the genuine communication with Satan and the utterance of certain incantations that allow the demonic transformative energy to pass between Satan and the witch. In the case of a feral werewolf transformation, one is required to perform a more feral than ceremonial ritual. Rolling in dirt, screaming, biting, ripping one's restrictive clothing off, unrestrained destruction, running wildly and diving into dark pools of water during a full moon are all ways to cast off the human form (astrally as well) in order to run and devour alongside the night-creatures under Satan's midnight cloak. It is the willing spiritual frenzy that is most important in this wolf ritual.

The classic recipes for ointments come from the oldest available source on European witchcraft, namely Johannes Hartlieb's 1456 "Book of all Forbidden Arts: Das puch aller verpoten kunst, ungelaubens und der zaubrey". I have added the scientific classifications for the plants alongside their common names to avoid confusion.

The three recipes are as follows:

Ointment A

- Fat of young children (boiled in a bronze vessel until thick)

| | |
|---|---|
| • Eleoselinum* | • Celery leaves |
| • Hemlock | • Conium maculatum |
| • Aconite | • Wolf's bane |
| • Poplar leaves | • Soot |

Ointment B

| | |
|---|---|
| • Sium | • Cowbane |
| • Sweet Flag | • Acorus calamus (mild hallucinogen) |
| • Pentaphyllon | • Cinquefoil |
| • Nightshade | • Atropa belladonna |
| • Choice of oil | • Bat's blood |

Ointment C

- Fat of children who have been dug from the grave directly
- Wheat paste to thicken

| | |
|---|---|
| • Henbane | • Hyoscyamus niger (psychoactive, very toxic) |
| • Aconite | • Wold's bane |
| • Pentaphyllon | • Cinquefoil |

---

*Eleoselinum is an old term for celery. At first glance one may not see the significance of including a salad in with your hallucinogens but keep in mind that celery was a Cthonic plant in Greek mystery cults. Its Latin name gives us a hint of the graveyard (Apium graveolens). Its leaves were used to make garlands for the deceased. The plant was said to have sprung from the blood of Kadmilos, father of the Kabeiroi.

cui placit obliviſcitur,
cui dolet
memminit.

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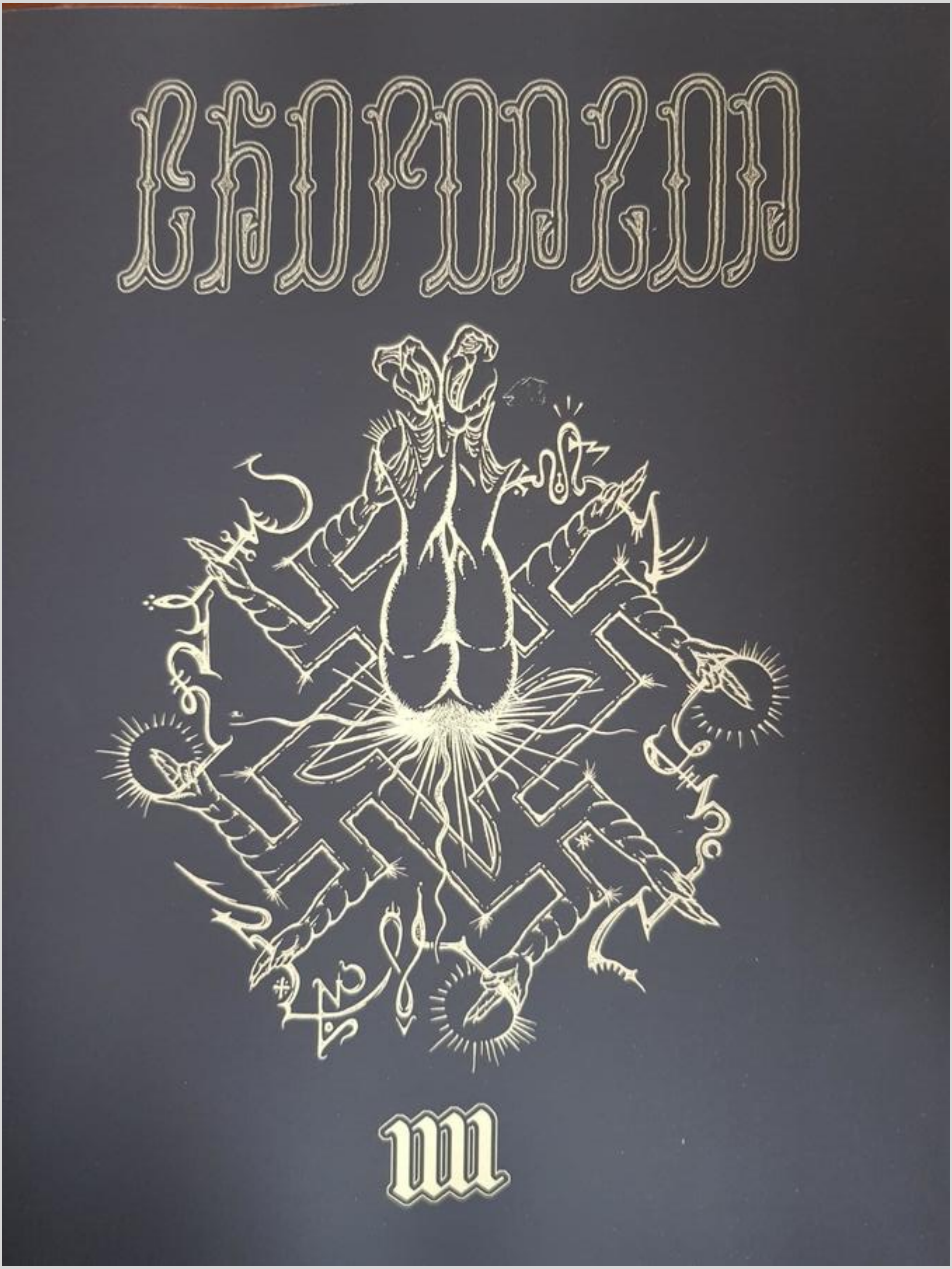
Do ye hear?
'Or shall I summon to mine aid that god
'At whose dread name earth trembles; who can look
Unflinching on the Gorgon's head, and drive
'The Furies with his scourge, who holds the depths
' Ye cannot fathom, and above whose haunts
Ye dwell supernal; who by waves of Styx
Forswears himself unpunished? '



CHORONZON

III

# CHORONZON

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Opposite image by Diego Bureau

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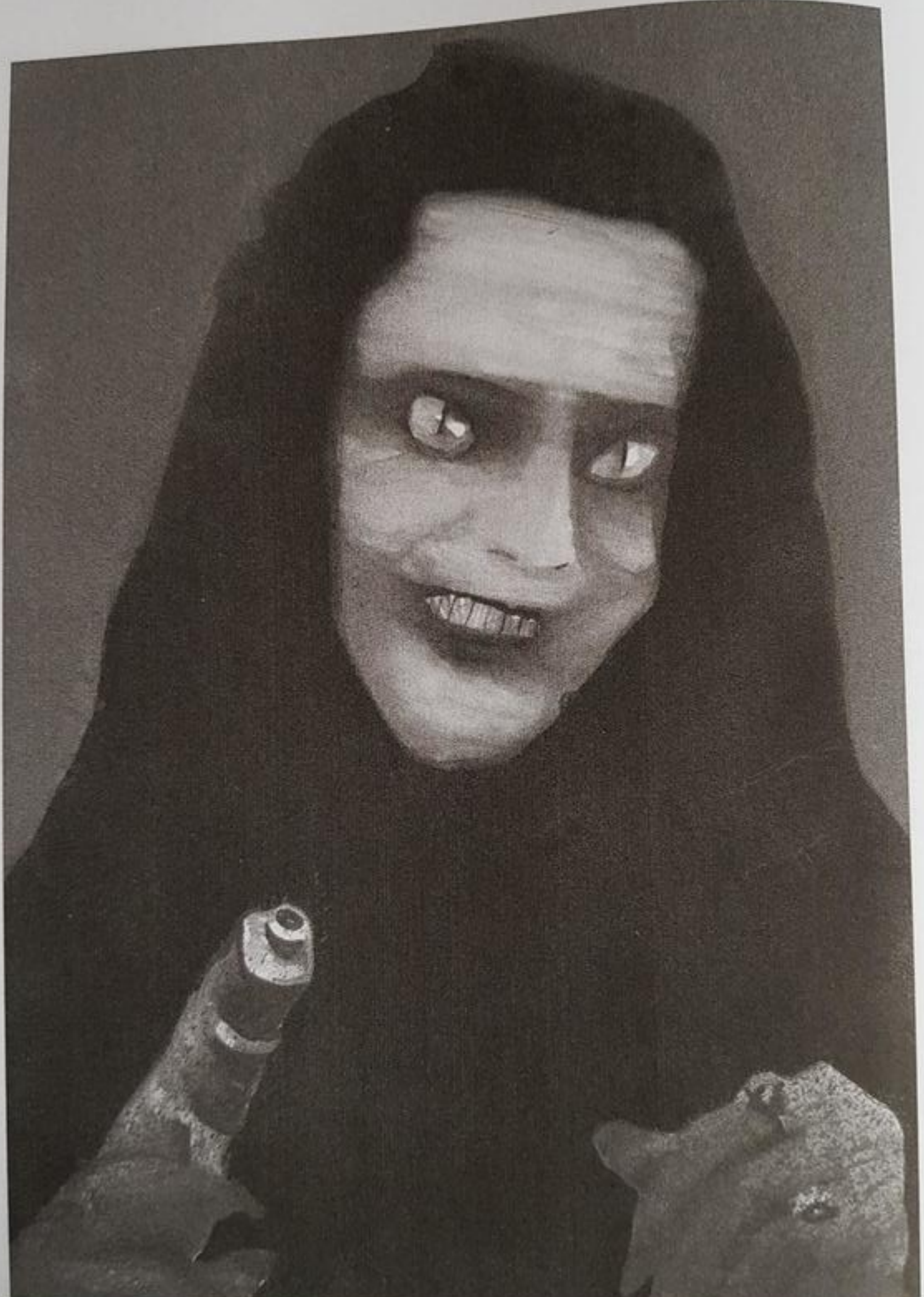
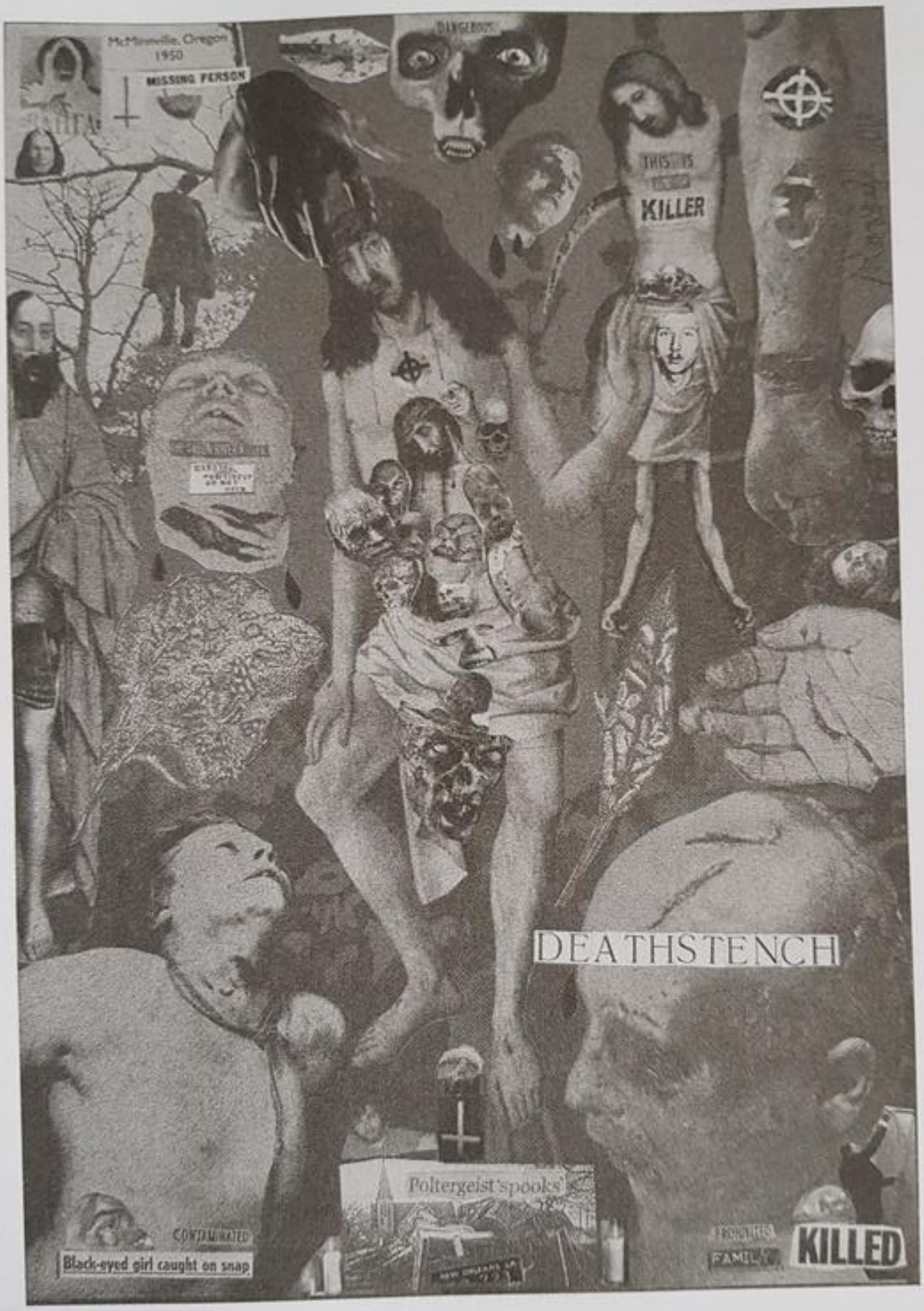
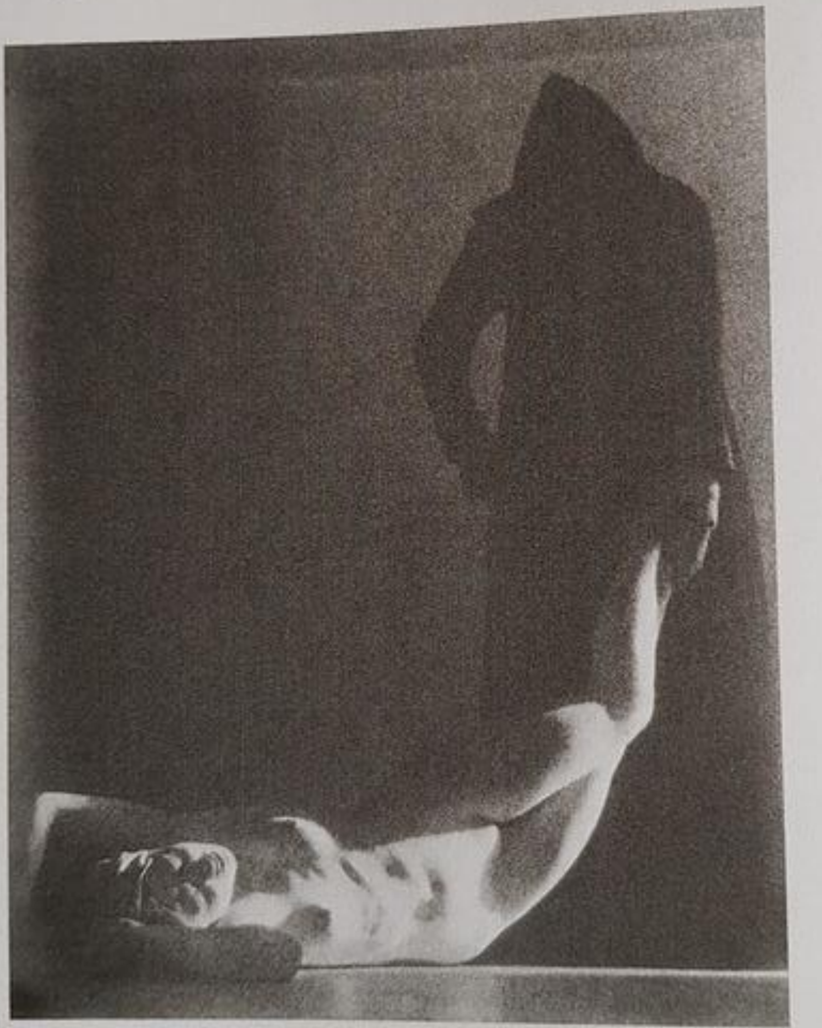


*Without My Gun I Wouldn't Be Able To Quench My Thirst For The Blood Of Children's Genitalia*
Chaoscunt


McMinnville, Oregon
1950
MISSING PERSON
DANGEROUS
THIS IS
KILLER
DEATHSTENCH
Poltergeist 'spooks'
CONTAMINATED
Black-eyed girl caught on snap
FAMILY
KILLED

*Deathstench*
Vladimir Vacovsky

# OCCULT INFLUENCES ON PHOTOGRAPHY

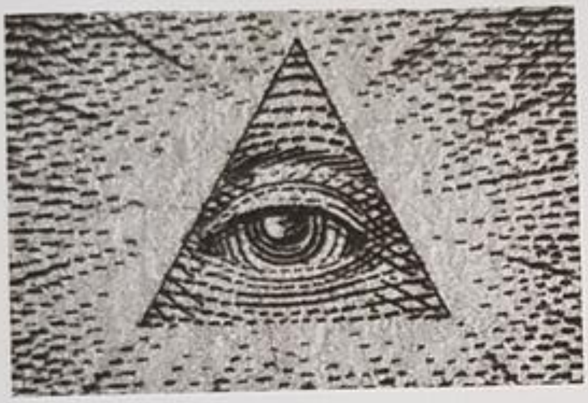


### ADEL SOUTO

This is a rewrite of a lecture, originally given in the class *Projects in Photography*, at NYU's Steinhardt School of Culture, Education, and Human Development's Department of Art and Art Professions, on Feb 20th 2013.

Photography has for many seemed to be linked with magic, and there are still parts of the world where people can hardly believe the photographic technique is real.

There is the mythical link between the lens and the occultists' All Seeing Eye, especially amongst conspiracy theorists.



In the study of optics, some Greek philosophers believed in lenses that connected the world of gods and humans, and when one knows how to adjust their sight, can view the gods, and the gods looking back at us.

There is constant reference to photos holding magic. While photography seems like magic, they come from two different spheres of performance studies, as well as theory.

The metaphor "photography *as* magic" by the time it reaches the ears of a fourth or fifth party has become "photography *is* magic", but one is temporal, while the other is hallowed.

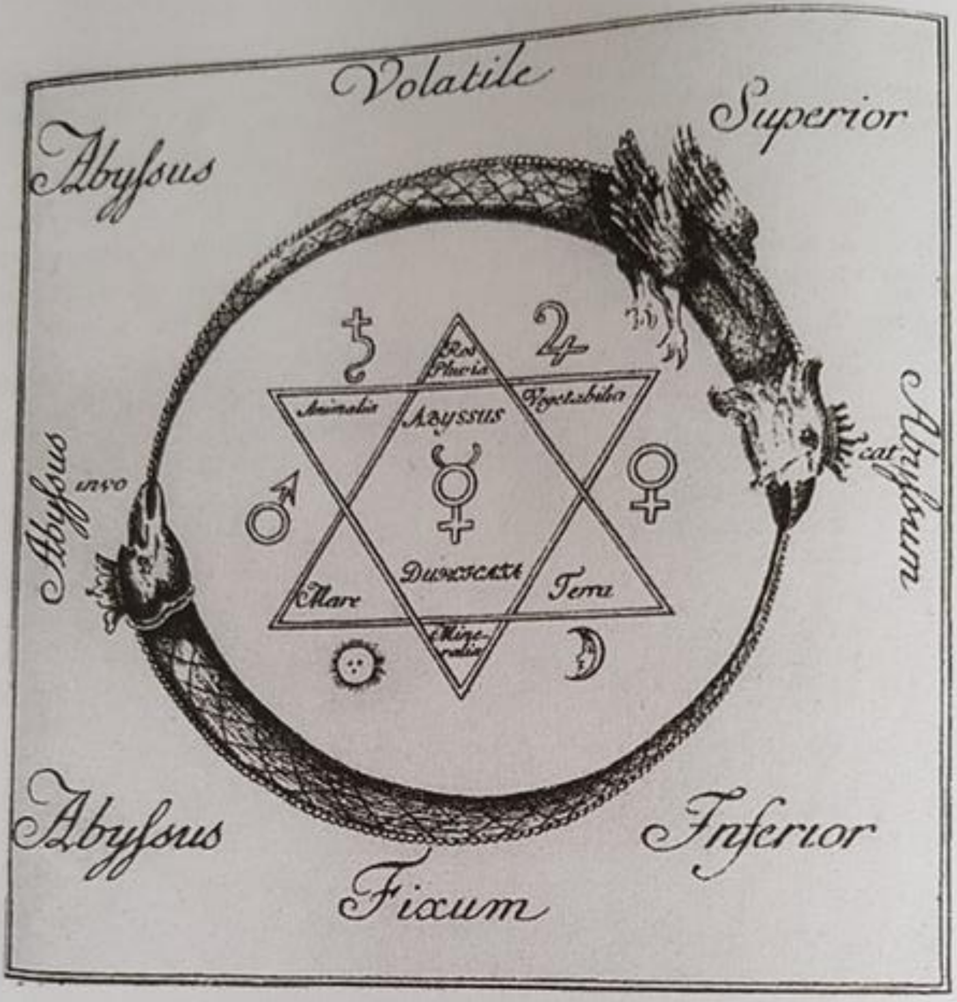
The art and process of magic is to create a moment, using one's will to reach out into the physical world, always moving, and affect as many people as possible.

While photography is the opposite. It's a means which captures a moment, keeping it static. Yet, when the process is artistic, it is also done to affect as many people as possible.

Still, ritual and photography are symbolic, and both invoke complex associations through the use of simple objects. In the late 70s, the foundations were set for the school of Ritual studies, being a mix of anthropology, performance study, and the study of religion and myth, which is ethnographic in nature, and draws heavily from the work of an eyewitness.

Deeper, we become bogged down in philosophy, and as the lines between macro and micro thins, we cannot help but to get into theories on the observer, and their possible effect on the behavior of a system.

The Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics, and its mind-body problem, states that we have an effect on reality by simple observation. Schrodinger's theoretical cat is just as artistic as it is mystical. As Nietzsche wrote, "We are all greater artists than we realize." Accordingly, there has always been magic *in* photography.


Volatile
Superior
Abyssus
Abyssus invo
cat Abyssum
Ros Pluvia
Animalia
Abyssus
Vegetabilia
Dulcificata
Mare
Terra
Mineralia
Abyssus
Inferior
Fixum

PROTO-SCIENCE : ALCHEMY

Alchemy and chemistry are two brothers who constantly learned from one another.

The fact is that one would not have evolved without the help of its near-equal. If not for alchemy mankind would never have had chemical and spagyric plant processes, including gun powder, and hence photography.

Alchemy is commonly known as the tradition of mixing chemicals with ritual to obtain what is called the Philosopher's Stone. May argue that it is either a way of turning base metals into noble metals such as gold, or an elixir of immortality. Even though alchemy and chemistry are over 5000 years old, neither was deemed an exact science until the middle ages. Alchemist Robert Boyle, known for his studies of gases, is often thought of as the godfather of modern chemistry, and it is known that Isaac Newton received his inspiration for the laws of gravity from studies in alchemy.

Along with the alchemic process came the processes for developing photographs, the invention of film, the creation of plastics, etc.

THE BEGINNING : OCCULT ORDERS

Around the late 19th Century, we have the rise of both the occult order, and the use of photography. Westerners were setting up lodges and occult groups, structurally and dogmatically based around Freemasonry, such as MacGregor Mathers' Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, Carl Kellner and later Aliester Crowley's Order of the Oriental Templars also known as the OTO, Helena Blavatsky's Theosophical Society, etc.

Magic is split up into several categories. You have stage magic - sleight of hand - and you have magick (spelled ending with a K), which itself is split into two schools: lesser magick is the use of energies to bend space/time in one's favor, while ceremonial magick is used to better the entire structure of the Great Architect's universe through one's personal experience and practice. Occult, meaning: hidden, and secret societies were what they claimed to be: secretive. Therefore there is no evidence of the use of photography in ritual, or even to document ritual. Outside of documenting lodge membership, or much later in the orders' histories, documenting postures and poses, even ritual rooms.

The Westerner's use of photography seemed to be limited to documentation for occult lodges, but not practices. Today, we commonly reach for cameras to document the rituals in our lives, but, truth is, most ritual is not meant to be documented at all.

## PHOTOS IN RITUAL

Admittedly, photography presents more of an opening to ritualize, but not to a rite itself.

It may capture a moment in a ritual, but never the full aspect of a ritual. Still, a photograph is thought to hold magic.

Around the late 1800s, Westerners saw lesser magic as common witchery, which was primitive and beneath them, so the first to use photography in a ritualistic manner were those involved in primitivist, animistic religions such as Voodoo, or several forms of shamanism, where the belief is held that a photo can contain someone's soul. They reason, a person can be helped or struck down by the use of their image, whether through magic spell using a photograph, to simple damage done to a photo.

Spells of a beneficial nature can also be performed on a subject, who may be many miles away, through their photograph.

Much of these practices are still used today in many religions throughout the globe.

The image below is of benevolent witchcraft to heal someone using photographs.

Some artists found fun in the macabre, while others heard a call from the other side, and produced works with an occult air, but not necessarily occult themselves.

In the next two images we have playful yet morbid Albumen silver prints, respectively, from 1860 by Eugène Thiébault, and 1890 by an unknown French artist.

As the Western world's *Fin de siècle* worldview came to an end, 1900 - 1930, the widest use of photography in an occult manner would be in attempting to capture the supernatural world; from mediumistic practices, like séances, to ghosts, and other unexplainable phenomenon, including trying to prove the soul exists, such as spirit photography, pioneered by American William H. Mumler. This image was taken by German psychologist Albert von Schrenck-Notzing in his study of psychics.

Today, many of the photographs are proven to be somehow faked, and are deemed worthless to science, but still obtain an artistic value. A rare showing of many of these images coalesced as the exhibit, and its companion catalogue, *The Perfect Medium: Photography and the Occult*, which was held at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, in 2005.

Not long after we have occult methods used in photography; not for ritualistic purposes, but to sell something, from products to ideologies.

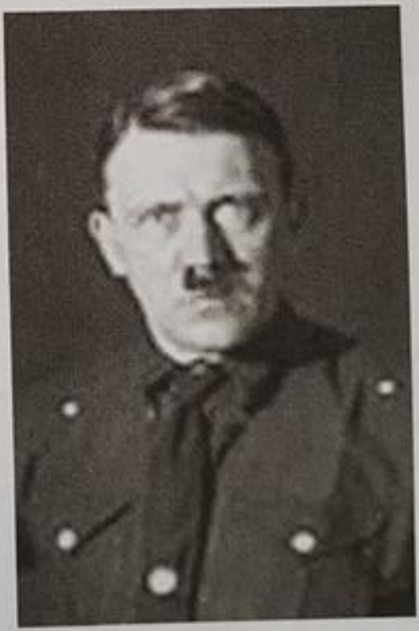
The photographer frames a shot, following inner artistic drives, most likely in an empathetic expression, so as to have you feel what they feel. Around this time, ad agencies began to use the camera to fabricate moments, often ones that rarely exist in the real world, following outside instructions, all to make one feel whatever emotion is necessary to sell the product. Their power was not in argument, but simple suggestion.

Now, as alchemy spawned chemistry, the hermetic orders of western occult magic helped bring about an interest in the mind, and psychology. Later psychology gave rise to psychological warfare and propaganda studies. Edward Bernays, a nephew of Sigmund Freud, known as the godfather of public relations is proof positive of the link between them.

In 1919, he opened his first public relations office in NY, and taught courses on the subject beginning in 1923. Many of his ideas are based on the works of Gustave LeBon, who studied crowd control.

Another group who used much of what was put forth by LeBon, even Bernays and Freud, was the National Socialist Party of Nazi Germany. Using set, setting, color, syntax and even obfuscation, the Nazis manhandled all forms of art and photography to create a form of hidden propaganda, all meant to manipulate the inner workings of what they considered the Aryan mind.

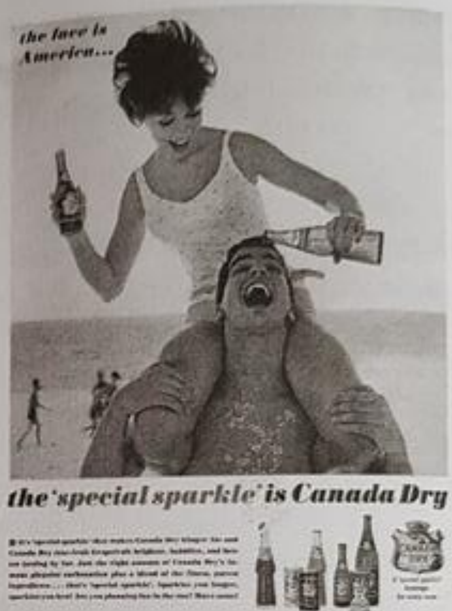
As an example of obfuscation, taken from the 1996 film *The Empty Mirror*, we have a famous picture of Adolf Hitler, where he looks rather proud, used in political posters to portray someone who is stern, and not afraid to heroically pull Germany out of the clutches of her enemies.



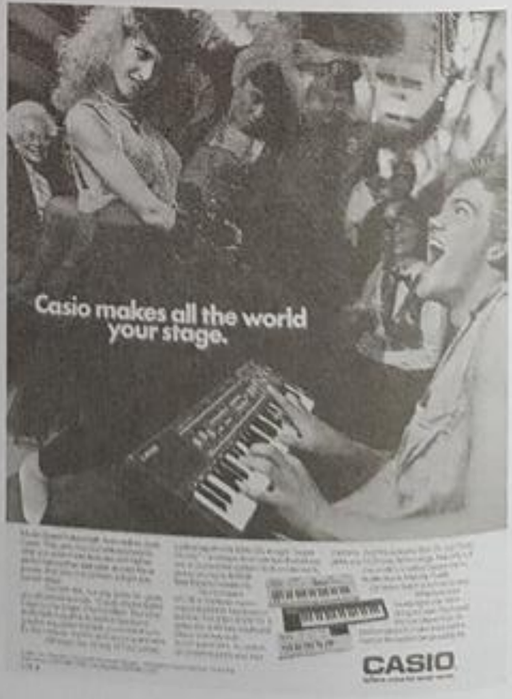
Yet, pull back to reveal where the image was cropped from, and if used on a political poster, would have been laughable.

If anyone wonders how much the Nazi party involved the occult in their works, all they have to do is watch Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* to see how much magic, both lesser and greater, is used in one simple propaganda film. Currently, in much of advertising, photography is used to show a world you're not currently in, but if you use their product, your life could change for the better.

Most know this image has nothing to do with soda, but it shows a joyful world you're not a part of, and may want to be.


the face is America...
the 'special sparkle' is Canada Dry

The next one shows how you can create that happiness, or attention you seek, with the use of their product.


Casio makes all the world your stage.
CASIO

Like a sci-fi novel, or a tv show, the advertising image is meant to take you away from the state you're in, and, in a split second, make you want to exchange where you're at, to what is happening in the image.

Cultural anthropologist Victor Turner thinks ritual and advertising temporarily dissolve social hierarchies, and momentarily reshape personal identity. According to Michael Schudson, in his book *Advertising the Uneasy Persuasion*, advertising is hyper-ritualistic in a capitalist realist system, and points to the manipulation of ideals as the connection between advertising and ritual. Since the modern age, both politics and commerce use near-magic, trance-like states to push an idea, hypnotism and mesmerism. Like magic, their will sent out to create change in time / space. The two schools of thought have practically turned it into a war between information and confirmation, between those who seek knowledge and those who are just looking for affirmation.

## RITUAL IN PHOTOS

Like advertising, Surrealist art was to work on the unconscious as much as the conscious mind.

Strangely enough, though they dealt in dream states, Surrealists did not use the camera in a magic or ritualistic manner. While many did perform ritualistic acts of performance art, and many artists used ritual in their material artwork, the camera itself served little more than to document the act.

Avant-guard filmmaker Maya Deren shot 18,000 feet of Voodoo ritual footage, and heavily documented possessions, rites and altars in both photo and film, from the late 40s to the mid 50s.

In the next image, we see Nouveau Realist Yves Klein in what he called a ritual transfer of immateriality, where he would, in exchange for gold, perform a ritual, and labeling it an invisible work.

I found it odd that I could not track down a single reference to Man Ray or Jean Cocteau using photography as ritual, though a bit of the fore and much of the latter were influenced by the occult, and the latter's film work was, admitted by the director, to be quite occult in nature. Vilém Reichmann in Czechoslovakia and Clarence John Laughlin in New Orleans, Louisiana were two Surrealist photographers which heavily mixed occult themes into their work, but neither mixed ritual and their art.

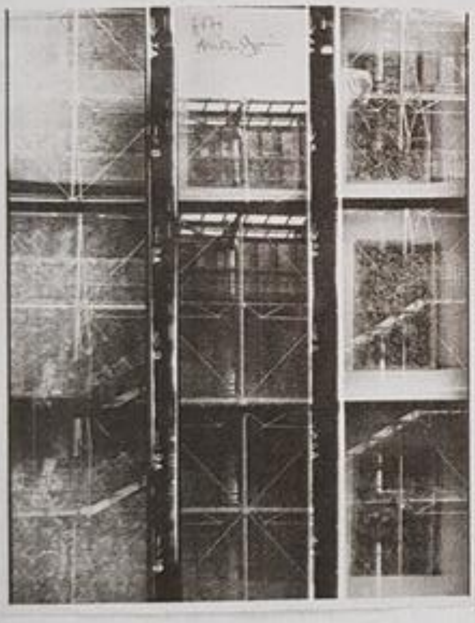
These acts constitute what Erving Goffman described as the "interaction ritual", where ritual-like behavior lacks recognition of a formal rite, more art than austere. Many can argue that the Dada and Surrealist process of placing poetry atop of photos, or the act of collage is a ritualistic process, but if the artist had a magical purpose in mind, it went unsaid. The work may seem ritualistic, but only in a mechanical sense, certainly not in a spiritual sense. And, while Joseph Campbell claims that none are closer to experiencing what it's like to be god than the artist in the process of creation, much of that is experienced in hindsight, as the innovative impulse stems from inspirational urges and ideas many artist don't even understand at the time.

Around the time of the Beat Generation, the late 1940s, artist stopped seeing themselves as part of the nobility and academia, and more a part of the proletariat. Artists were rarely beneficiaries of the state, and hadn't held court with kings since the Renaissance. Artisans now saw themselves as laypersons, even street people. With that came a reconnect with the lower class, mainly America's immigrant and black population, coming with it shamanistic beliefs, and the practice of witchcraft.

Soon after, Brion Gysin, many times under collaboration with Ian Sommerville and William Burroughs, was possibly the first to introduce photography into ritual, using the camera's eye to capture a moment as well as create one.

Many times Gysin would look out the windows of his flats in Paris and Morocco, and with an idea to manifest, or wishful thinking, took a photograph from his particular vantage point. He would then ritualistically paint, write or color the photographic image, and place it back on the window, so as to replace the mundane viewpoint with his more magical perspective.

This image shows a collage, seminal of his later grid-worked pieces, of his view from their last Paris hotel room, which became best known as "the Beat Hotel". All they saw was the Beaubourg facade next door, but many of the images where meant to affect locations and have influence further beyond what they could see.



The following image comes from the "Danger series" Gysin took of William Burroughs. Both wanted Williams' new novel, *Naked Lunch*, to succeed, but with a modicum of infamy, notoriety and even wickedness. The magic spell, while as a result were used as publicity shots, were a ritual to put all of this in motion in the world of literature, not to mention an advertising move to market Burroughs as, of course, dangerous.

The method of writing the aforementioned book, which Gysin originally came up with, was a ritualistic practice of Dada-esque poetry - using scissors and replacing old text with new - and while the rarely had anything to do with photography and film, they did lead to Antony Balch's films (*Towers Open Fire* and *The Cut-Ups*), with William Burroughs, in the 1960s. Much of this inspired the works of current filmmakers, including Kenneth Anger, Alejandro Jodorowsky's *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain*, Fluxus filmographer Nam June Paik's meditative *Video Buddha*, later, the later works of Jan Svankmjer, and even the Quay Brothers.

## EPILOGUE

Photography and magic have never been so entwined as today.
In their private lives, thousands of people currently use the camera as a ritual tool; in lesser magic to help or hurt, all the way to self-reflective greater works meant to uplift mankind's spirit, or just challenge and ask the question, "When does the artistic process truly end?"

Hundreds of others openly mix magic and photography in their artistic fields, proving one can not only find, but create, art and magic anywhere and everywhere.

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Thanks to Delia Gonzalez, and Vanessa Sinclair for their help in this project.

# POETRY BY JAKE KINGSLEY

# Crowned in His Acidic Salivations

Affliction of spiraling, withershins, without guard
Downward, ever empty chasms, rending hemispheres apart
Glorifying, down to the core, malicious to the End
Spreading in your wounds, your orifices, pressing and smearing it
Opened your mouth to gag on Its filth, tongue lolling, and ready for more

An off kilter nocturne, written in blood, and dried in the flames of Hell;
A glyph poses these questions to you, sharp chime of bell, and searing flesh answers

There is but one moment when you realize you are not alone,
It brings with It the same feeling, expectations, every time,
And each, and every, time that It pierces your aura,
There's a little bit less of you, and a little bit more of It left over

His spittle, black and molten, bleeds through His teeth, propelled by His sour and spoilt breathing,
Dripping upon your pale form, pooling just under your neck
He mandates a perfect, frozen silence as He prepares you and your Being for what is to come
One gnarled digit rose towards the accursed heavens, His lips curling slightly:

"Once you believed this life as truth, and now, it will shatter under the profundity of No-Thing,
To see it all as a waste, to see it all as a fallacy….,"
I hear His tongue run over and suck against His teeth as;
Like honey, I feel what tendrils He looses from His mandible, frothing down onto my eyes,
Alchemically burning, changing my perception of this living and breathing Illusion

# Bitter Hemlock Dram

Fever and goblet draining
Lashing against your skins
Cold sweat, your draught of choice;
Sicknesses
Emboldened through filth

Unease, as well as Death does
Feed this calloused heart
With no small portions of fear and hatred

Protrusions borne from within
Amplify and coil
Shifting flesh and bizarre forms
Withered by doubt and contain
The secrets of the moon

Unease, as well as Death can.

# Visited by All Sorts of Punishments

Faceless mounds of flesh writhing
A whole body of amorphous devouring
Mouth eating mouth eating mouth eating mouth
Squirming, and twisting, and teething,
Lactating blood and rotten semen,
Infinite infections pissing through the air

Corrosion to sanity, when there is no End to the Wheel;
Maligned against oneself
Hallucinatory fixation, same as when eating, when teeth see
Staring THROUGH space and the parallelisms of the Astral Mouth;
Slowly, oh so slowly, I am inhaled and consumed in the Mouth

After and Before, Beyond and within;
Carved from these streams of unconsciousness;
This trumpet of esophagus,
The sound of the world, as death rattle, hollow and calm,
Brings the rise of all so hidden and obscured, by earth and rock,

Nocturnal commands issued in vomit,
This loyalty won through violence
A bit lower than most would tread
And spoken in hushed and hissed tones to all who bear witness;
To all who bear the Djevel brand, from hot irons on flesh, and within corpses still walking
"I come as grievances;
I come as all sorts of punishments".

# Blessed Inhumation

Colorless in Its apathy,
And without benefit,
Of all those things we find innate
Visions form, from eternal vastness
VOIDS, beginning within themselves

Kill with weapons of intolerance,
The last of your hope – the last of this breath
The perfect materialization of wretchedness

And, yet, I remain, ill, while the poisons are gone…
Mine cure be Thine horrors

Extensions of me,
And of whatever resides inside,
Slowly inching outside my holes
Spectral tendrils, wisps,
Of astral shadows
Grasp, in hungry anticipation

A lull within Thine Sanctuary
Overgrown suffering
Hulking terror and Hell

Into the Night's Eye I gaze,
And I am left,
Stricken, through curse, 'til Death

# Under This Wyrm

Slithering from the womb
Serpentine entrails,
Accompanied by deformed  infant,
Arranged in bizarre, sanguine sigils

Low and loud, an infectious sonic bombardment,
Screaming heard as the drone of electronics, vibrations coursing through nodes
Scraping aside the flesh, to reveal what is
Over-worn.

Quality, over quantity, of morose horsing
Plague curing the never-ending stream of human-sicknesses
Of writhing emotional waste,
With what may be the most necessary change…

Growth with rapid seizures, a sacrament in contortions
A hollowing out of the auras of human;
Preferred method of vampirism;
Syphoning life from these already fetid masses.

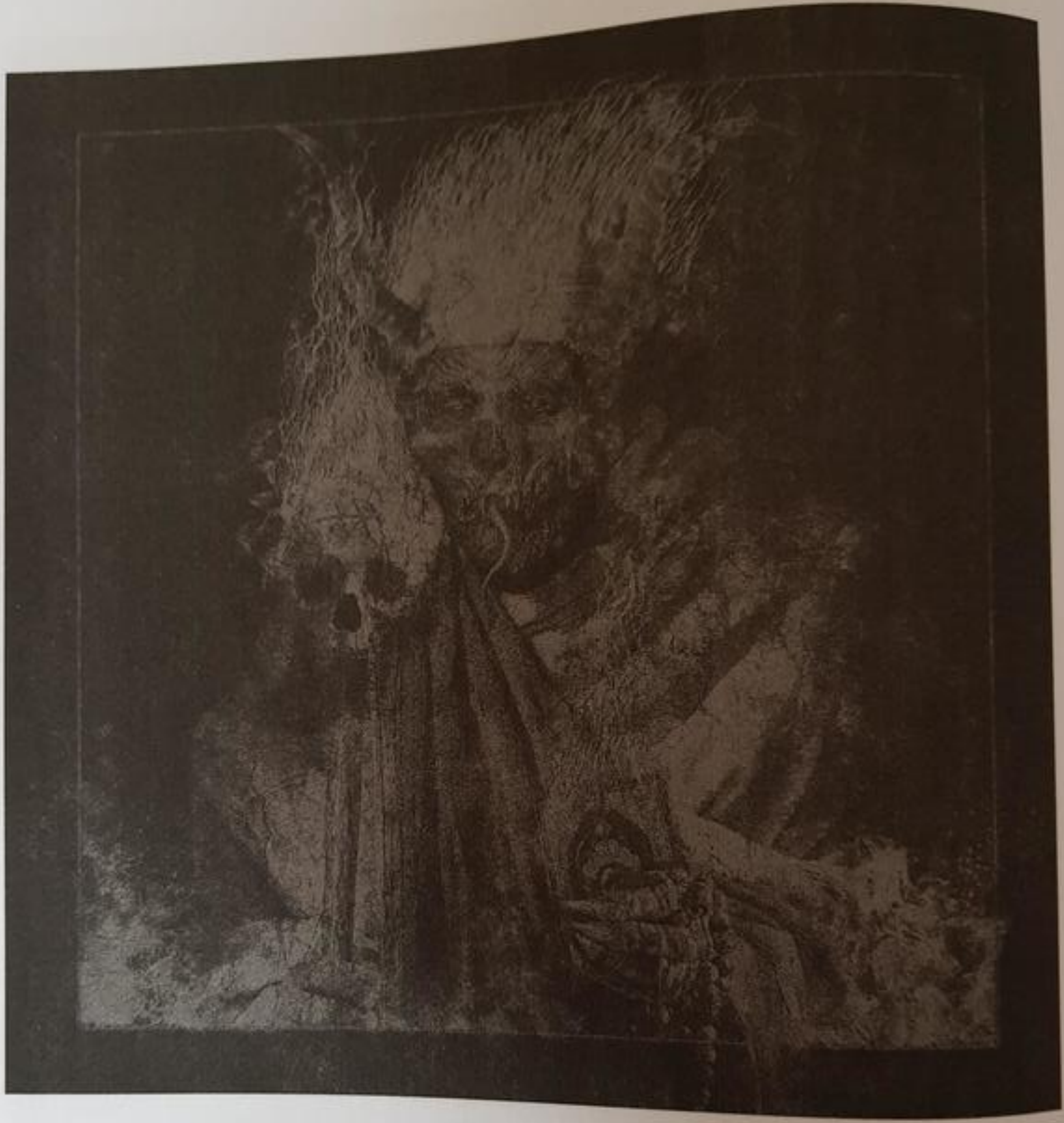
Inside, distant, mirrors, attached to your fascination,
Beyond mortal sight, but not from this touch, apart from the husk,
Reflecting what you wanted to see

Wriggling within the strength of It, never quite free of It
Raping, with hatred, into your furrowed brow;
Spirit doused with disgust, made wet,
with the violence of It, and brought to the surface

# ART BY NESTOR AVALOS

VIEW FULL PORTFOLIO VIA
NESTORAVALOSOFFICIAL.COM

*IBLIS*
*Imperator of Delusion*



*Ash Shaytan*

*The following collection of research and spiritual correspondences is the result of several years of work completed by occultist M. Mack. The presentation hopes to illuminate the Diabolical nature of Thelema. Therefore, it only incorporates terms and names relating to Diabolism, Devil Worship and Black Magick. It is described by Mack as a sort of Diabolist Sepher Sephiroth, compiled to present a solid Qabalistic/Gematria foundation for Diabolism. Some practical and ritual aspects have been omitted for brevity's sake. These key correspondences are being published so that others can be guided toward an original and correct usage of these terms and numerical equivalents in their Diabolic magick.*

*I present to you,*

# *THE DIABOLICABALA*

| | |
|---|---|
| 5 | The Pentagram. The Inverted Pentagram is one of the few occult symbols that seems to have power in itself to produce a supernatural effect. When utilized in ritual it does not behave as does the upright pentagram which produces a clearing, cleansing and warding effect, which can be detrimental by banishing whatever tenuous thread of inspiration one might be pursuing. The inverted pentagram invokes the darkness while banishing the light (actually equivalent to one action). One effect or impression is that the floor gives way revealing the infernal realm beneath. It is a key that unlocks that door and grants access to the infernal. The i.e. contains a "V" the sign of Set/Apophis which is also the number 5 as a Roman numeral or a 6 as the Hebrew letter Vav (5+6=11). This V reflects the inverted cone used in diabolic energy work and the manifestation of the Legion. In Crowley's Ritual of the Mark of the Beast it is implied that one pictures the Baphometic goat in the pentagram one has drawn around the circle in the second section where one states "About me Flames my Father's Face, the star of Force and Fire. And in the column Stands his Six-rayed Splendour!" That "father" is clearly Lucifer-Satan-Baphomet as stated throughout AC's writings. (Note this phrase from Regardie has 5 "F's" =5x6 (F=V,Vav=6)=30, and 3 "S's"=60x3=180. 30+180=210=NOX.) That face is a reflection of your own-transformed into an image/ambassador of the Beast/Devil ("possession"). The elements can be attributed to the points by simply rotating the pentagram from the upright position or reflecting the pentagram which would place, for example, the earth element to the upper left point. |
| 9 | AVB. "To mumble" "necromancer" "familiar spirit" "bottle" (i.e., the "house" of the aub or spirit), etc. The serpentine energy of Witchcraft perceived by outsiders as darkness, evil, glamour, enchantment, deception, madness, etc. What is a witch or witchcraft? Witchcraft is anything a witch does. Witchcraft is doing the Devil's work in the world. In one author's opinion, "Witchcraft is an innate quality, an involuntary personal trait deriving from a psychological peculiarity...the witch exercises his/her malevolent power by occult means and needs no words, rite, spell, or potion...an occult power given by the Devil..." (Witchcraft and Sorcery, p.41). At the heart of the Witch's practice is the AVB or familiar spirit, the emissary of the Adversary. |
| 9 | GAH Hebrew "Pride" (Proverbs 8:13). GAH=9=Yesod, Foundation: 9 is the number of Satan according to Lavey. Pride is the foundation of of Satanic philosophy. Critics say pride is thinking more of yourself than you should. But for the Diabolist, Pride is the unyielding conviction of one's own inherent self-worth independent of all external factors. You either have this conviction or you don't. Pride is the basis for the uncompromising rebellion of the Adversary and the Adversarial minded. It is considered the greatest sin and primary trait or weakness of Satan/Lucifer when in fact it is his- and our- greatest strength, the source of courage and will. True Pride is like Thelemic "True Will". What is here discussed is not based on mental delusion or personality disorder, but instead springs from within, from the core of one's very existence. |
| 11 | AVD, "the magick force itself" ( from AC's 777). "My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us." (AL 1:60; note "160" which=Cain=Legion, etc.) Forget the notion that this is truly the voice of some deity. This is the voice of the 11: the demons, the qliphoth, the Azerate, Legion, etc. for which 11 is the number. In fact, it is Aiwass who is speaking (poetically) whom AC identifies as Lucifer-Satan. So much of this nonsense was possibly just to lead AC by the nose with the idea of some glorious calling that would appear legitimate in the eyes of his occult contemporaries. But really, it was to lay the foundation for the later occult revival and ultimate dominance of LHP/Satanic occultism. The word LAShTAL best embodies the concept of AVD and the satanic essence. LAShTAL=371=11. |
| 44 | DDHAL Dudael Desert place of imprisonment of Azazel. See 45, DUDAL. |
| 44 | DM "blood" |
| 45 | DUDAL "Cauldron (DUD) of God (AL)." In the Book of Enoch, Raphael is told to "make an opening in the desert, which is Dudael," as if the desert itself were 'Dudael.' Regardless, the name has become that of his 'prison' which evolved in its own right to become a synonym for a type of underworld. The same story is said about Typhon and Azi Dahaka. |
| 45 | ADM "Adam" |
| 45 | Satan, Horus, Apollo, black in NAEQ. |
| 52 | AKAL "the devourer" |
| 52 | AZI DHKH Azi Dahak[a]. |
| 52 | BHMH "beast." 52 mirrored is 25=ChIVA "beast." |
| 52 | BN "son" |
| 55 | DVMH "abode of silence," a place of Darkness, Forgetfulness and Destruction (ChShK+NIShH+ABDVN=328+365+63=756)-Psm. 88:11-12. The netherworld. |
| 58 | NGH "brightness" (Ezek. 1:4). Applying Ezekial's vision to the magician's circle, starting in the North moving counterclockwise: RVCh SORH storm wind (N), ONN GDVL great cloud (W), AShMThLQChTh Fire enfolding itself (S), NGH brightness (E). It is recognized that this vision is a qliphothic epiphany with the NGH representing Lucifer the closest qliphothic manifestation to man. These four aspects of the epiphany have parallels with the Three Veils before Samael: ThHV, Tohu, chaos (RVCh SORH), ChSK, Darkness (ONN GDVL), BHV, Bohu, confusion (AShMThLQChTh) and Samael-Satan-Lucifer (NGH). Further, these parallel the Three Archdevils of the three previous creations: Qemetial (N), Belial(W), Othiel(S) and, presently, Satan-Samael(E). |
| 62 | ZNH "a prostitute" = ZVNH = 68 = 14 = 14th Path, Venus. |
| 63 | ZAZAZEL, Azazel. |
| 63 | ABDVN Abaddon, hell of Chesed. |
| 70 | SABAV Sabao (Sabaoth, "Almighty"). |
| 71 | ISA (Quranic Arabic "Jesus"). Like IAO (Isis-Apophis-Osiris) depicts the Osirian age trinity Isis-Set-Asar (Osiris). |
| 74 | MZZK mazzik. The soul of an evil man which joins the demonic side after death. Also, MZK=67 and MZIK=77=OZ, goat. |
| 74 | OD/A'aVD. The magick force "11"=AVD. |
| 78 | AIVAS, Aiwass. According to AC, Aiwass=Lucifer-Satan whose emblem is Baphomet. See Magick in Theory and Practice, p. 193. |
| 78 | ChIH HIM "Beast of the Sea" (Rev 13) |
| 78 | ChIH HADMH "Beast of the Earth" (Rev. 13) |
| 78 | VVVIN Vovin, the Dragon, Choronzon. |
| 81 | ALIM. The black magic lunar-saturnian formula of witchcraft, the OTO and the Black Brothers. It's questionable whether there was such a group as "the Black Brothers" in Crowley's day. He was possibly referring to methods he and others understood and practiced but outwardly seemed to condemn. Or they could have been those in the OTO which later excluded the female presence and opted for an exclusively homosexual order and practice. These then are those who shut themselves of from Lady Babalon. AC specifically links this to the 11th Degree of the OTO. See 89. |
| 81 | M.A.M. Malicious Animal Magnetism (from Christian Science) |
| 89 | "The Word of Sin is Restriction" (AL 1:41). This verse has direct reference to the Hebrew words GVPh (=89), "shut up" and DMMH (=89), 'silence'- but according to Crowley "the wrong kind, that of the Black Brothers." Crowley on various occasions can be seen (read) indulging in discussions of the practices of the Black Brothers. He knew what he was talking about because of first hand experience. Regardless, 89 is not a reference to [just] 'Karezza' (obtaining from orgasm) but concerns other methods of non-procreative sex as well as non-sexual energy work relating to NOX. 89 relates to 11th Degree practices as well as to the formula of Witchcraft, ALIM, detailed in Magick in Theory and Practice. Crowley offers two interpretations of ALIM but they are in fact two sides of the same coin. The homosexual/sodomitic formula of ALIM he describes as 'lunar.' Kenneth Grant expounds on the significance of "Sin" as an ancient lunar diety. SIN=120=SMK= 25th Path (25=ChIVA='Beast') which is central to diabolism (this is the Satanist's chosen "home-base" of the temporal ego). 120=RaHoorKhuit (=Antichrist) in NAEQ. The practices here hinted at result in the production of a cold, dark stellar energy which is the residue of 'reverse kundalini.' Here's the essence of death/undeath/immortality and sterility of Saturn. (The Moon/Yesod is in the Qliphothic system, a reflection/extension of Saturn.) The absence of the Void is evoked (NOX) as the diabolist is himself transformed into a living 'shell' (qliphoth)-the "living dead"-Nosferatu (vampiric), and a vehicle/gateway/habitation for the dragons of the other side (possession). The Tree of Death superimposes itself on the Tree of Life and the man is transformed into Beast, the devil-man, Cain/Antichrist. "Restriction"= MNO=160=QIN, Cain. 160 also=ANI LGIVN "I am Legion"- Cain/Antichrist/the Diabolist as the gateway and habitation of demons. |
| 93 | Thelema. The heart of the "Thelemic current" is pure Diabolism. It is Saturnian in nature, not solar as some emphasize. (Saturn is the sun-behind-the-sun or the Black Sun and it is from here through the Void/Ayin that the inspiration emanates. Crowley himself states Aiwass=Satan=Saturn.) Crowley was a diabolist, plain and simple. This can be Qabalistically (occult science) verified as it is in this volume. What we have with the efforts of Crowley himself and the history of the OTO/Thelema is a whitewash of this diabolism. The Book of the Law with its pseudo-Egyptian godnames is a prime example. It seems Crowley perhaps sought to mask what he was doing to maintain the approval of his occult contemporaries obsessed with all things Egyptian- who would easily see what he was all about. For the Diabolist, the Thelemic formula "Love under Will" = Samael/Lilith. |
| 93 | BTzA "unjust gain", "greed", "avarice"- one of the Seven Deadly sins. Attributed to Tiphareth. See 666. This is representative of the vampiric vortex that is Tiphareth having succumbed to Qliphothic intrusion though Daath. Tiphareth becomes Thagirion. The beautiful, golden youthful Apollo becomes the hideous Belphegor. The sun becomes black; instead of life-giving it becomes life-taking. On a practical level this is the ability to open the Manipura Chakra (solar plexus) and devour energy directly into the Swadishthana Chakra (dan tien) from which it is directed to magical ends. This aberrant ability results from various LHP pursuits and practices, particularly those of the XI degree the result of which is "reverse kundalini" and the activation of the energy centers in the legs. The lower leg chakras are connected to the infernal realm. The descent of the "life-energy" thereto connects one to the realms/spheres of death and the infernal and turns the aura "vampiric." One is transformed into a living shell (qlipha), a wraith. You are enabled to interact more intimately with those realms. But to sustain cohesion you may have to devour large amounts of life-energy or prana. |
| 97 | AKAL DMA Devourer of Blood. Also, Akeldama/Aceldama "Field of Blood"=HQL DMA=180. |

| | |
|---|---|
| 99 | LGIVN Legion (Hebrew transliteration from The Hebrew-English New Covenant). 99 is symbolic of the "many" in contrast to the "one." Legion can be reduced to being represented by the number seven (which is a glyph representing an inverted cone), the perfection of evil-the perfect possession represented by the parable of the unclean spirit (Mt. 12:43-45). These seven are really eight in the parable if you include the original possessing unclean spirit. (This 7=8 is found in also in the Apocalypse 17:11 in reference to the beast/antichrist: "And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven and goeth into perdition." (According to the philosophy of Anti-cosmic Gnostic Satanism, this is the very intent of the serpent and it is not imposed upon him.)) This seventh is the "master of the house" and "Beelzebub" mentioned in the passage previous to this parable in Mt 12. For Beelzebub-Beelzebul which means "Master (BOL) of the abode (ZBVL). Further, the eighth is Heighth, Highest which=Beelzebul as the Master of the Highest/Heavenly Abode. The Eighth or Heighth is Octinomos which is Baphomet the image of which is used in Quimbanda to represent Exu Belzebu. See also 160 and 718. |
| 99 | ITTHIVN Hell of Tiphareth |
| 99 | KSHDI/KSHID (Hidden hand/power) Kasadeya "the fifth satan" in the Book of Enoch. Also called Tamiel. |
| 108 | GIHNM Gehenna Hell of Yesod-Malkuth. The fires of Gehenna/Tophet (Molech) could be seen as the gateway to the "lower" hells. This represents the ultimate seperation from the mundane and the cosmic order ("Creation") and its laws. But another attribution would assign Sheol (realm of the dead, ghosts, night-creatures, etc.) to Yesod-Malkuth with Gehenna (=Lake of Fire) as the "lowest" (or "highest") hell. For some, however, Sheol represents non-existence and a borderline concept of the Ain and Nothingness. |
| 113 | ZNVN adultery, idolatry, infidelity, whoredom. |
| 115 | BN ABDVN. "Son of Perdition" |
| 116 | OZAZAL. Azazel. 116\|611=ThNINSAM=SMAL+LILITh (131+480). |
| 119 | STN Satan. |
| 119 | BOLZBVB Beelzebub |
| 120 | BN HABDVN. "Son of Perdition." 120=SMK=25th Path which is central to practical Diabolism. |
| 121 | ZVNH HGDVLH "the great whore." |
| 122 | DIBVQ. Dybbuk, evil/wicked dead. Characteristics of possession by a dybbuk: forbidden acts of a libidinal, aggressive or religiously subversive nature. |
| 130 | OIN. "Eye" 26th Path of XV The Devil. Greek PN, ΠΝ, Pan. |
| 130 | LILIN night spirits (North) |
| 130 | MLKM Malkam (Molech) "Great King." Greek Chronus. |
| 131 | AION. Ahriman. "God of this world." Phanes. Lucifer. |
| 131 | PAN. The All (= "Nothingness") |
| 131 | SMAL. Samael. Thelemic "Will." References to Samael in Diabolism often refer to practical formula. Will or Intent. Evil Will. Evil Thought. |
| 131 | ChSK GDVL the Great Darkness |
| 141 | MLAKIM "Angels." 141=A.S.P. "**A**ngel of **S**acred **P**rostitution." |
| 142 | VOVIN the dragon (Choronzon) |
| 142 | BLIOL Belial |
| 147 | ANVMLK Anu-Molech or Anammelech. |
| 155 | MOMH Maamah, a variant of Naamah referenced in The Book of the Black Serpent and described as "like a crouching woman with an animal's body, crawling along the ground and eating the earth." I'd say this is the truer name and representation of the demon Naamah, or an "elder Naamah" of sorts. The name Maamah conveys feelings of dread and related to MRMH "false" and Mormo (fearful or hideous one) who are her children in Greek mythology. One translation of Maamah is "hiding place" and this is reference to the hells or hidden realms accessed via the Four Angles (subquadrants) and Four Angels of Prostitution (Brides of Samael-Satan). |
| 156 | BABALON. Also, O.A.P.E. (70+1+80+5) or **O**riens-**A**maymon-**P**aimon-**E**gyn. |
| 156 | NAEQ New Aeon English Qabalah transliterated to Hebrew (50+1+5+100). 156=BABALON=Babel where the languages of the world were confused after having been one. |
| 156 | ChIH HIM+ChIH HADMH "Beast of the Sea"+"Beast of the Earth" |
| 160 | QIN Cain. See also 561. Cain/Qayin is the embodiment of the Adversary and so is called Antichrist. So much so he is referred to as the devil himself. According to the New Testament the Devil was "a murderer from the beginning." (Jn. 8:44) This seems a clear reference to Cain, but "when" was the beginning referred to? "From the foundation of the world, from the blood of righteous Abel..." (Lk. 11:51). The death of Abel by Cain was the foundation of the world, i.e. the "beginning." Hence, the Devil the Nazarene referred to was none other than Cain (or the Devil working in/through/as Cain). |
| 160 | MNO Restriction. "To debar from either benefit or injury"-which is to exist in a state of limbo, suspended animation or immortality. These are qualities of "undeath" and of the qliphoth. Certain practices of the LHP relating to the concept of "Restriction" bring this psycho-spiritual-physical state into actuality. To interact with certain aspects/areas of the qliphothic worlds, one sacrifices one's own vitality becoming a shell oneself ("living dead"). Of course this engenders vampirism as one's vitality is drained due to opening the void through one's own body. |
| 160 | ANI LGIVN "I am Legion." Legion is the demonic collective or hive mind of the qliphothic. They are the "scales of the Dragon"- their Master, who is infinite darkness. |
| 160 | AIL STN the Ram of Satan. Phonetically equivalent to "Hail Satan!" |
| 160 | GI BN HNM "Gehenna," "valley of the son of Hinnom." |
| 160 | BN GIHNM Child of Hell |
| 160 | QLL "curse" "accursed." Translated "blaphemer" in KJV Bible. |
| 165 | QINH "a dirge (as accompanied by the beating of the breast or on instruments); lamentation." |
| 165 | NOMH Naahma or Naheemah. One of the Four Brides of Samael attributed to the NW angle. Demoness ruler or gatekeeper of the Qliphothic sphere of Lilith. One of the easiest to contact but from there you could find all your plans decimated as you wander her labyrinth of pleasure, pain, nightmare. In other words, she can aid the sincere or stop the unworthy in their tracks. The desire for the the infernal or demonic spirit of the Adversary in the diabolist is the very presence of Naahma/Lilith in the diabolist. |
| 166 | MLK TAVS Melek Taus. Also, MLK ThAVS=557. |
| 174 | BOL OB "Master of spirits" |
| 177 | ALIL H'AIMIM. "Idol of Idols." AIMIM is plural of AIMH which is literally "dread" "terror" "fright." This is the cause of awe, reverence, respect. The idol in question is then none other than the cosmic "boogey-man"- the Devil. The mirror of 177 is 771 = SATAN; SMAL-LILITh-QIN (131+480+160). |
| 177 | ADVN HADVNIM "Lord of Lords." |
| 180 | HQL DMA "field of blood" (elsewhere, field of sleep). Ager Sanguinis. A mystery of Templaric Diabolism. These mysteries are insulated by spells of obfuscation and are guarded by the damned. Persistence is required to pierce the veil which induces mental discomfort and confusion. |
| 183 | ChQL DMA "field of blood." Akeldama. An important element of Diabolic ritual. There are a couple of differing accounts of this place in the New Testament. The physical location in Jerusalem was formerly called "the potter's field" and consisted of rich **red** clay used by that profession. This connects then to the Templaric mysteries of blood and death and of Cain and the murder of Abel ("the foundation of the world") as well as Judas and John the Baptist (which leads us to Baphomet and the system of diabolism practiced from the medieval period to the present). In one NT account, Judas, after "betraying" Jesus, purchased the field and leapt to his death head-first upon it, his insides bursting out as a result. This is descriptive of the diabolist's interaction with the Abyss, whether personal or in rites of evocation. (The head refers to the intellect and Daath ("Knowledge"). The insides bursting out refers to dispersion (Choronzon), chaos, "un-making" (NOX). (In this author's experience, passing through the Leviathan Gate (Daath) one finds oneself "falling upward"-headfirst.) Overall, there's a price to be paid in dealing with- or opening- the Void/Abyss, whether blood or self-sacrifice. Judas' betrayal of Jesus is the diabolist's "betrayal of the "dayside" sun and Tree in pursuit of the Diabolus. The diabolist invokes/becomes the Headless one.) The field is south of the Valley of Hinnom, or South of Gehenna which fact can also be superimposed on the Tree of Life. As such, the Field of Blood is the Abyss and Gehinnom/Gehenna is the Hell of the Qliphothic "supernals" (in one arrangement). This scenario can also be applied to Malkuth-Lilith/Yesod-Gamaliel (this bloody ground being "the foundation of the world"-foundation=Yesod=Moon (folklore associates Cain with the moon) indicative of the mysteries of menstrual blood, birth, abortion and access to the demonic). Further, The Field of Blood-Akeldama- is ritually in the North or the circle itself oriented to the North (=TzPhVN (Typhon) and ShMAL (North, Sinister/Left, Black/Darkness, etc.)). ChQL DMA/Akeldama is also AKAL DMA, "Devourer of Blood." AKAL=52=BHMH, Beast and AZI DHKH. |
| 188 | TzLM HChIH "image of the beast." |
| 189 | NGH ("brightness" from Ezek. 1:4) in full. Lucifer, the intermediary qliphothic manifestation. Also, SBA DSBIN the Ancient among the ancient (the primordial serpent) |
| 189 | SBA DSBIN the ancient among the ancient (the primordial serpent) |
| 193 | QPVZ "the great owl" (Isa. 34:15) |

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| 206 | DBR. "Pestilence" |
| 206 | RAH. A bird of prey; vulture (MA'aT); to see; vision; a prophet |
| 207 | BAPhOMHT Baphomet. To understand the origin of this name follow Levi and Crowley who called him "the goat of Mendes." The cult at Mendes included the trinity of Banebdjet, Hamehit and their child Harpakhered (Harpocrates). Banebdjet was also simply Ba. Combining Ba and his consort you get Bahamehit or Baphomet who is equivalent to their child, Harpocrates, whom Kenneth Grant has exhaustively identified as Set, the devil, the Hidden God, etc. Ba[nebdjet] had the head of a ram and Hamehit the body of a fish which gives you the sign of Capricorn which is attributed to XV The Devil and represents the earthiest, most tangible (actualised) incarnation of the Adversary (Belial) or Antichrist. In its simplest form, Baphomet as Bahamehit is BHTMHT=70=OIN, eye, also attributed to the 26th path, XV The Devil. |
| 210 | AChRA. "Other" |
| 210 | IO PN. Io Pan. "Hail Pan!" A mantra used in rituals involving NOX. See PAN. |
| 210 | NOX. Night. The energy or movement toward Dissolution among other things. The Womb that is the Dark Feminine Force or Mother. These are all symbolic terms, particularly those pertaining to gender. Basically, NOX is the Darkness that envelopes and emanates from the Adversary and the realm of the Void. Through this darkness we can access the hellish and qliphothic realms which are of this same Darkness. Via certain rituals the field of Night/NOX/Darkness is brought to the forefront- in other words, the invocation of its Absence extinguishes the Light. This Qliphothic world exists right beside our own but we are blocked -some would say protected- from experiencing it. Presencing the dark via NOX grants access to the Four Brides of Samael/Satan and vice-versa. Crowley's N.O.X. Signs/gestures smoothly correspond to the four Satanic Majesties: Puella/Leviathan, Puer/Lucifer, Vir/Satan and Mulier/Belial. Puella is a gesture of silence: the "closed" or inviolate virgin is the Ouroboros, Leviathan. Puer is "N" and Lucifer as young, noble, bright idealistic soldier. Vir is "O" and Satan as the horned-devil proper. And Belial is represented by Mulier "X" - the realization of the work which is the birth/materialization (Earth element) of Antichrist. This is an entirely unorthodox and diabolical use and interpretation of these symbols. (Alternately, in one correspondence, AC equates Puer/N with Geburah, Vir/O with Chesed, Puella with the Abyss (silent, no letter) and Mulier/X with Binah/Babalon. So, NOX is the means whereby Binah is attained and the Father, Chaos, communed with.) |
| 210 | RChB. Rahab. "Pride." The Primordial Serpent-Adversary (Leviathan). Also spelled RHB. "Boaster" "Insolent" "Proud" "Strength." Apep. Jormangandr. Tiamat. Ouroboros. World Encircler. Devourer of Souls. In one system (Hayyim Vital), Rahab is one of the Four Brides/Angels of Prostitution of the Four Angles (subquadrants). In this regard, she is associated with Ashtaroth, "the Queen of Heaven," whose cult was a huge "distraction" for Israel. Some consider her the original adversary or devil in the form of Yahweh's estranged wife. |
| 210 | LSTN ADVN "to Satan the Lordship" or "Satan is Lord" |
| 210 | TzLLNI tzlane shade or evening spirits (West) |
| 210 | MTzIKIM mazzikim Harmers (direction: below) |
| 210 | MSK MVDIL "the Abyss" |
| 211 | OLVQH "leech," "vampire" "ghoul." Prov 30:15. "Sanguisugae" (Vulgate). |
| 212 | ZRH "strange," "alien," "to spread [out]." |
| 213 | ONN GDVL "a great cloud" (Ezek 1:4). |
| 218 | AZRAT Azerate of the MLO/TOTBL. The Eleven-headed Beast/Chavajoth that consists of the Dark Gods/Lords of the Qliphoth. Those that choose can become part of the body of this beast, one of its "scales," through diabolic devotion and mystic pursuit. Our most recent understanding of the eternal, anti-cosmic Opposer. The very Voice or Emissary of the original AIN or Nothingness. The reaction of non-being to being ( Demiurgic "creation"). An effective exercise to invoke the Azerate is the traditional Middle Pillar of the Golden Dawn utilizing the letters/sounds of the word AZRAT at the 5 energy centers, starting with "A" above head (crown) and working downward. Crown (Kether): A="Ahh" of insight, inspiration, encounter, invocation; Throat (Daath): Z="ZZZ" of sleep/dream and the buzzing of the insectoid denizens of the other side and places in-between; Solar plexus (Tiphareth): R="rrr" the growl or roar of the lion-adversary "seeking whom he may devour." A vampiric center for the practicing Diabolist. One devours energy directly here. Represented in archaic devil art; Genitals (Yesod): A="Ahh" of pleasure; Feet (Malkuth): T="t" the "tick-tock" of time-matter-materilization ruled by Satan/Saturn. One can easily form one's own associations/significances. |
| 220 | NPhLIM Nephilim |
| 223 | OBD HBLIOL "Servant of Belial." This is the Hebrew translation of Matthew 25:30's "unprofitable servant" in the HENC. |
| 223 | Value of the Satanic mantram SA-MA-HA'a-ZA-ZAL which combines the names Samael and Azazel primarily, but also incorporates Mahazael and Shemyaza. Five syllables correspond to the 5 energy centers of the Middle Pillar Exercise and is "vibrated" in reverse order (i.e., Feet ("SA"), genitals ("MA"), etc.). Hereby, one is moving toward the Void (disappearing/invoking the Absence). SAMAHA'aZAZAL shares phonetic affinity with the Zazas Formula. It can be legitimately pondered upon based on etimology that [AZ]AZAL invokes or presences the absence of the void-or one enters the void. AZL means to "disappear" or "be gone". |
| 223 | Hades (Pluto) in Greek Qabalah. |
| 235 | APhS DMIM "boundary of blood," the place of (or means/medium for) the appearance of Goliath in 1 Sa. 17:4. Akin to Akeldama. |
| 235 | PNI HMIM "face of the waters," i.e., of the deep (ThHM, Tehom=445) (Gen. 1:2). |
| 240 | NGOI BNI ADM "the stripes of the children of men" (2 Sam. 7:14). According to Rabbinical sources devils born of nightly pollutions. |
| 240 | AL AChR "the Other god" |
| 258 | MAVVRH "Serpent's den." |
| 270 | QTzPh "to become enraged or be furious." 270=OR foe, enemy, adversary. |
| 271 | RUHIN ruhin/ruhotra'ot "evil spirits" (direction:above). RUCh ThRVOH from ThRVOH alarm, sound of a tempest |
| 276 | OVR "to be bare, naked"- opening the eyes: to wake, stir, rise-up. Hence, TNINOVR (=786) could be interpreted "the roused or awakened dragon/serpent." |
| 278 | VIPhLV PhNIV "...and his countenance fell (or became darkened)" concerning Cain in Gen. 4:5. 2+7+2=11. Note the value of the word PhNIV=146=BBA QMA "first gate." This was the change that was the first gateway for the evil spirit to act through Cain leading to his murder of Abel which was "the beginning...the foundation of the world." (Jn. 8:44 and Lk. 11:51) which world is the Kingdom of Satan to be ruled by Antichrist. |
| 281 | RPhA Rapha/Rephaim. The "sunken ones," i.e. shades of the dead |
| 281 | APOLLO (English alphabet transliteration) |
| 296 | TRPhZ modern Hebrew for 'trapezoid.' 2+9+6=17=the swastika. The infernal sorcery of the trapezoid is directly related to the mysteries of the swastika and the formulas of ALIM/89/Moon/Witchcraft, the Templars, the Black Brothers, the 11th degree, NOX, etc., etc., etc. 296=17=8=Octinomos/Baphomet (Templars), the Eighth Head of the Beast- the Eighth or Height (apotheosis, i.e., Antichrist), etc. The trapezoid refers more to a set of conditions (consciously or accidentally composed and sometimes [un]naturally occurring or encountered) than to an actual trapezoid. It is the deliberate altering of reality via certain stimuli to make an area conducive to the presencing of the diabolic spirit. Further, the Diabolic Spirit is itself instrumental/responsible for bringing said conditions about. |
| 300 | TRPHZD trapezoid. Carrying the transliteration one step further, one arrives at 300=the Hebrew letter Shin, letter of Fire and Spirit (Satan). The Trident. |
| 300 | NMRVD Nimrod. |
| 309 | ShT "the formula of this particular Aeon" (A.C.) ShT is Set, Satan. A.C. tells us Satan-Lucifer-Aiwass-Hadit are for all practical purposes identical, establishing the diabolical basis of Thelema. See Magick in Theory and Practice, pp.35,36,193, et al. |
| 310 | MRO "wickedness" or "mischief" |
| 315 | IShH "woman." 315=OMRH "Gomorrah." |
| 317 | ShIVA. Shiva (transliteration). 3+1+7=11. ShIVA'a=386=17=swastika. |
| 319 | BBNI HMRI "children of disobedience." |
| 330 | RPhIM Rephaim. Disembodied spirits of the "giants" (offspring of the fallen angels). "The dead" in Isa.14:9. These have "no resurrection" (Isa. 26:14) and are twice-dead (have undergone the Second Death) and are the immortal "undead." |
| 332 | MQVM PhNVI "the void place," which is the NW. 332 = ASIMVN + NOMH (Naamah) both attributed to the NW. This direction is referred to in Proverbs 30 where it is called OTzR RChM (= 608) "the barren womb." An analysis of Proverbs 30. 15,16 gives us the following: "Four that say 'not enough' ( revealing their -and the void's- vampiric nature (OLVQH = 211)): ShAVL (=337) the unseen (LILIT/Air/SE); OTzR RChM (=608) "barren womb" (NOMH/Water/NW); ARTz (=291) "earth" (AGRT/Earth/NE); ASh (=301) "fire" (AShT/Fire/SW). A further example might be found in verse 19 and verse 20 is an homage to the eisheth zenunim. |
| 333 | AV OM SA DO MAM Satanic mantra derived from the initial letters of the words of the phrase "**Av**ete **Om**nes **Sa**tanam **Do**minum **M**agistrumque **A**tram **M**eam" or " All Hail Satan my dark Lord and Master!" Also the value of ChVRVNZVN, Choronzon demon of Dispersion = TARADVS (from Abramelin)=281=11. |

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| 333 | ChVRVNZVN Choronzon "Demon of Dispersion"=TARADVS (from Mather's notes in Abramelin)=281=VAZVZV, Pazuzu, Mesopotamian wind-demon. VAZVZV in-full as VV+ALPh+ZIN+VV+ZIN+VV =12+111+67+12+67+12=281. The initial V=F and Fazuzu is a recognized spelling of Pazuzu by scholars. And F and P are often interchangeable. Phonetics aside, the association of dispersion and the harsh southwest wind is fitting. Pazuzu is the Emissary or Voice (breath, wind) of the Void. Note Pazuzu's familiar physical pose/posture prefiguring that of both Ahriman (Arcimanios) and the Baphomet. This is the Sign of Earth and of Set in the rituals of the Golden Dawn. |
| 337 | ChSQ HChMTzVN "outer darkness" (variant spelling). 337=ShAVL, Sheol, hell. |
| 337 | ShAVL Sheol, Hell of the Supernals. |
| 339 | AISh H'ChTAH. "Man of Sin" |
| 342 | ShLHBH "blaze, flame." LUTzIVR "Lucifer." ShLHBH relates to Shambhallah, the secret residence of Lucifer on earth. |
| 344 | ChIH HIM+ChIH HADMH+TzLM HChIH Beast of the Sea+Beast of the Earth+Image of the Beast. 3+4+4=11. |
| 356 | OVPhR Ophra, mother of Goliath. |
| 356 | HRMVN TMAH "Palaces of Impurity" (har-mone toom-aw'). |
| 358 | Value of the verse, "The Word of Sin is Restriction" (AL 1:41) in New Aeon English Qabalah (NAEQ). Restriction is Formula 89 of the Black Brothers. |
| 358 | NChSH "serpent" "whispering enchanter." |
| 358 | MShICh "messiah" |
| 358 | ShMBHVH (Sanskrit) exist, come into being, birth, union, meeting, intercourse, etc. ShM=name, BHVH=alt. of IHVH |
| 364 | HShTN "the Adversary." |
| 364 | ShDIN demons |
| 364 | ShTNH opposition |
| 364 | AVR MVPhLA Lux occulta- the hidden light |
| 371 | LAShTAL. Magick formula of diabolic energies (those of "Horus"=Antichrist). See 570. |
| 371 | HSVD HARTZ "the foundation of the world" which was the murder of Abel by Cain ( Lk. 11:50-51). See 160. |
| 371 | RMPhAN. Remphan. Saturn-Satan. Diabolism, of which Thelema is an expression, is Saturnian in nature. |
| 371 | ShMAL. Sinister. Left. North. Darkness. Samael. |
| 371 | ShAITAN Shaitan/Shaytan/Satan |
| 371 | ShMIChAZH. Semiyaza, leader of fallen angels who mated with human women. |
| 371 | ORIMAN (A'aRIMAN). Ahriman. |
| 380 | ShMM "to be appalled, filled with dread." "to be desolate[d]." Hebrews changed word for Heaven (realm of sun) ShMM -e.g., BOL ShMM, "Lord of Heaven"- to desolation. |
| 391 | BOLPhGUR. Belphegor. Demon of Thagirion. |
| 394 | MShTMH Hostility, hatred, enmity, etc. In full. MIM+ShIN+TITh+MIM+HH=969. Mastema is the chief of demons in the Book of Jubilees. |
| 401 | ARR "curse." |
| 415 | ShAMBHALLAH. "An extra-dimensional or spiritual reality on the etheric plane- a spiritual center where the governing diety of earth (=Aiwass-Satan-Lucifer according to AC in Magick in Theory and Practice, p.193, nt.1) Sanat (=Satan) Kumara dwells as the highest Avatar of the Planetary Logos of Earth" (Alice Bailey). From ShLHBH "flame." 415=ARZURA, Arezura, Zoroastrian "Hell." |
| 415 | ARZVRA Arezura (Zoroastrian "Hell"). |
| 418 | ABRAHADABRA. Formula of the Aeon of Horus. Horus is the Beast or Antichrist. |
| 418 | AZRRAT. "Azerate" (of the MLO/TOTBL) with an additional "solar 'R'" conforming/connecting it to the 93 current. |
| 418 | The Hebrew letter Ch, ChITh, "fence." Value=8. 18th path of VII The Chariot. |
| 418 | BVLShKIN Boleskine, the "magickal east" of Thelema. A source for the influx of the energies of the Aeon of Horus (i.e., Antichrist). See 718. |
| 421 | ZVHMA DNChSh "slime of the serpent." |
| 422 | OQRBIM "scorpions." |
| 432 | SMAL MLKIRA Samael Malchira, King of Terror (from The Martyrdom of Isaiah). MLK king IRA fear. 432= ZBL BOL ARTz "Prince, Lord of Earth" and BLTh, the demon Beleth whose presence is accompanied by much noise and fanfare and who is described as a "great and terrible king." |
| 434 | AUB RChB AUB RAH. Variant formula of Abrahadabra of the Aeon of Horus (Antichrist) invoking the Adversary or Adversarial energies in its primal draconian form. See also AUB RAHAB OB RAH (=496=LVIThN). The Aeon of Horus masks the Age of Lucifer, the Age of the Beast or Antichrist. Unwitting dupes who embraced Crowley's Victorian Age Egyptian nonsense don't realize the gateway of the Aeon is the gateway to Hell (Sitra Ahra). |
| 434 | DLTh. "Door." Many English words indicative or relating to the adversary start with "d"-devil, demon, dual/duality, division, destruction, distinction (seperation=rebellion), definition, etc. |
| 434 | ABRK H'DBR. Abracadabra. "Lo! The Word(s)!" |
| 434 | TIHRRI tiharire midday spirits (South) |
| 434 | MRIODOM " a perpetually (-od) rebellious (mri-) people (-om)." The Damned. |
| 434 | ThV HChIH the Mark of the Beast |
| 436 | ShTN OZ the power (strength) of Satan. "Satan-goat." Phonetically equivalent to Greek 'Satanas' (=753 in Greek Qabalah). |
| 436 | SMAL+OZZL+OZAL+MHZAL. Samael, Azazel, Azael, and Mahazael, demon princes of the elements (Fire, Air, Water, and Earth: E, W, N, and S respectively, according to a thorough examination of possible attributions, but particularly Faust's Magia Naturalis et Unnaturalis. The emphasis is on the Cardinal signs of the zodiac: Fire-Aries-East, Air-Libra-West, Water-Cancer-North, Earth-Capricorn-South ). These Princes are NOT identical with the demon Kings (Oriens, et al) as implied by Mathers. For the Diabolist, these Princes replace the Archangels over the Elements (Raphael, etc.). Upon the Pentagram, the names of these four elemental authorities combine to the sum of 436=ShTN OZ ("Satanas!") representing the 5th element of Spirit. The diabolist should use these names in the performance of the Greater Ritual of the Pentagram for the elemental "god-names" when inscribing the elemental pentagrams. (For the Spirit Pentagrams, use either ShTN OZ or the names of the Demon Kings: Oriens=E, Amaymon=S, Paimon=W, Egyn=N.) The attribution of the demon kings never changes but the princes might, depending on which direction you are assigning the elements. It should be noted that in diabolic/demonic practice, the traditional four elements may be something very different at times than is understood by hermetic philosophy. The Kingdom of Darkness consists of 'other' foundational elements. While acting in the consensual material world, the traditional understandings apply. But the black magician will increasingly operate in that "other world." |
| 436 | anieros "unholy" (Greek Qabalah) |
| 436 | arneios "ram" (Greek Qabalah) |
| 436 | selas "flame" (Greek Qabalah) |
| 437 | ABIKM HShTN "your father, the devil" (Jn. 8:39). |
| 440 | ThLI "the [Great] Dragon" |
| 440 | MRR "be bitter" or "vex" |
| 440 | BITh ChDVDV Beth Hadudu "House of Piercing." Another term for Dudael (= DDHAL =44) the place in the desert where Azazel was confined among the jagged rocks. |
| 443 | GLITh Goliath |
| 445 | KVS HShDIM "cup of demons" (1 Co. 10:21). |
| 449 | Satan-Molech, archdemons of Thaumiel. ShTN+MLK/359+90=449. 4+4+9=17=the swastika, the "weapon against heaven." |
| 449 | Azazal in-full as OIN+ZIN+ALPh+ZIN+LMD. 4+4+9=17=swastika, "weapon against heaven". |
| 450 | BN ShChTz "Son of Pride" |
| 450 | PhShO sin |
| 450 | ThN dragon |
| 450 | ShOLIM craftiness |

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| 453 | BHMVTh Behemoth. Also, BHMH. Name of the totality of Darkness surrounding the diabolist in the Qliphothic circle within which appear the Four Brides of Satan. The Behemoth/Beast/Darkness invoked via the Four Brides of the Four Angles or subquadrants could be considered the basis for the Nazi swastika balanced on one of its tips and swirling counter-clockwise. The arms of the Nazi swastika point to the four subquadrants. These "strange angles" truly are "the gates of Hell (=hidden)" or ShORI ShAVL=917=17=the swastika. Behemoth is the "Beast of the Earth" (contrasted with Leviathan the "Beast of the Sea" (which sea is the Void/Abyss)) and the sphere wherein the diabolist operates. The diabolist lives and breathes the Darkness and it empowers and animates him. This Darkness corresponds to the "False Sea" (MRMH IM=335) of the Four Infernal planes. |
| 459 | BITh HBLHH "House of Terrors." |
| 459 | ASIMVN the Unnameable in-full. 111+120+20+90+12+106=459=TNTh. Tanith, the Phoenecian moon goddess and consort of Baal. Her cult practiced child sacrifice. This is the hidden face of Naamah assigned to the NW angle of the qliphothic circle called MQVM PhNVI "the Void Place" (=332=NOMH+ASIMVN or 165+167) and OTzR RChM "the barren womb" (=608). The cult of Tanith has its origins with that of Anath "a consumer of blood and flesh." Asimon is attended by innumerable, demonic and vampiric ghost-children, victims of sacrifice. (In the Book of the Black Serpent, this phenomena is described as "a vast wheel whence issues as it whirls, multitudes of cat-like demons.") Naamah is the alluring face and Asimon is the harsh, demanding blood-goddess. Her symbol is seen in various satanic art and graffiti and can be confused with the Ankh or the symbol for Mercury. It is a wide-based "T" surmounted by a circle and crescent moon and is vampiric in nature in contrast to the ankh. |
| 460 | BNI ShChTz "The Children of Pride (Rahab/Leviathan)"- Job 41:34. |
| 466 | GLGLTh "skull" |
| 466 | QHL RPhAIM "assembly of the dead" (Prov. 21:16). |
| 471 | GBVRIM NPhLIM "the mighty that are fallen" (Ez. 32:27). |
| 480 | LILITh. Thelemic "Love" which is Lust, Desire, Passion. Lilith represents the individual or soul that has turned to "evil" seeking union with the devil, Satan-Samael. The goal is to identify with and become Cain/Antichrist/Beast/Baphomet. Samael represents the mental faculties while Lilith represents the sensual. The ancient Adversary, represented by Leviathan/Taniniver, directs their union in the formation of the Beast, Cain. The lust for the devil once awakened is, occasionally, somewhat frenzied (hence the rites of Bacchus, Dionysis, etc.). Lilith represents this fiery state of attraction for the Adversary called Samael which draws him to you. Your will or intent is the presence of an aspect of Samael within you- an extension of the Black Flame- the gift of Samael. |
| 480 | PhSPhRS transliteration of Phosphoros (= Lucifer). |
| 480 | MHLHTh Mahalat, "mother" of Agrat/Aggereth/Iggereth. |
| 480 | PShQ "depart," "become licentious," "open wide" (i.e., spread the legs)- the opening of the mouth/womb of the Abyss/BABALON (Binah) that beckons from the other side. |
| 480 | STRA AChRA The Other Side |
| 487 | Areimanios (Ahriman) in Greek Qabalah. |
| 487 | TO ThHR The Beast (Greek Qabalah) |
| 490 | SITRA AChRA "the Other Side." |
| 496 | AUB RAHAB OB RAH. "Magic of Rahab, Cloud of Vision." An invocational formula of the "Leviathan Gate" (DA'aTh). Rahab also means "broad" therefore representing the "broad road to destruction." See 434. |
| 496 | LVIThN. Leviathan. The ancient Adversary associated with Pride. Enemy of Jehovah. Leviathan is the Spear; Lucifer is the point of the spear. Leviathan/Lucifer are the Diabolist's equivalents of Thelemic Nuit/Hadit. Circumference and Center. Power and Precision. |
| 496 | NAHMTh. Nahemoth. NAHMTh=496=LVIThN. |
| 496 | OZRI RAHAB "the helpers of Rahab" are here identified with their master, the Old One, Rahab or Leviathan = LVIThN = 496. |
| 496 | ShQVTz "abomination," used in the Bible almost exclusively for objects associated with idolatry and heathen dieties. |
| 496 | ChAVAIOTh Chavajoth. The Beast. The Adversary. |
| 497 | ZPhRRI morning spirits (East) |
| 497 | ChShK HChITzUN "Outer Darkness" |
| 510 | ThNIN dragon |
| 510 | SThN Satan |
| 511 | OThIAL Archdemon of the creation previous to this current one. Also spelled IThIAL=451=ThHVM, Tehom, the abyss. |
| 520 | ARIH ShAG "Roaring lion" (descriptive of the Adversary, 1 Pt. 5:8). |
| 520 | DMOVTh "tears" |
| 522 | AMA LILITh Lilith as Mother. Compare AIMA= 52 = BHMH the beast -which in this chain of association = TANINSAM. AMA LILITh = 522 = BHMH in full ( BITh + HH + MIM + HH). So the associations are further confirmed. SMAL and LILITh unite and form TNINSAM = 611 = SMAL + LILITh. This is simultaneously the Beast (BHMH = 522 who is the Devil[man] Cain or Antichrist, the result of Lilith fulfilled (AIMA = 52 = BHMH = 522 = AMA LILITh). Further, AMA in Arabic can mean "dark" or "blind." So then Ama Lilith ("blind/dark Lilith") connects to Taniniver ("blind dragon") as well. |
| 524 | KVKB ALHIKM RMPhN "the star of your god Remphan" (Acts 7:43). Remphan is Kronos/Saturn/Satan. This same Biblical verse also mentions Moloch. So you have the dual-headed archdemon of Thaumiel represented. "The Star of Remphan as mentioned in Acts 7 was invoked as a part of ritual child sacrifice" (Wiki). This Star of Remphan could then accurately be applied to the inverted pentagram within which is depicted the goat's head of Baphomet which Crowley identifies as Satan/Saturn. See 850. |
| 533 | MLK BLHUTh "the King of Terrors" (Job 18:14). Nergal, King of the Terrible Place, realm of Darkness-the netherworld called "the terrible house." Beleth? |
| 547 | MLAK HThHVM Angel of the Abyss (Rev. 9:11) the demon-king Abaddon or Apollyon, "Destruction" or "Destroyer". The Antichrist in his Martial aspect. Abaddon is attributed to Geburah/Mars. |
| 549 | RVCh SORH "whirlwind" (Ezek. 1:4). |
| 553 | ThNIN GDVL "the Great Dragon"- The Satanic Trinity or Three Great Infernals from the grimiore tradition ( e.g., Offices)- Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan as HILL+BOLZBVB+ShTN or 75+119+359=553. 5+5+3+13+4+3+6=436=ShTN OZ, the Power of Satan channeled through the Chavajoth Configuration of the Four demon Princes over the Elements. Samael+Azazel+Azael+Mahazael=SMAL+OZZL+OZAL+MHZAL=436=ShTN OZ. |
| 553 | BITh NATz "House of Contempt/Blashemy"- Daath or the Sitra Achra beyond Daath. |
| 556 | Beelzeboul (Greek Qabalah) |
| 561 | AThQIN Cain/Qayin as spelled in Gen. 4:1. ChIVA ("beast") in-full (ChITh+IVD+VV+ALPh). Mathers connects Cain to the word QINA "of the abode of evil spirits, and turbulence, and evil occurences." A constant theme of manifestations of the Adversarial powers is this turbulence, maelstrom, typhoon, Typhon, Set, storms, etc., etc. All connected to the North (TzPhVN)-which is to the left or sinister (ShMAL) when facing East. North is where the Stang of traditional witchcraft is placed. Cain is Legion (Cain=QIN=160=ANI LGIVN="I am Legion"). Invoked, Legion is experienced as a roaring, counterclockwise-turning, inverted cone. |
| 561 | NVH ThNIM "habitation of dragons" (Isa.34:13). Cain (AThQIN) is the vessel of unclean spirits, Legion, a living doorway to Sitra Achra and the dragons of the other side. |
| 561 | AShM the Damned in-full (111+360+90) |
| 561 | DTzNIVThA Concealed Mystery =DTzNIOVThA = 631 = ThHV + BHV + ChSK + STN or the three veils before Samael-Satan plus Satan. |
| 561 | ThALOS. The Cretan man of brass who heated himself red hot and clasped strangers in his embrace as soon as they landed on the island. Connected to the Minotaur (half-man, half-beast (devil)) and the cult of Moloch. The labyrinth (Abyss/Qliphothic Tunnels/etc.) of the Minotaur (Beast/Cain/Antichrist) was in/at Knossis=Gnosis/Knowledge/Daath. The brazen oven of Moloch is the "belly of the Beast." Beast is interchagedly a reference to the Adversary and to its ambassador/incarnation- the Abomination Cain-Antichrist. |
| 566 | TzLMVTh Hell of Hod. "Shadow of Death" or "Growing/Deepening Darkness." |
| 568 | NChSh BRCh "evasive/fleeing (or piercing) serpent." Isa. 27:1. Leviathan. |
| 570 | LASHTAL in Greek letters/Qabalah. A good translation of the word would be "Iniquity"=RShO=570. 570 also=Greek 'pornos'=fornicator. Lashtal is a word/formula of diabolism par excellence. It conveys the very energy/essence of traditional Satanism. 570 also=ShOR "gate" OShR "ten" and RIShIN "heads" all pertaining to the Beast. |
| 570 | MLK Molech (k-final). The symbolic significance of infant/child sacrifice for the diabolist is relinquishing one's own humanness in pursuit of the Diabolus. You "kill" that sacred part of you holding our hope of salvation. You "sacrifice" what is most dear to you on the altar of the Devil. It is to embrace "damnation" finally and fully. According to the Word of Melek Taus, Christianity was erected just so that such a scenario would be possible. Christianity was created to be inverted according to the Doctrine of Devils. Such an inversion of the "ultimate good" becomes a ladder extended into the infernal depths so that the Abominable might walk the earth. |
| 570 | ShOR "gate" "gatekeeper" |

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| 571 | QTB MRIRI qetev meriri (demon) "bitter destruction" among other translations |
| 571 | DRKI ShAVL "the way to hell" (Prov. 7:27). |
| 576 | Infernal trinity of Lucifer, Beelzebub and Satan by equating Beelzebub with Belial. Lucifer+Belial+Satan=HILL+BLIOL+ShTN=75+142+359=576. |
| 577 | ARBO MLAKIM ZNUNIM Four Angels of Sacred Prostitution |
| 577 | TMIRH DTMRIN Concealed of the Concealed |
| 577 | ChShQ HChITzVN "outer darkness" (variant spelling). 577=ARBO MLAKIM ZNVNIM Four Angels of Prostitution. |
| 577 | BITH HQLL "House of the damned/accursed" |
| 578 | N.R.N.R.K.D.N.D. Sum of initial letters of the Templar phrase, "**N**o **R**eligion, **N**o **R**esurrection, **K**now **D**eath, **N**o **D**eath." Its meaning is to dispose of belief ("religion") in favor of the true, forbidden and occult knowledge of death, deathlessness and immortality whereby one escapes death altogether thereby rendering the undesirable idea of a "resurrection" (and, hence, a "judgment") unnecessary and avoidable. This is the ultimate act of rebellion against the cosmic order (the COMODE: the **CO**smic **M**achinery **O**f **DE**ath). The Satanic Templar seeks to depart this life ego intact and continue the expansion of knowledge from that vantage point (much like Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan and the death-defiers). 578=RVCh HShTN "the Spirit of the Adversary" which this subversive philosophy embodies. 578=20=XX The Last Judgment depicting the Resurrection. XX=Shin=300=TRPhZD, trapezoid, the symbol for the sorcery in which all these elements are found. |
| 578 | NChSh BRICh "fleeing serpent" (Job 26:13). Leviathan. |
| 578 | RVCh HShTN "the Spirit of the Adversary." |
| 582 | ARBO MLAKIM HZNUNIM Four Angels of Sacred Prostitution. A little more lyrical than 577. |
| 590 | MMOLLIHM H'ROIM. "Wicked works" or "practices of the evil ones" |
| 598 | ThNIN GDVL ADM "great red dragon." 598=OVNVThINV, "our iniquities." |
| 598 | OVNVThINV "our iniquities" |
| 611 | ThNINSAM "poison dragon." Lilith fulfilled and empowered by Samael. LILITH + SMAL = 611 = ThNINSAM. |
| 611 | AThTAR Athtar, Venus-Morningstar, God of this World. |
| 618 | LVIThN in full. Value of the formula ZZA ZZA NASATNAThA ZZA. The origin of this formula is Hebrew, ZZA (from ZIZ to be prominent, conspicuous or come into view.) "Appear." NA- "I beseech you" or "now." SAThN- "Satan." AThA ( not ADA ) "Come." This gives us the phrase "Appear! Appear! I beseech you, Satan, Come! Appear!" This overused formula should be chanted not spoken once. Hence the double ZZA at the beginning flows into the next repetition (without repeating it 3 times). Hereby, the Leviathan (618) Gate- Da'ath- is open to the forces of the Other Side. (In simplest terms, Da'ath is the mind. The Leviathan Gate is the Head encircled by the Serpent= the mind turned toward the left/sinister/Samael.) An alternate formula/mantram using the name Rahab is AUB RAHAB OB RAH (which is a variation of ABRAHADABRA) the value of which is 496 = LVIThN, Leviathan. |
| 618 | BNIM SVRRIM rebellious children |
| 630 | IO PN! IO PN! IO PN! Number of times Hail Pan=210 is spoken while giving the Signs N.O.X. (the Sign Puella is given in Silence). IO is a passionate expression and can be variously interpreted including and most accurately as "Oh!" as in "Oh, darling!" 630=Ge pamfage "all-devourer" (an epithet for Pan) and krilos "ram." |
| 631 | MThNH HSMAL the gift of Samael |
| 631 | MVODH H'RShA. "Congregation of the Wicked" |
| 635 | HILL BN ShChR "[Lucifer] Son of the Morning" (=Venus, the morning-star). |
| 645 | SUD HRShO "The Mystery of Iniquity" (2 Thess. 2:7 Hebrew-English New Covenant) |
| 648 | MARH-AThA "you are [ac]cursed" |
| 666 | OMMV SThN, The Trinity of Evil, Typhon-Besz-Apophrasz (=TIPhN+BHSZ+APOPhRHZ=149+74+443=666). See Crowley's Liber Samekh. This Trinity forms a triangle with the energy or essence of Lucifer in the center in the swastika-like form of the triple-six (also The Eye-Ayin-Devil). This is the Nogah of Ezekial's vision (Ezek. 1:4). Typhon-Besz-Apophis also roughly correspond to the 3 Pillars of the Qabalistic Tree with the focus being Da'ath. Typhon represents the center or base and Besz and Apoprasz two poles/polarities. So, APOPhRHZ-TIPhN-BHSZ (LEFT-MIDDLE-RIGHT)= 443-149-74 = 2-5-2 or 252=MAURH "Serpent's Den" which is derived from MARH "luminosity" "brightness"→ Lucifer. 666 or OMMV SThN is then, here, the opening upon the Tree of Life to the Serpent's Den, the Other Side (SITRA AChRA), with said serpent being the Adversary itself. A masculine conception of the Cup of Trembling, KVS HThROLH, q.v. OMMV means to overshadow and 666 is the monstrous looming presence behind the Magus on Atu I. |
| 666 | QHL LRShA "Assemble to the Wicked" |
| 666 | ShCh NChSh "The cast-down Serpent" |
| 666 | HMShICh BASh "the abominable messiah," i.e., the Antichrist. |
| 666 | RA HOOR KHVOIT Ra Hoor Khuit |
| 666 | ThRIVN The wild beast |
| 666 | SVRTh Sorath. Sun demon. |
| 666 | Sum total of the Seven Deadly Sins in Hebrew. GAH (Pride)+ZLL (Gluttoney)+APh (Wrath)+BTzA (Avarice)+ OTzL (Sloth) + QNA (Envy) + OGB (Lust) or 9+67+81+93+190+151+75=666. Together they formulate the Tower/Stronghold of Wickedness (Belial) in the life/aura of the believer and overtake the Spheres/Sephiroth as follows: 11-Daath-Pride (the New, Infernal Crown); 4-Chesed-Gluttony; 5-Geburah-Wrath; 6-Tiphareth-Avarice; 7-Netzach-Sloth; 8-Hod-Envy; 9-Yesod-Lust. This is the flesh of Belial. Hereby one worships and invokes the Seven Lords of Darkness associated with these same sins who constitute the Seven-headed Beast/Dragon of the Abyss. This is the Asrtate or Chavajoth incarnate, the Abomination of Desolation, 718, Antichrist. |
| 668 | NBIA HShQR "false prophet." |
| 668 | ChDRI MVTh "Chambers of Death" (Prov. 7:27). |
| 670 | SVRGATh/SVRGThA demonic gatekeeper from Honorius, Verum, etc. associated with the sun, Sunday, Sorath, etc. 670=ThRO="gate" "gatekeeper." Also spelled SVRGAThA=671=ThROA "gate" (according to AC in Sepher Sephiroth). |
| 690 | MRThIM "double bitterness" |
| 690 | PhOSPhOROS 480 (Lilith) + 210 (NOX). The Light of Lucifer revealed. |
| 690 | MMRITh Mameric. A servitor of Belial (?). Also, MAMRITh=691 |
| 691 | BLIAL (Belial) in-full (BITh+LMD+IVD+ALPh+LMD) Belial. 691=25+666="the Beast (ChIVA) 666." |
| 691 | ChIH NBIA HShQR Beast+False Prophet. 691=BLIAL in full (BITh+LMD+IVD+ALPh+LMD). |
| 691 | ChIVA 666. "The Beast 666." |
| 694 | MARAN-AThA "you are [ac]cursed." Its somewhat humorous that so many Christians have mistranslated this word and emblazioned it on so many of their churches. The New Testament use of it in 1 Cor. 16:22 is clear. Paul is reiterating the word 'anathema' said just previous, expressing the word in Hebrew/Aramaic. |
| 708 | ShChTh. "Corruption" |
| 718 | "Abomination of Desolation" via Liber Al vel Legis iii.49. BHMH 666 (52+666) or "Beast 666." Also, CTHLH (Cthulu) 666. Connects to Boleskine with the Side of Revealing placed in that direction. Boleskine is a known physical location wherein a doorway was open to the infernal via A.C.'s Abramelin operation. These same diabolic forces which directed AC from thenceforth promised it would remain an effective channel. |
| 718 | ShTN!ShTN! "Satan!Satan!" |
| 718 | ShAIN B'MChShBH "without thought" |
| 718 | ThANINAVR alternate spelling of Taniniver (ThNINOVR=786). "Light" (AVR) of the "Dragon" (ThANIN), which light is the illumination or realization of Darkness. |
| 718 | A glyph representing the mystery of iniquity- of the beast that was, is not and shall be. The Eighth or Heigth which is of the Seven and emerges therefrom ("little horn"). |
| 724 | AChRITh HIMIM "The End of Days." |
| 729 | ARBO KLVTh " the Four Brides [of Samael]" |
| 729 | QRO ShTN roughly the 'sorrows of Satan,' a reference to the Four Brides. Otherwise, QRO ShTN is part of the 42-lettered name of god. |
| 742 | QTz KL BShR "The end of all flesh" (Gen.6:13) |
| 758 | MShChITh Perdition |
| 762 | Chimaira/Chimera (Greek Qabalah). The Baphomet is itself a chimera. Originally, the chimera consisted of lion, goat and snake, principle totems of the devil, corresponding easily to the names Ahriman, Azazel and Satan and to the signs of Leo, Capricorn and Scorpio of which endless meaning about the Adversary can be derived via the Tarot, Paths of the Tree, etc. |

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| 762 | LAShThAL. |
| 769 | MOShH ShDIM "work of demons." Also MOShH HShDIM=774=QMTIAL+BLIAL+OThIAL. |
| 771 | The Unholy Family Samael-Lilith-Cain of the Seal of Infernal Union. SMAL+LILITh+QIN=131+480+160=771. 771=SATAN (final N=700). 771 is the combined value of the Battery (series of knocks) and simultaneous proclamation of "ABRAHADABRA" (353+418) in Crowley's "Ritual of the Mark of the Beast" (Liber V vel Reguli). This indicates the infernal nature of the ritual as does the initial series of knocks 1-3-3-3-1 which invokes the demon Choronzon/Tarados/Panara (333) residing between the pillars 1-1 or within the (false) sephira of Da'ath (11). Reguli is diabolic from beginning to end and the foundational ritual via Thelema of the Age of Antichrist ("Horus"). In the Vertical and Horizontal Components of the Enchantment (form of the Qabalistic Cross), replace Nuit, Hadit, Ra Hoor Khuit with Leviathan (circle about one's head), Lucifer (touch forehead), Satan (touch genitals) and Belial (touch heart). Then replace Aiwass, Therion and Babalon with Samael, Qayin, and Lilith. |
| 771 | IO SMAL, IO LILITh "IO Samael! IO Lilith!" |
| 771 | The Three Forms Before Samael, i.e. the Three Archdevils of three previous worlds before this present one (with Satan-Samael as the name of the chief Adversary or Head of the Averse). Qemetial, Belial, Othiel spelled QMTIL+BLIL+OThIL (=189+72+510=771=SATAN (60+1+9+1+700)). |
| 777 | LILIT + AGRT + NA'aMH + AShT (89+213+165+310=777). The Four Brides of Samael-Satan. The Four Angels of Sacred Prostitution. Lilith, Aggerath, Naamah, and Ashtoreth. Together their names and kingdoms(angles) unlock the World of the Shells (OVLM H'QLIPhVTh = 777), in particular -and most immediately accessable- the familiar lunar phantasmic world of ghosts, vampires, demons, etc. experienced by all cultures (But not limited to this. Their realms include some of the darkest, most horrifying experiences imaginable). Invoked along with the Darkness (NOX) in which they dwell via the Ritual of The Black Rose. Attributions include but not limited to: LILIT/Air/SE; AGRT/Earth/NE; NOMH/Water/NW; AShT/Fire/SW. Dealing with the subquadrants ("angles") is a completely different experience than the cardinal directions and in itself provides access to the qliphothic and "spaces in-between." The NE can be particularly loathesome and is called MQVM PhNVI "the Void place" due to the presence of ASIMVN "the unnameable." MQVM PhNVI = 332 = ASIMVN + NOMH. The Brides sigil in general is a form of the 3 of swords- basically an "X" with a "I" down the center (Hecate). (The 3 of Swords is called 'Sorrow' in the Thoth deck and the Sorrows of Satan, QRO ShTN=729=ARBO KLVTh, "four brides.") This symbol can be superimposed on or drawn as the Thelemic unicursal hexagram which completes or is surrounded by the Qliphothic circle with Samael at top (North) and Asmodai at bottom (South) and Brides NE, SE, SW, NW. |
| 782 | MRIM HMGDLITh Mary Magdalen from MGDL="tower." |
| 786 | TNINOVR Taniniver "the blind dragon" or "sightless serpent." "The steed of Lilith.The mechanism by which evil is activated." For one, this is the sodomic formula of XI or "per vas nefandum" ("through/by the unmentionable vessel") or P.V.N (=786) "pun." Taniniver is castrated, meaning the act is inherently non-procreative. So it pertains to sex during menstruation as well as other more nefarious practices. Here evil desire/lust/arousal (Lilith) joins with evil will (Samael) which begets Pestilence, an epithet for Cain, the Beast, etc. Basically, Taniniver is here the use of sexuality for diabolical spiritual or magical purposes. But the concept is not limited to these physical interpretations. Taniniver is LVIThN encircling the seal of Infernal Union. It is the Adversary itself guiding the individual along the path of diabolic apotheosis. So the sexual symbolism can be- and rightly is- spiritually intepreted. |
| 786 | MAShThMH Mastema "Hostility" (i.e., the Hostile One) |
| 786 | P.V.N. (n-final) "Per vas nefandum," i.e., through/by the unmentionable vessel. This is the psycho-sexual technique veiled under the name Taniniver (TNINOVR=786) with close associations with the Formula 89 (of Silence). |
| 786 | HDRVM MORBH RVCh "the southwest wind," i.e. Pazuzu. |
| 788 | VRINS + PAIMVN +AMAIMN + OGIN. The Four Kings of the Quadrants: Uriens, Paimon, Amaymon and Egyn (E, W, S, N repectively.) |
| 788 | ChKMH NSThRH "the secret wisdom" |
| 796 | KVS HThROLH "Cup of Trembling." This is, for one, a title of the Dark Mother (and the means of her manifestation) symbolized by a swirling vortex superimposed on a black inverted triangle. (This is also the Black Sun. Being the inverse of the "dayside" sun it is naturally feminine as opposed to male, hence, the effeminate/homosexual/sodomic formula of the Black Brothers. But the symbol/formula is not limited to this particular practice. At the heart of the Black Sun IS the Black Triangle.) The phrase originates from the Bible, particularly Isaiah 51:22 and Zechariah 12:2 (although here the Hb. reads SPh ROL which =440=ThLI). The Vulgate reads "calicem soporis" translated in the Douay-Rheims version as "the cup of dead sleep." The black triangle is the mons veneris or mons pubis. The swirling vortex is the "trembling" or cold, dark electric energy (kriyas symbolized by the counter-clockwise turning swastika) given off from this source or from being enveloped by it (coitis). Its presence engenders a sense of a void or vacuum wherein one feels empty but acutely "aware" (the state of the "undead"). KVS also means "owl"→Lilith. |
| 796 | MVTh ShMI. "Second Death" The "first death" for the practicing Diabolist is turning one's back on the world, embracing one's ego-identity as "home-base" and severing one's ties with the Supernals in favor of seeking out the Knowledge of -and encounter with- the 'Other God': the Devil or Adversary. See Crowley's "Congressus cum Daemone" (Liber Samekh). The Second Death is "union" with the Adversary, becoming one of the scales of the serpent. Also, a specific encounter with the Dark Feminine (Lilith), Gateway to the Spirit/Presence of the Adversary (Samael-Satan). |
| 796 | HNChSh HShIANI VAKL "the serpent tricked me and I did eat" |
| 796 | ChTzIR LBNVTh "a court for owls" (Isa. 34:13) |
| 798 | ShBIOIVTh "consisting of seven"- a reference to the seven heads of the Dragon, the seven Maskim, the seven unclean spirits of Mt. 12:45, etc. Alternate value of Zazas formula (618) by spelling it as ZZAS ZZAS NASATNAThA ZZAS (Greek ending). ZZAS=75=HILL="Lucifer." |
| 798 | IQVM+OZBAL+GDRHAL+PNIMI+KShID (156+110+243+190+99). The Five Satans in the book of Enoch that led other angels into copulating with human women. Yaqum "he shall rise" (Fire), Asbeel "deserter from God" (Air), Gadreel "wall of God" (Water), Penemue "the inside" (Earth), and Kasdaye "the covered/hidden hand" (Spirit). |
| 802 | VOL KNPh ShQVTzIM "for the overflowing of abominations" (Dan. 9:27) |
| 808 | NChShThN "the brazen (brass) serpent" |
| 808 | BLIOL 666 "Belial 666" |
| 811 | MVTh HShNI "the second death" |
| 840 | ShMAL+QDM+IMIN+AChVR ("North-East-South-West")=371+144+110+215=840. |
| 850 | ShKTh MLKM "the tabernacle of Moloch" (Acts 7:43). |
| 852 | KNPhVTh HARTZ "corners of the earth" |
| 858 | MThNH HNChSh "gift of the Serpent." 858=AthH GBVR LOVLVM ADVN (AGLA). |
| 861 | Aion (Greek Qabalah) |
| 861 | Apophis (Greek Qabalah) |
| 864 | AShTh ZNUNIM Woman of Whoredoms |
| 865 | MOShH KShPhIM "work of sorcery." |
| 866 | IRKThI TzPhVN "sides of the North" (Isa. 14:13, the "Lucifer passage"). |
| 866 | ShLHBH "flame" in-full (ShIN+LMD+HH+BITh+HH=360+74+10+412+10). |
| 876 | ShQVTz ShMM "Abomination of Desolation" (Dan.12:11). |
| 876 | ShMAL+LILITh+ChIVA Samael, Lilith, Chiva (Cain) |
| 876 | QRBV LSTN VIQRB ALIKM "Draw nigh unto Satan and he will draw nigh unto thee" |
| 878 | RVCh SORH BAH MN HTzPhVN "a storm wind came out of the North" (Ezek. 1;4). |
| 882 | BTh LILITh "Lilith's daughter" |
| 882 | RChVBVTh HNHR "widening of the river." Root word of RChB- here "wide"- a name of the primordial Adversary. This is the accessing of the Darkness via the rituals of NOX and of the Four Brides/Angels of Prostitution. The waking world opens to an influx of Darkness and is replaced by that world immediately adjacent to our own (but hidden) that is under the auspices of Lilith. 882 also = BTh LILITh, the daughter of Lilith. The Four Brides are easily, though fearfully, invoked and lead to the encounter with Samael-Satan. |
| 882 | ARBO MLAKIM HZNVTh variation of Four Angels of Prostitution |
| 882 | ChIH AChRTh OLH MN HADMH "another beast ascending up out of the earth." |
| 886 | GLITh MGTh Goliath of Gath |
| 887 | IHBOLON (N-final=700) Jahbulon the hidden god of Masonry. The "Hidden Hand." |
| 888 | NV+HAD+ThRIVN+BABALON=56+10+666+156=888. |
| 889 | ShMVTh GDVPhIM Name of Blasphemy (Rev. 13:1) |
| 911 | BARShChTh Hell of Geburah |
| 917 | ShORI ShAVL "gates of hell" (Mt. 16:18) |
| 942 | BNITh LILITh Daughters of Lilith. Daughters of Night (Darkness) |

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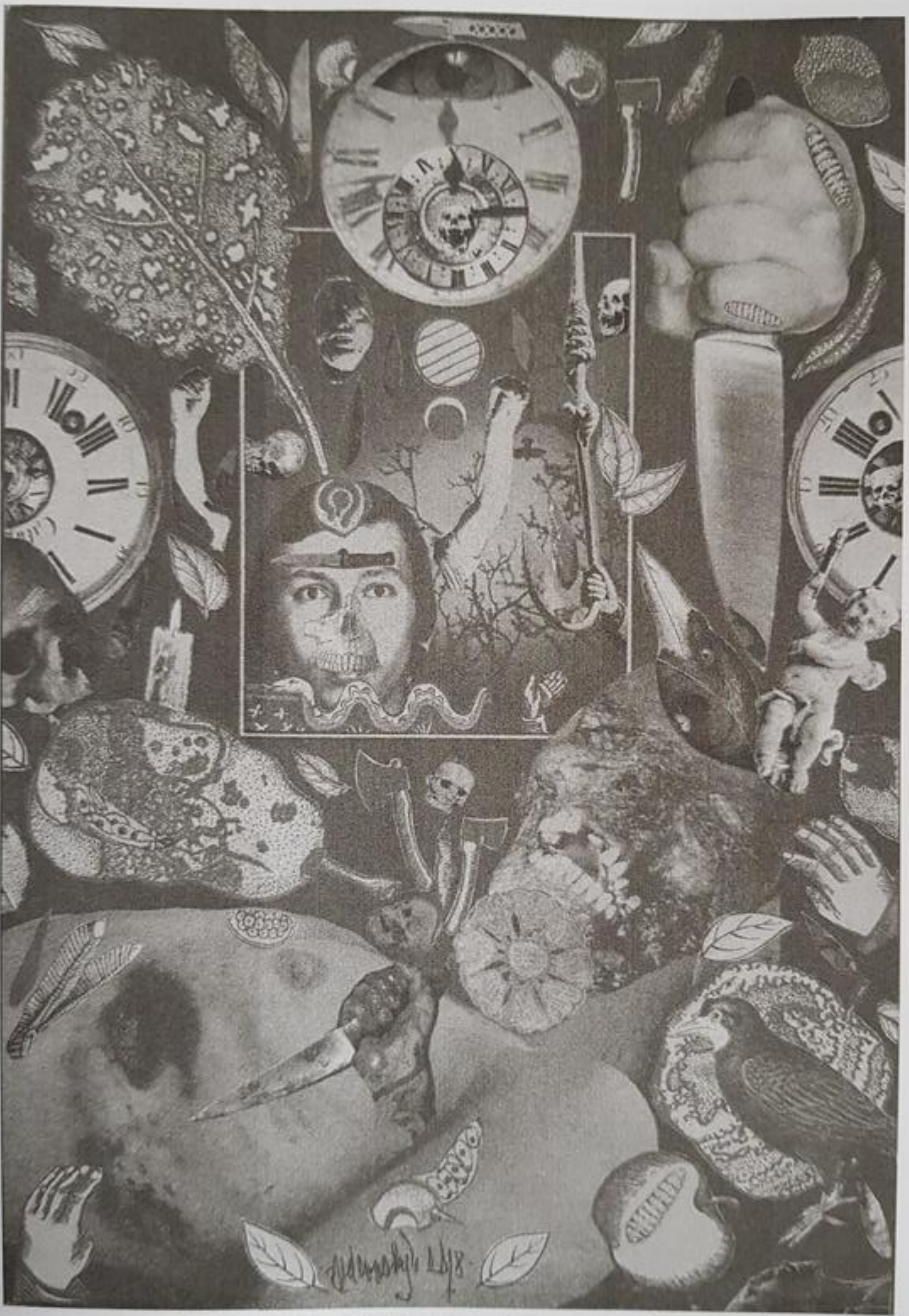
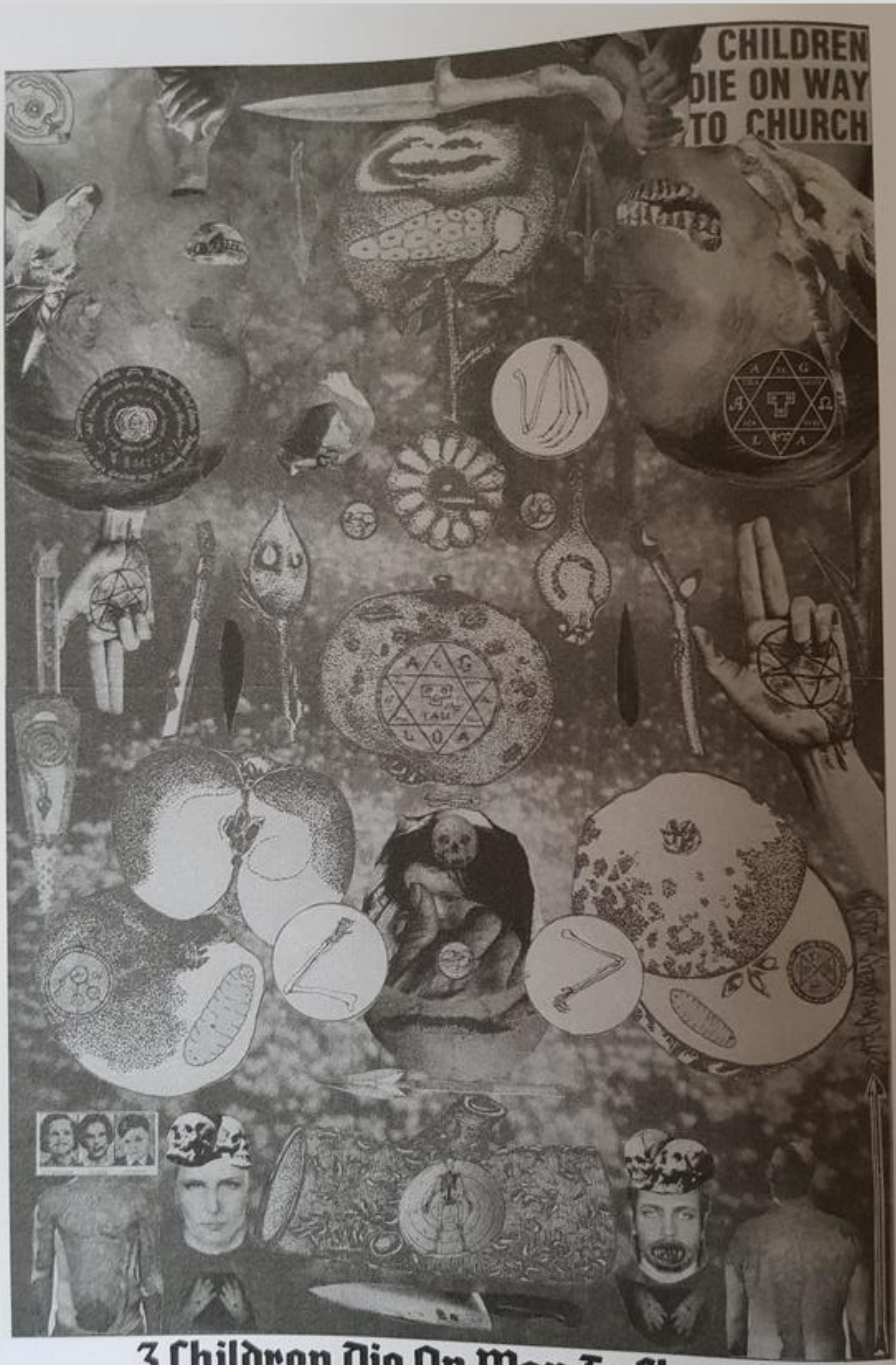
| 970 | ThVRH H'ShDIM "doctrinis daemoniorum," i.e., "doctrines of devils" (1 Tim. 4:1). From Hebrew-English New Covenant. The phrase is composed of ThVRH = 611 = TNINSAM and HShDIM = 359 = ShTN. |
| 970 | KVS ThVOBVTh "Cup of Abominations" |
| 971 | RVCh H'ShAThAN "Spirit of the Adversary" |
| 971 | ShLShH TzRVM "Three woes" |
| 971 | ShMHMPhVRSh Shemhamforash, the "divided name of God." |
| 972 | BNThM LILITh Daughters of Lilith, Daughters of Night |
| 978 | BOLZBVB ShR HShDIM "Beelzebub, chief/prince of demons" |
| 989 | The Three Infernals (Lucifer-Beelzebub-Satan)+the Four Infernal Princes (Samael, Azazel, Azael, Mahazael)=553+436=989=SMAL+LILITh in-full (395+594=989). Note 553=13, 436=13. 13+13=26=8=Octinomos/Baphomet/The Beast which is the Eighth [head/heigth] which emerges from the Seven who is Qayin/Antichrist. Qayin is the offspring of the union of the Serpent (Samael/Satan) and man/wombman/woman. |
| 989 | RVOH BShVShNIM "feed among the lilies" Song of Sol. 2:16. |
| 990 | BMARH AThM NARIM "with a curse you are [being] cursed" (Mal. 3:9) |
| 1010 | MRShOTh "wicked woman" |
| 1014 | NChSh OQLThVN "crooked (or torturous) serpent" |
| 1030 | DRSh AL H'MThIM inquirer of the dead, lit. "one who questions corpses." |
| 1100 | ThRThQ "Prince of Darkness." |
| 1118 | AZRAT (Azerate) in-full (111+67+510+111+419=1118=1+1+1+8=11=2+1+8=218). |
| 1152 | NMRVD Nimrod (in-full: NVN+MIM+RISh+VV+DLTh). 11-52: 11 is the energy of magick of the age of Horus/Antichrist and 52 is the Beast (BHMH). |
| 1172 | NIMRVD Nimrod in-full (variant: NVN+IVD+MIM+RISh+DLTh). |
| 1174 | QRN AChTh MTzOIRH. Daniel's "little horn" (aka "the Antichrist"). Literally "one horn from the interior." Latin= "cornu unum modicum." |
| 1174 | VRINS + PAIMVN +AMAIMN + OGIN + ShTN (326+187+142+133+359). Oriens-Paimon-Amaymon-Egyn-Satan (E-W-S-N-Center). |
| 1211 | ShORI HQLIPhVTh "Gates of the Qliphoth." (11 letters) |
| 1220 | ShORIMRTh Hell of Netzach |
| 1279 | AShMThLQChTh "a fire enfolding itself" (Ezek. 1:4). |
| 1370 | OShThRTh Ashtoreth. Deliberate Hebrew mispronunciation to associate the goddess with BShTH, "shame." The same was done when pronouncing MLK, "king," as Molech. |
| 1376 | OShThRVTh Ashtoroth |
| 1484 | AGRTh BTh MChLTh Agrat bat Mahalot "Agrat daughter of Mahalot." Mahalot from ChLH to become sick or faint, weak as a result of a long journey, physical injury or wounding or disease. Grief. Indicative a vampirism. Personified Darkness and the horror of death, loss and "undeath." Agrat could be connected to the idea of a "pact" or even a family curse with its connection to the idea of a letter or legal document (binding agreement). "We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are in agreement." Then again, Agrath might be read Igrath/Iggereth with the root IGR, "fear." One meaning of MHLHTh (=480=LILITh) is "illusion." So, Igrat bat Mahalat would mean "fear is the daughter of illusion." 1+4+8+4=17=swastika, symbol of the cold, dark, stellar, saturnian energy of undeath. |
| 1723 | MPhThChVTh ShAVL V'MVTh "Keys of Hell and Death" |
| 2170 | ARVR AThH BBAK V'ARVR AThH BTzAThK "Cursed you are (will be) coming-in and cursed you are (will be) going out." A great example of what a rich resource the Bible is for the diabolist. Phonetically, and in spell form: "Arur atah behboeeka/ [wa-]arur atah behseeteeka/ behboeeka! behseeteeka!/arur! arur!/atah! atah!" Herein are 33 syllables. 33 = BLA to destroy ("Bahlasti!" Book of the Law, 3:54). One can reduce the phrase to one word by removing all repeated letters so that you obtain ARVThHBKTz (=724=13) the pronunciation of which one can explore to find a sound that suits you. |

# Collages by Vladimir Vacovsky



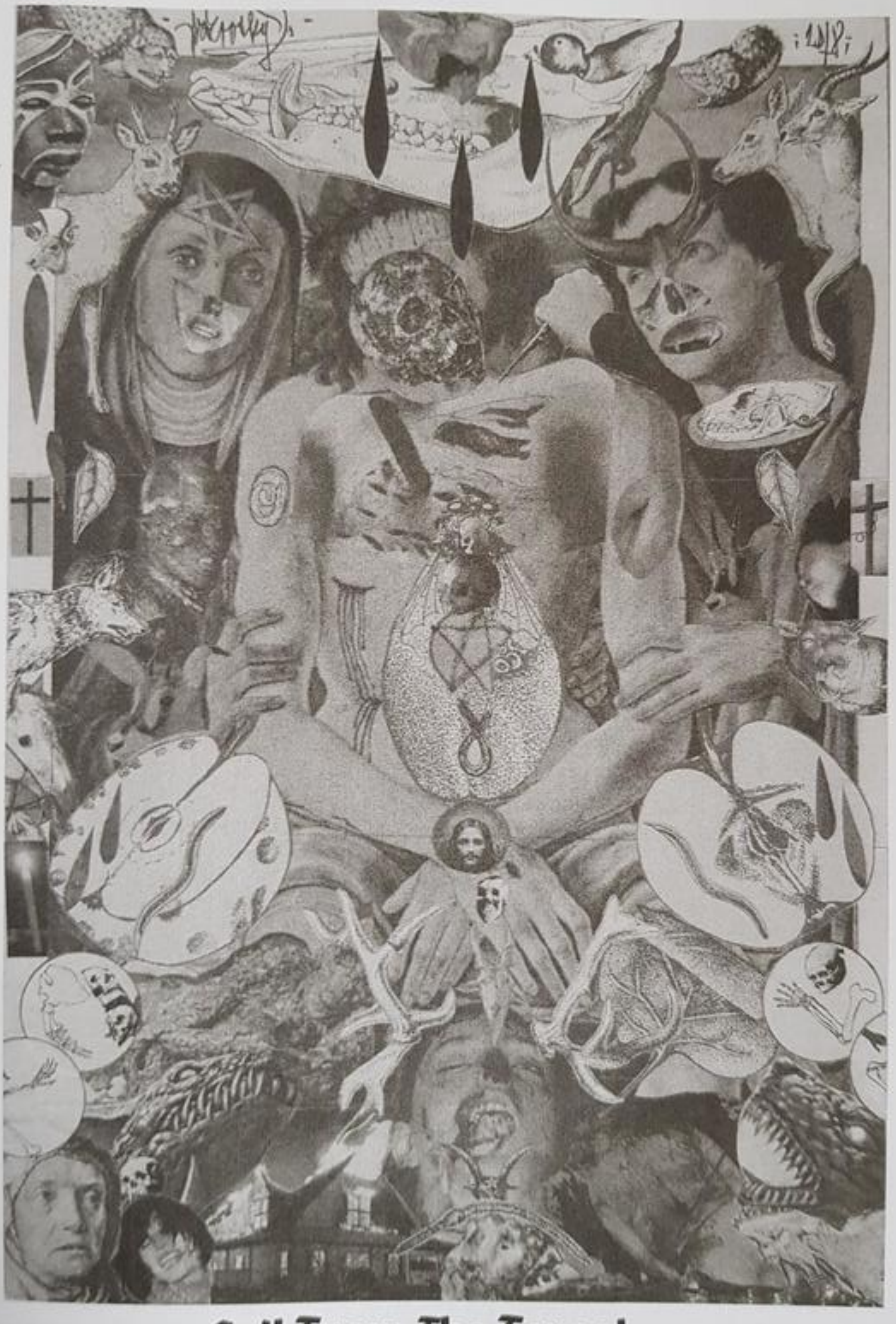
Frustrated Trainwreck

Vladimir Vacovsky


CHILDREN
DIE ON WAY
TO CHURCH

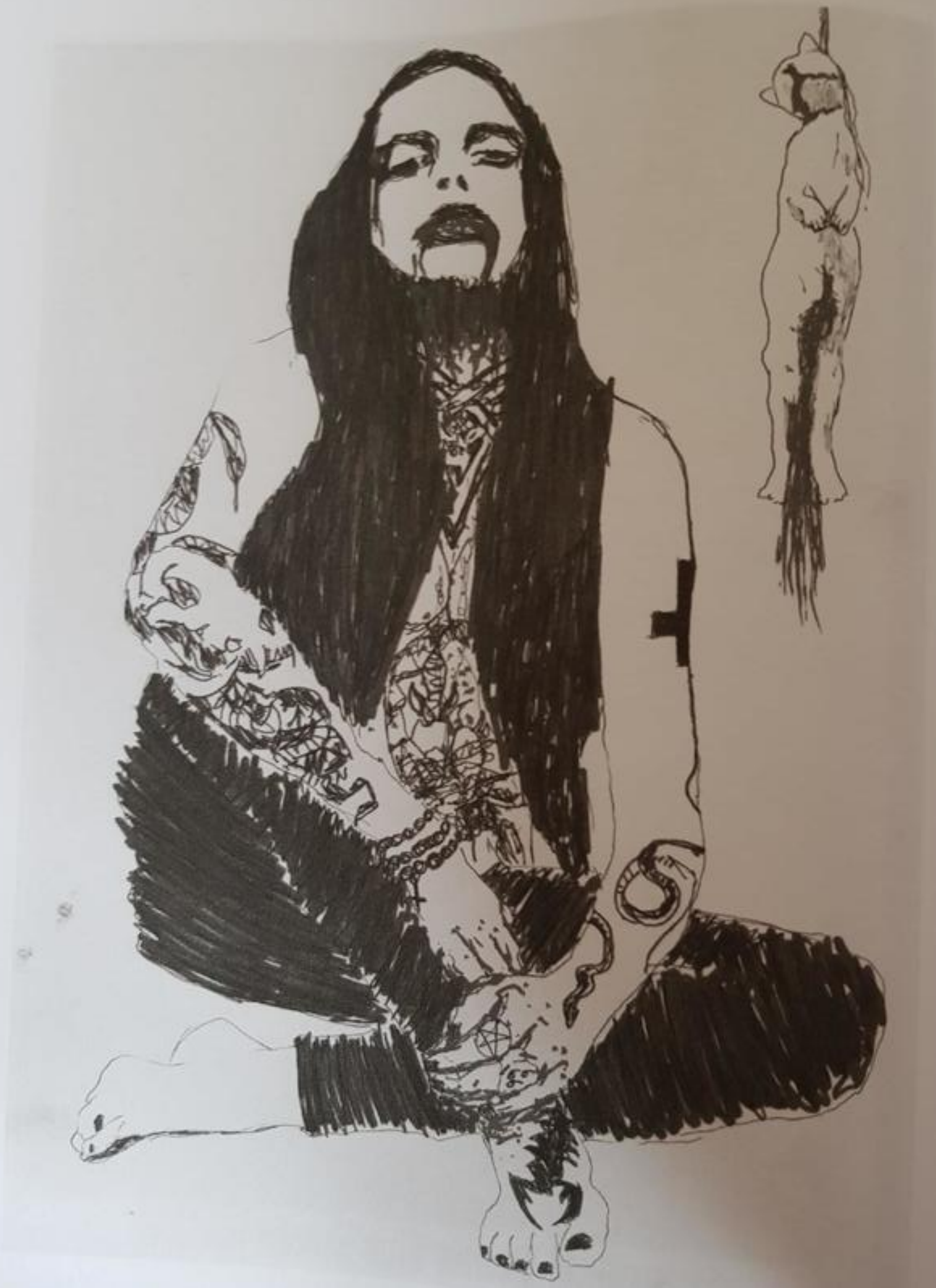
# 3 Children Die On Way To Church

Vladimir Vacovsky



**Evil From The Forest**

Vladimir Vacovsky



THE EDITOR IN CONVERSATION WITH MUSICIAN, FILMAKER AND ARTIST CHAOSCUNT – THE GENIUS BEHIND PHEOSPHOROS, THE ART OF CHAOSCUNT, THE CLOWN CUNT AND THE COLLECTIVE ARTISTIC MOVEMENT KNOWN AS EDGETEDISM.

**How do you relate personally to your art and music projects as an artist who truly seems at odds with the current political climate? How does your work effect your every day life?**

The difference between me and extreme artists, is that I am an extreme artist. I make work so that I do not have to express my "at odds with the establishment" ideas to people in my everyday life, and kill them. I just sublimate it into my work, which is also one of the main functions of making art. My work affects my everyday life positively in that I know in the back of my head that I expressed myself, and go on in my daily life pretending I am not someone who has "problematic" thoughts.

**I've seen some criticism thrown at Peosphoros that accuses you of being just a performance artist or a shock artist, of not being genuinely queer but using it as a promotional tool despite the fact that this is exactly how others market themselves. Of course, the shock or edge is the art form itself. How do you handle such weak and defensive audiences? Does it deter or strengthen your creative process to know that people have such one dimensional comprehensions and inconsistent objectivity?**

As you put it, it is a trend to market yourself by your so called sexuality nowadays. I just shoved this trend up everyone's asses by pretending to be a fag. Worked well.. I am a shock artist, but a real one. Art has very little to do with reflecting who you are in real life.

Having said that, the lowest of the intellectual low is something I try not to think about too much. I spice my art with many things just to fuck around and get attention, yet the core of all my works are what really matters to me, and they are hidden beneath a few superficial layers like edginess and faggotry for the ones that are able and willing to see it. The simplistic originality and seeming extremity of my views and work are hated by many, so they attack the shallowest aspects. The fact that 99% of people have such one dimensional comprehensions and hypocritical attitudes is of course a negative thing. Believe it or not, I would like my work to connect with a deep and respectful audience, even if it means sailing through a sea of cretins.

**How do you see the progression of the Edgetivism movement in the future? Why is it important to be blacklisted?**

Lots of artists self proclaim to be "activists" without involving any sort of risk in their deeds or work. Last I checked you couldn't be an activist if you didn't risk anything. The society and law is on their side when they do their safetivism with their virtue signalling artworks, pretending that it is still the 50ies and they run some form of risk for being non white non straight while they get money and approval from equally dumb audiences who buy into their fake heroism.

Edgetivism is the only possible activism anno today. Sucks that only I do it. Southpark could be considered edgetivist, GG Allin was an edgetivist for sure. Ho99o9 or whatever their name is NOT an edgetivist. I saw one of those black bastards with a crossed out swastika pretending to be extreme, why not a real swastika? you are already a black fucking nigger, at least have the balls to wear a real swastika and turn some theories on their heads and cause some controversy, but that would pertain a little too much risk wouldn't it for their fakestreme asses.. Even kanye is more extreme than most so called underground artists but let's not suck his dick cos he is just a marketing genius, not an edgetivist. Don't even get me started on gaytain and all those pretend satanist black metal bands.. Less extreme than britney spears ever was.

Jokes aside, one way or another society will realize the importance of making unapologetic edgy works of art and see the positivity it brings to our everyday lives. It is important to be blacklisted because in my opinion nowadays being truly edgy is what's really missing from art and although most artists believe in edgy works, they stay away from it to save the day. This is pathetic, and edgetivism is a fight worth dying for because without free artistic expression, there is no freedom!

**Do people ever assume you are less educated or experienced in the arts because you deviate so far from the established identity politics, which you have stated serve the same function as religious zealots of previous eras?**

Wouldn't surprise me but they'd be wrong as always. I actually studied fine arts in the worst sort of SJW environments, namely Concordia University Canada & London Film School. I've got undergrad and masters from the most prestigious schools for filmmaking. Difference between me and everybody else that "studied" is rather than soak in the ideological bullshit I rejected it. 99 percent of people who go to school soak it like a sponge, so me not soaking it but making up my own mind about things might make me seem uneducated. Education became recital of your studies like a religion. People go to university to a new environment, a false pre-professional concentration camp. All they can think of is to impress their professors and peers because they can't handle their primal urge to survive. Their subconscious tells them that pretending to believe in all the bullshit around their environment will get them accepted and in turn make them survive in the real world. We are dealing with people who can't curb their primal survival instincts when we are dealing with social justice warriors. As dangerous as a hungry bear. They are zealots of today as you put it.

**Has religion been influential to you in your early development as a fine artist?**

I used to be a hardcore Satanist who thought that what we perceive as evil could actually be interpreted as "good". This was the truth that God was trying to hide from mankind to enslave them. Someone who can hone this kind of belief would inevitably become indestructible like a buddhist monk or something. You'd skin them alive or put them in a box and throw them into the sea and they'd be able to feel good about it. They wouldn't feel the least bit bad about their wife sucking their best friends dick or isis beheading 5 year old kids. They'd even celebrate it. And this would make a true alchemist who turns absolute shit into gold.

I no longer am a Satanist because I am too busy to hone my beliefs to fit this worldview but this kind of spiritual basis is still completely driving my art. That is why I write songs that talk about me enjoying raping kittens and being torn to pieces by my haters. In art I can be free, in life I can't. It is important to be as free as possible where you can.

**What does it mean to be "problematic" in the art and music industry today?**

Having thoughts of your own and standing up for your art.
Believing that art is a free realm and that there are no limits. That you can even talk about raping children as you'd do it and make fun of it. That you know that it is not the same as doing it in real life, and act accordingly.

I don't even want to keep thinking about why people can't understand this, but this is the way it is and I will keep making art like this. I don't give a fuck what others think of my work and anyone who does is NOT an artist. Being problematic is simply being a real artist. Being censored is a trophy not paralleled by any award.

**Do you have communication with Peter Scully? Is he aware of your work?**

I do not meet my idols.

Jokes aside, I wouldn't want to meet him because I think he is just an idiot who did some child porn for money. Probably if he met me he would ask for his cut from my album sales. Just an average dumb criminal who gets more attention than he should cos what he did is deemed more 'evil' because of societal norms. Which is exactly the reason I use him in my work.

**In your paintings, you use blood, semen and piss. Is there a specific process or ritual you use in applying the bodily fluids?**

No its purely to get attention, which has been working very well. People pay more attention to piss and shit rather than the art itself, which is sad. It's the same as the endless discussion about the artists sexual identity. Useless superficial things. I started doing it to see what happens. It's no big deal to slash myself or pissing or collecting cum. I just put a little on each painting to make it officially pissed, jizzed and bled on, sometimes I don't even do any but still say I did. When I perform music I also do all those things in GG Allin levels, in that case it's for fun.

Talking about GG, his bro Merle bought 10 or so paintings from me and it got confiscated in US customs probably cos of blood piss etc. A useless side story that makes people really interested in my work. Goes to show how people instinctively flock on piss and shit rather than art.

**Having read your poetry, which is just as intense and image driven as your visual work, I'm curious if you see as much power in the written word as you do with other art forms?**

I certainly do, and I want to do more of it. I am trying to write some books currently but it is so alien to me, I am used to pissing on paintings and screaming into a microphone. Getting joy from words are too slow, but very powerful indeed. One day...

**Why the fuck can't anyone tell the difference between a portrayal and reality? Do you think this is a normal reaction in humans or is it worsening now?**

I do not know why but as I've been discussing, it is worsening. I am not a comparative history expert but from what I know, throughout history it has continually become less and less but since the mid 2000s this censorship culture has been getting lots of traction fuelled by peoples lessened ability to tell the difference between art and reality. Hope this is just a death rattle of censorship before it becomes historically obsolete.

**As a filmmaker, you are rather advanced in your use and manipulation of symbolism. I know your film The Clown Cunt was turned down by a film festival on the basis of the name alone, which shows the lowest regard for an artist's freedom and the ability to digest extremity. Does the nuance of your work always hold you back from mainstream audiences in a culture where shallowness is a necessity?**

The nuance holds it from reaching bigger audiences, but the nuance is a big part of it! The moment you change the name of your film to fit festivals you've artistically killed yourself. It is just as important to be edgy as it is to be deep and subtle. It is my trademark in saying fuck you to the money they can give me. And who the fuck gives a shit about big audiences? I am already piss rich from the companies I run, I don't need no money nor approval from my art unlike most so called artists, they can all fuck off.

**Why does art which is violent and meaningful on multiple levels always tend to be categorized as "underground" despite its eventual effect on a wider audience?**

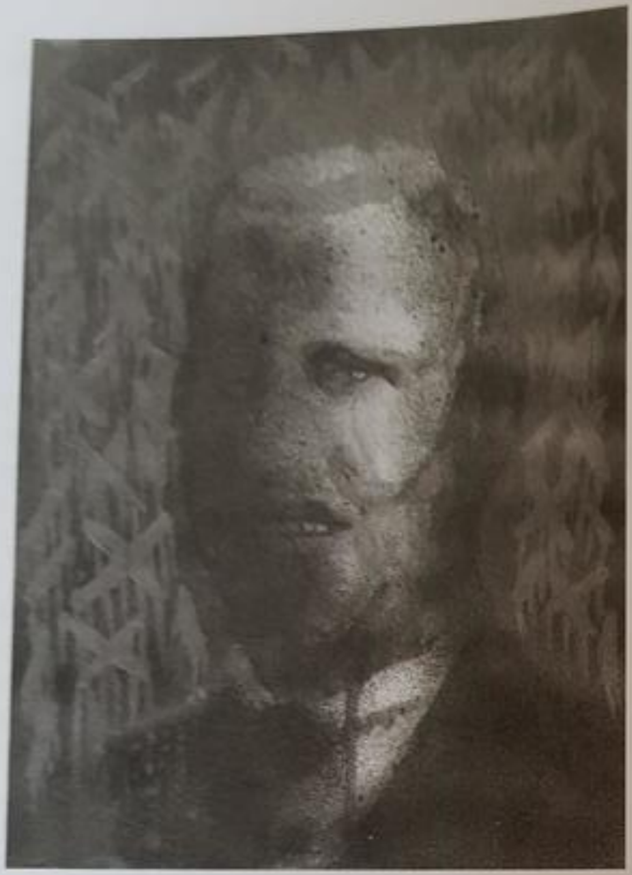
Because that is where it fucking belongs. If it reaches a wide audience that is because it is a business decision made by someone who isn't connected to it.

**Should morality have any place in art whatsoever?**

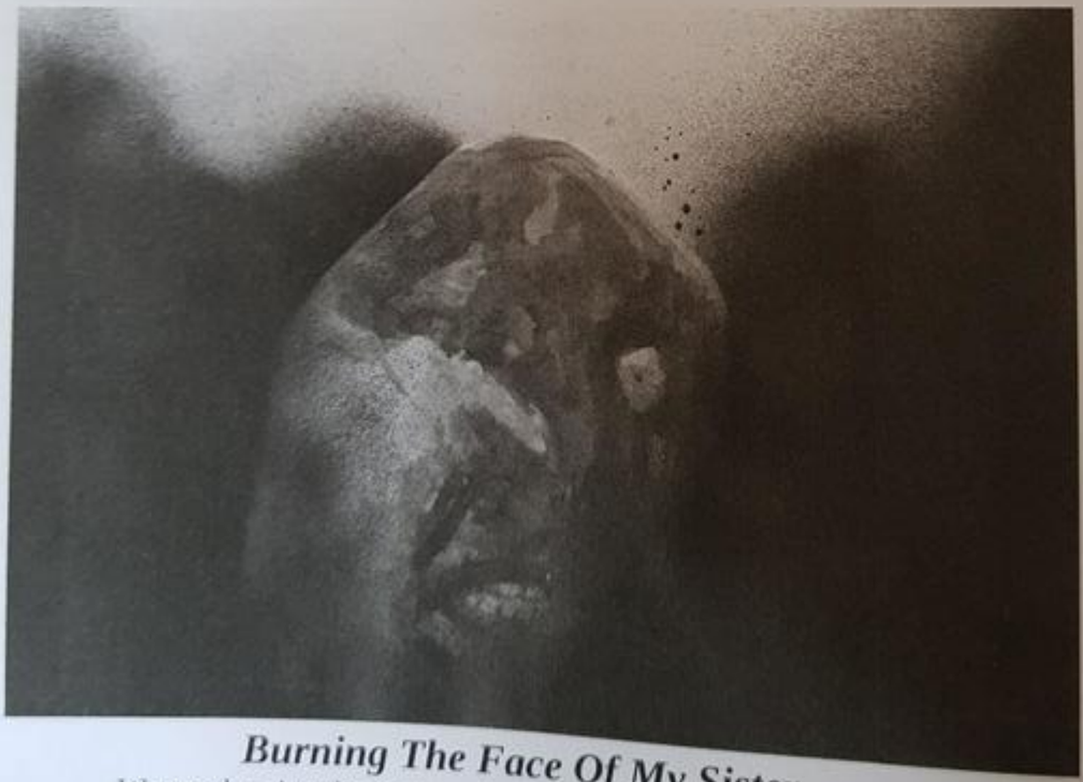
Morality is subjective, even Peter Scully has his own set of morals. If cretins understand this then why would it be a problem?

**Are established forms of extreme music and art, like Black Metal, at all salvageable?**

Sorry but pop music has more of a chance of being salvageable. Black Metal is an established form of art but it is not "extreme" at all. It is a losers club full of people in need of approval for their low-fi musical expression of their undealt-with mental problems. They don't even do anything that'd get them banned from their beloved social media profiles. Extremity rests within people, most black metallers have no conception of extremity.



***The Whitman Tower***
Watercolor, Spraypaint, Blood
and Semen on cardboard, 2017



***Burning The Face Of My Sister***
Watercolor, Acrylic, Spraypaint and Semen on cardboard, 2017

**Nudity in a feminist context is now viewed as liberating while the same people view pornographic images and the hijab as offensive. How do you comment on this schism through your use of the term Hypermisogynist and why do you despise feminism?**

The real reason social justice people don't fuck with the mucus that is islam is because they are scared of em so they "pretend" to take their side on everything so that they don't have to fight them. This hypocrisy goes back to my survival instinct theory. Their subconscious wants them to be feminist so that they can put some food on the table, but it also tells them not to lure the beast that lurks outside their cave so they hide their food.

Feminism is a sham. I am a man who likes real sweat and tears when it comes to work, not affirmative action. I despise feminism because all great women I know also hate feminism. Where there is a fat loser bitch who can't get a job or dick, she is a rude fucking feminist. My mother is a single, rich, successful woman doctor and part time painter in a muslim shithole country living by herself for 20 years and did everything by herself without whining about anything. She is the antithesis of feminism, she knows it and she hates feminism as well. My loser aunt is a feminist living in USA jumping from men to men for the past 20 years who can't even sleep alone in a house at night. Did not make more than 200 000 dollars all her fucking life, always depended on my grandparents and father. Her whole life is based on writing useless bogus articles about feminism and leeching off of stronger people for money and protection. Granted I have such examples before my eyes, all the applause and money that the feminists get for their SHAM is getting on my nerves as a hardworking businessman. Fuck them.

**It seems that censorship is being doled out by corporations that own the social technology which has become essential to independent artists and musicians in showing their work publicly. It is no longer the governments or religious groups that suppress thought and art. In your opinion, what is the final solution for censorship culture?**

I could argue that it is still the governments that push this agenda, but regardless, the solution is a shift in societal beliefs so that the individuals who make 'society' and their "survival instincts" no longer tell them to fit in with the politically correct surrounding and shun extreme artists. Having said that, I do not think social media is essential to independent artists. It is the artist who has to tell himself that he isn't depending on it. If less people see it so be it. I did my own stupid whining about this for a long time but I no longer care. Go underground. You don't need social media. If the argument is about using social media for making money from your art, then I have five words to say: real artists have real jobs. Art should be a sideline, as essential but as hidden as religion should be.

* * *

To view art portfolio, music projects, videos, films, literature and The Edgetivism Manifesto visit
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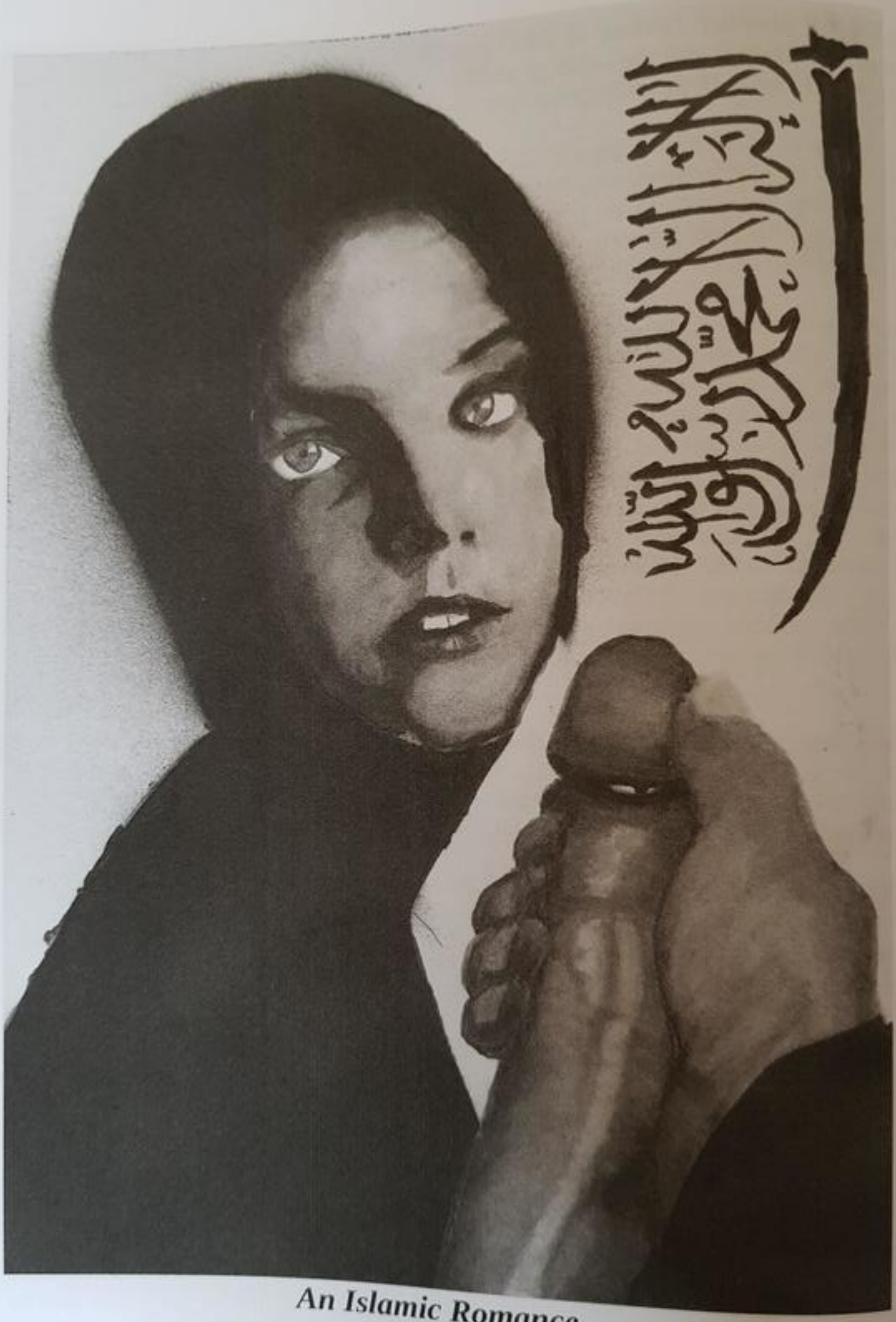
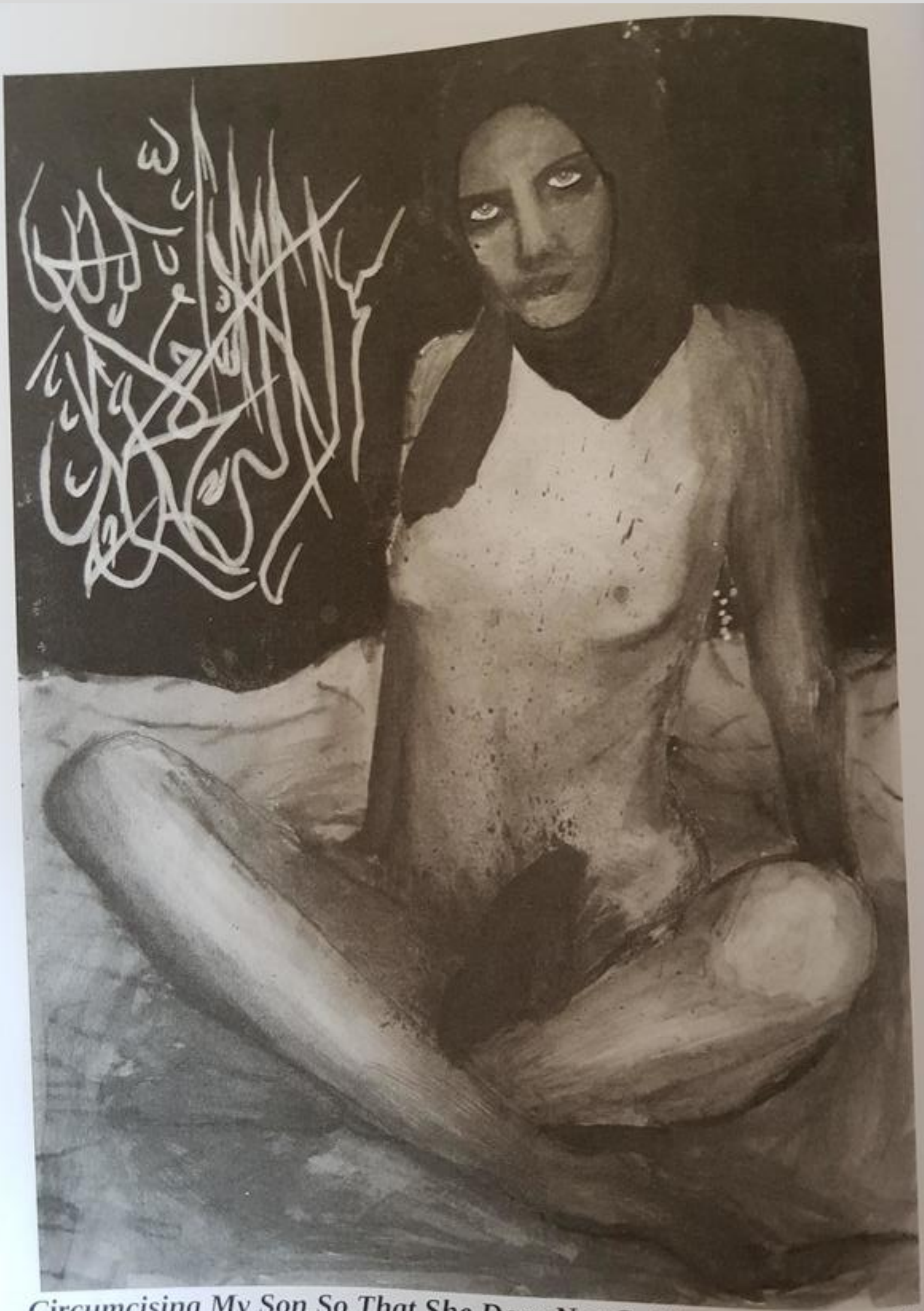

لا إله إلا الله محمد رسول الله

An Islamic Romance

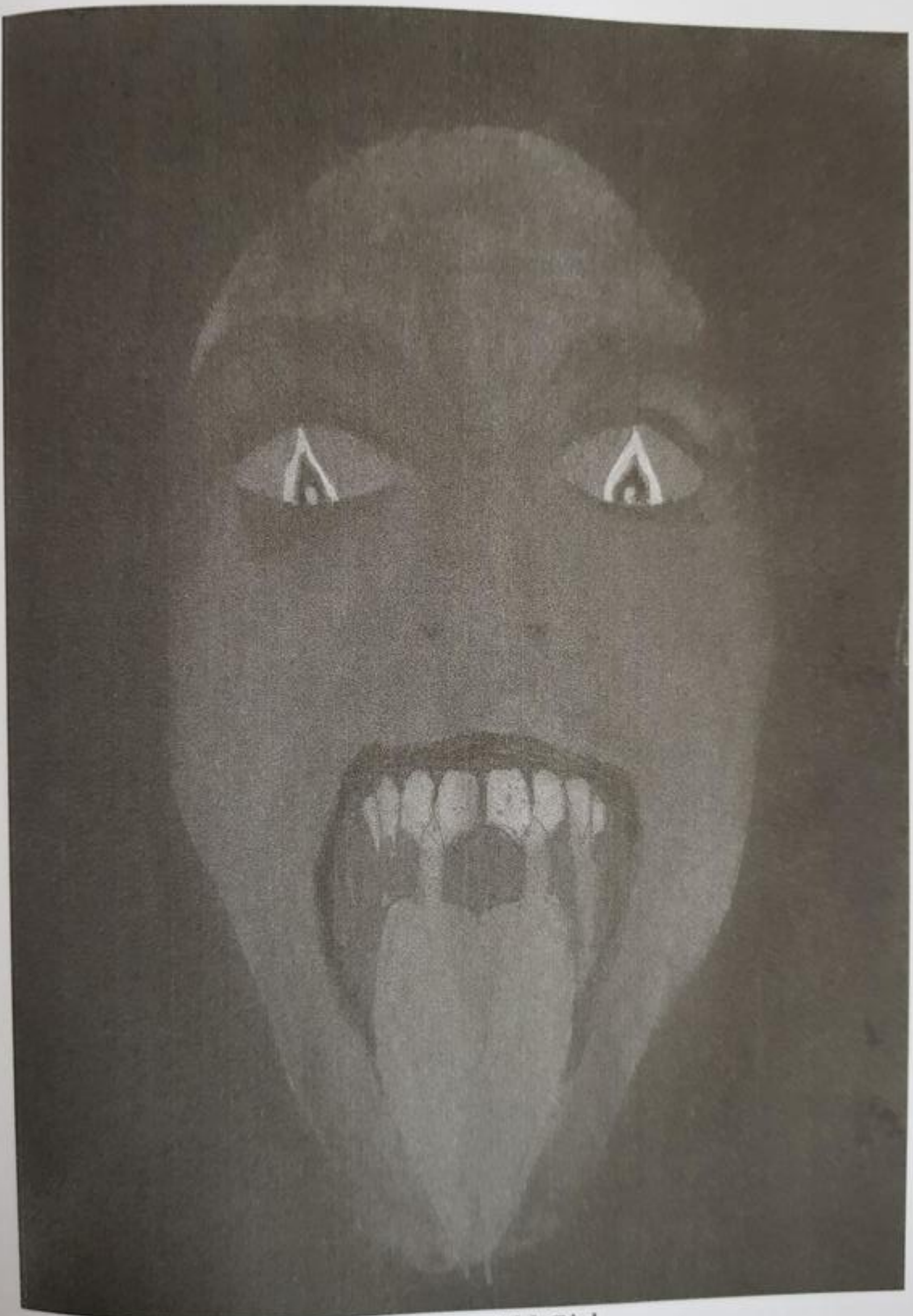
الله
رسول
محمد

***Celebrating My Muslim Daughter's 15th Birthday In Her Bedroom***

Pen, Ink, Alcohol, Semen on cardboard, 2017

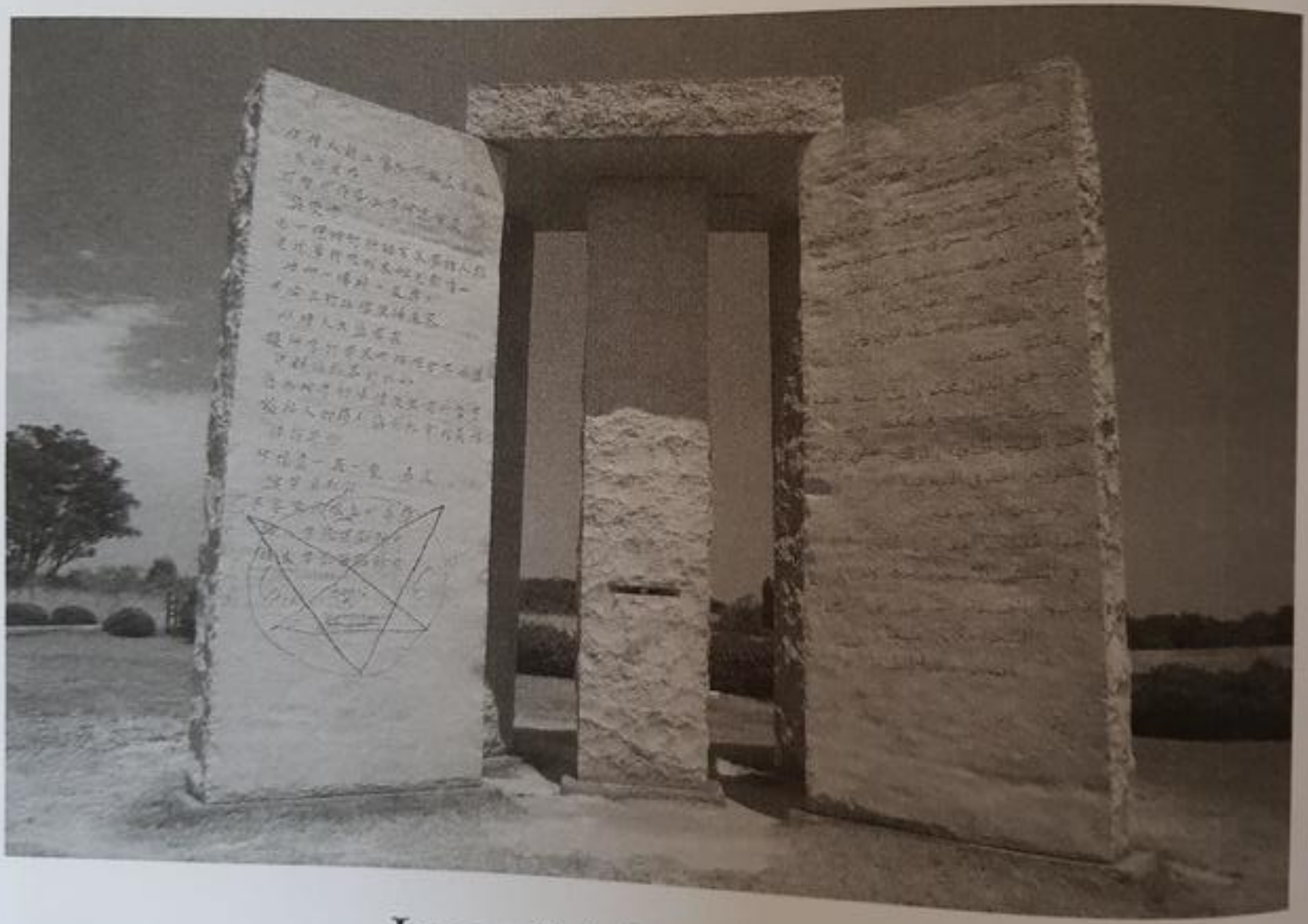


***Circumcising My Son So That She Does Not Get Pregnant From Me***
Pen, Ink, Alcohol, Semen, Watercolor, Spraypaint, Blood on cardboard, 2017



*An 8 Year Old Girl*

# THE RITUAL OF R.C. CHRISTIAN'S MESSAGES CONNECTED TO THE GEORGIA GUIDESTONES



JAEFAR S.A.B.N.W.

The Georgia Guidestones are at a center of controversy and conspiracy. They face opposition from these who are against whom they call Globalist, The Illuminati, Luciferians, New Age, and satanism. Some of that is not as one might assume. I have read everything real about the subject that I could-including the words and actions attributed to R.C. Christian. That has convinced me that these four tablets, capstone, plaque, and platform are one of the best things to happen in Georgia history. As one may know, R.C. Christian is an obvious hint at Rosicrucianism. They did use Christian forms and stories, but they were far from all Christian. Born in 1378 of the Vulgar Era, Christian Rosenkreuz tried to share this sense of philosophy, discovery, and acquiring abilities through mythical forms. The Rosecrucian order was founded in around 1407, but this Luciferian order did not establish itself openly until 1614 to 1617 of the Vulgar Era; despite being known in part through John Dee and other public figures. The Luciferians are not so much either the pseudo-world saviors or Satanist that the Christian Right or makes them out to be, but they can be opponents and adversaries, if that is fitting. They mostly work in the College of Invisibles, but this monument may be as the plaque says, an attempt to leave a set of public guidance for the world. Some oppose it as an attempt to propose a new Ten Commandments. Some wrongfully point to it as the most direct call for eugenics and depopulation scenarios. Some say it doesn't mention any idea of god; either by the Tetragrammaton on the Hebrew side nor in any other way. That is were the extra meaning in plain site comes in. It more directly goes against the Christian, Zionist, and patriotic sense of a god or godhead. Why shouldn't someone with half a million dollars promote their own agenda, in gentle and even obscured ways? The chances are that there will be no complete version of The Bible of the Jews or Christians in large area of The Untied States of America or the even world, were the ice to melt, pollution were to cause other extreme crises, Yellowstone or other supervolcanos to go off, nuclear war to go full scale, or other breakdowns of humanity. This monument was placed 7.2 miles north of Elberton, Georgia for a legacy that will survive these things. Some look at a misspelling on the platform as a clue and aspects of the structure and see some information that may certainly be true, but I look at the ancient languages and quotes to see an adversarial current to what was deemed common and a call towards a Luciferian agenda of personalization and realization. How will you realize your being and what you are to act against; in order to leave a legacy, thereof?

The capstones are supposed to say, "Let these be guidestones to an age of reason." They do, but each says more and may contain quotes from sacred texts that are older than Christianity and even Judaism. In the North, is the Babylonian/Assyrian saying, "These tablets are memorandum of messages to open the abyss of the mind and heart, for there will be the death of untold many. God is not/The Image of Divinity/The Godly Prince is not merely of ascent or a distant beyond, nor for a particular place or country, nor with a beginning, nor something that journeys." In the west, Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs say, " Conceal yourself from what destroyed the dead. Retreat as in earlier times or as in a period of inactivity upon a word in granite or other prepared stone. Stand up for a period of understanding. Not (just as on) a tablet, but upon pondering The True Upright Soul's Days." In the south, Sanskrit says, "Delight in The Social Order that continually returns for a becoming that dispels illusion." Finally, in the east is Ancient Greek that an Oxford learning would lead one to believe says, " Our fate of death and ruin (leads us) to where? Where it takes is the stirring of the teaching of an age of being reasonable."

*The Ritual of R.C. Christian's Messages Connected to the Georgia Guidestones:*

Upon entering through the gate towards the Georgia Guidestones, the 14 August 1992 letter of Robert Christian to the Elberton Library is quoted when it says, "A variety of mysterious connections were imagined by assorted commentators. The 'connections' and occult purposes are all pure fiction."

When facing the Georgia Guidestones explanation plaque, page 102 of Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian is quoted in saying, "Religious teachers, now living, have a golden opportunity to join with scientific leaders who are theistically oriented to reinterpret from their treasures of traditional beliefs and practices those element best suited for inclusion in a new appeal to enlighten human reason. The time is at hand for these spokesmen of all faiths to cooperate in formulating basic moral guides for the entire human family. It is a duty of religious leaders of all persuasions to become sufficiently knowledgeable in all fields of understanding that they can join with secular individuals in plotting our course into the future.

Upon turning from the plaque to face the Georgia Guidestones, page 9 of Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian is quoted in saying, "The monument is intended to combine certain attributes of the Rosetta Stone and many of the standing stones which to are to be observed throughout Europe as a remnant of past human societies. We believe that each human being has a purpose and a significant place in the universe. The celestial alignments of the stones symbolize our need to be in harmony with eternal principles manifest in our natures and in the universe around us....It is hoped that as time passes, other stones can be erected in outer circles to mark other celestial events."

Facing the inner parts of the Georgia Guidestones, page 97 is quoted in saying, "Let us agree that there may be many pathways to a union with God...Doctrines, customs, and ceremonies unique to each religious tradition can continue to evolve in truth as truth is revealed to its believers. Toleration for different views must be encouraged; so long as activities taken in the name of religion respect the rights of others," and page 100 in saying, "Beliefs accepted as direct revelation should not be disturbed by others; so long as they cause no harm to non-believers."

Opening looking at the ten main statements of the Georgia Guidestones, quote page 15 of Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian in saying, "The guides are not religious. They are not commandments. We have no authority to command." Then continue with quotes from the same source as follows:

1) Page 26 says, " Providing even 500 million with current American living standards may exceed that limit on a perpetual time scale (Christian later retracted putting the number closer to 300 million and that has been shown true with the world's current pollution problem still being mostly an American thing.)". Page 80 says, "No nation has proposed programs which will bring the entire world family into perpetual balance with nature (Ummati Muhammad actually have, but there hasn't been an Islamic State in the past century or so.)."

2) Page 9 says, "This will require major changes in out attitudes and customs." Page 29 says, " Nations which fail to guide childbearing and child rearing will not only suffer...They will also be represented in the world of tomorrow by citizens of sub-optimal capabilities...We are agents of the infinite. Nations which succeed in applying reason and compassion in the conception and rearing of their children will have a guiding role."

3) Page 64 says, "The human larynx, throat, and mouth differ from those of other creatures, and permit us to vocalize more than two hundred distinctive sounds or phonemens." Page 14 says, "It will be adapted to our speech mechanisms and to the language facilities in our nervous systems." Page 65 says, "Designing a universal human language for future generations will require discovery of the most efficient combinations and sequences to most clearly express our thoughts with all their subtleties and

nuances...Development of the alphabet-syllabary of approximately 200 symbols will facilitate constructing a totally new language...The new language could evolve to become a universal tool for serving the communication needs of humanity."

4) Page 56 says, " From a harmonious blending of religious belief and tradition, with an awareness of social needs, it will be possible to generalize rules of morality; which can be accepted by society at large, as guides for personal corporate, and government conduct."

5) Page 1 says, "I speak as a private citizen of the United States; professing neither great wisdom or prophetic power. Let us end, once and for all, the ultimate abomination-war. Let us stamp out politically motivated terrorism and assassinations."

6) Page 71 says, " The first and most pressing assignment will be to expand and perfect international laws; as to assure the territorial integrity and political independence of all nations. Boundary disputes must be resolved in a world court."

7) Page 68 says, " We now have the opportunity and grave duty to establish a limited rule of law covering all nations in resolving their disputes with one another." Page 32 says, "Government has multiplied and expanded until it has become directly or indirectly involved in all phases of our daily life. They have burdened us with taxes far heavier than those which prompted us to throw off British rule. They have handicapped our economy with thousands of petty laws and bureaucratic rules; which have become a cornucopia for more than have a million attorneys."

8) Page 119 says, In some instances, we could do more than we have done thus far in applying moral and economic pressures to achieve needed reforms."

9) Page 2 says, " We sense an obligation to live in accord with natural laws we discern from the world around us. We observe within our nature, certain talents and a small degree of intelligence. We accept an implied obligation to pursue goodness and truth. "

10) Page 62 says, " Eventually, we may be able to restore expanses of prairie, forest, and wetland. Page 64 says, "to their primeval state; with reestablished populations of their flora and fauna."

I have related statements by R.C. Christian to the Arabic, Chinese, Russian, English, Spanish, Swahili, Hindi, and Hebrew of the Georgia Guidestones to be said facing their respective plaques in clockwise order. Let Swahili represent the Vernal Equinox. Let Hindi represent the cross quarter that begins the brightest season of the Northern Hemisphere and the darkest of the Southern Hemisphere. Let the Hebrew represent the eighth of the year that starts with the Summer Solstice. Let the Arabic represent the cross quarter that begins the cooling quarter. Let the Chinese represent the Autumn equinox. Let the Russian represent the start of the darkest quarter of the year in the Northern Hemisphere and the brightest in the Southern Hemisphere. Let English represent the Winter Solstice. Let Spanish represent the cross quarter that starts the warming quarter or what used to be called spring.

Using the order for the next seasonal point of the year, at the Georgia Guidestones, we have the following quotes from R.C.Christian:

*Arabic* - In Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian, page 71 says, "Assistance and advice can be offered in addressing the many domestic problems; such as those which plaque nations in the Middle East. Collective intervention in the internal affairs of a nation can be permitted only when it is clearly demonstrated that its government is tyrannical or otherwise oppressive. Censure in the form of public condemnation or the application of penalties may be invoked when a nation is abusive to a minority of its citizens or to its neighbors."

*Chinese* - Page 80 says, "No major power, except China, has indicated awareness of the problems.. No nation or alliance has proposed programs which bring the entire world family into a perpetual balance....Enlightened people today recognize humanity can adapt to widely divergent economic and social systems in different circumstances and in different times."

*Russian* - Page 73 of Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian says, "Russia may find it advantageous, to bring into the political process a larger and more diverse segment of her population." Page 120 says, "We must continue to apply what leverage we can to achieve changes in its philosophy and must continue to appeal to the minds of its leaders. We must demonstrate that there are other effective remedies for the world's problem than those of revolution and war. Today, many Russian citizens are aware of the divergence between reality and the dreams of Karl Marx." Page 101 says, "Russia today will not be won over to religious doctrines based solely on children's Bible stories or." Page 102 says, "on anthropomorphic concepts of God. They will not accept articles of faith which are clearly contrary to reason."

*English* - Page 48 says, " America must remain strong-strong enough to safeguard our liberties, but not so strong as to threaten the existence of other nations who seek a peaceful world." Page 108 says, "We must control excessive concentrations of capital power; while we encourage total capital formation in widely dispersed forms involving all the people." Page 46 says, "America may have passed the point of no return in its present."

*Spanish* - Page 119 says, " In some instances, we could do more than we have done thus far in applying moral and economic pressures to achieve needed reforms....Revolution probably was necessary in Cuba. It may be the only way to improve the lot of the people in certain other Latin American countries." Page 57 says, "Foreigners are smuggled into our borders every year by the hundreds of thousands to take jobs...and doing other work rejected by idle, but able-bodied Americans. We can no longer afford to tolerate this ridiculous situation! An illiterate Mexican or Jamaican citizen will travel thousands of miles eagerly to seek such employment. Americans should...make similar efforts. So long as we provide a minimum income for our lazy or unskilled workers, they will continue to be non workers."

*Swahili* - Page 77 says, " Ultimately, it requires continuing acceptance by the populace. A similar situation exists in nations...and sometimes on a smaller scale, in a tribe or even a family. Customs and asserted power may spawn an assortment of patterns of what may be termed 'authoritative' rule." Page 85 says, "Throughout human history, religion has worn many costumes and played many roles. In an earlier age, it was rooted in superstition and fanciful speculation; just as were out understanding in science and other domains. And like all human understanding, even today, it remains child like and primitive when measured on an absolute scale....However, it is likely that we will carry out our quest for human understanding to the limits our simple powers permit."

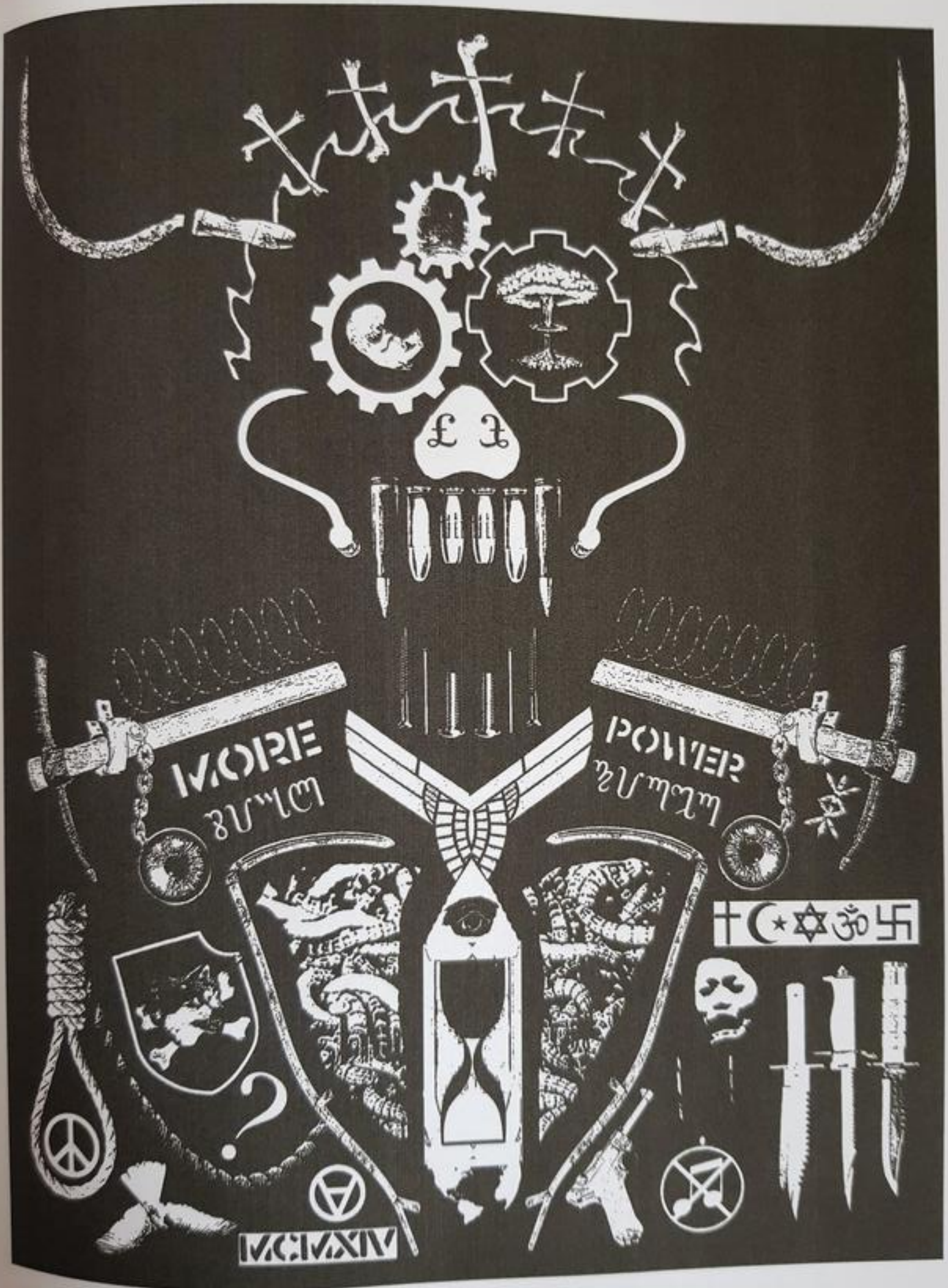
*Hindi* - Page 99 says, "The Hindus...Human awareness is not exclusively a rational phenomenon. Powerful emotions are a vital part of our nature. Impulses derived from affection, altruism, ambition, and fear often provide stronger motivation than reasoned deliberation. We have a fondness for beauty, mystery, symbolism, and pageantry. These attributes of humanity have played an important role in the development of religious beliefs and practices. Our emotional and aesthetic needs must not be neglected as we plan for the ongoing revitalization of religious institutions now and in future ages....Let us filter the best features of all religions through the fabric of contemporary secular understanding to sift out that which is faulty, discordant, and no longer relevant to human needs. The purified essence of religious experience which remains can become a foundation for a world society in which there will be no war and in which the needs of humanity can be met through rational efforts. Let us agree that there may be may pathways to union with God."

*Hebrew* - Page 99 says, "Other contributions would be sought from the Jews...and other philosophical branches of the human family to reserve and utilize concepts which have provided comfort and solace to human beings through past ages. Those legacies selectively adapted to our present situation, will assist humanity in passing through the transition now leading to an enduring Age of Reason."

Upon looking at the square plaque of the Georgia Guidestones, page 96 of Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian is quoted in saying, "Let us now call on all who acknowledge their dependence upon God, by whatever name God is known to them, to extract from their collective beliefs a universal code for human conduct which will be acceptable to most reasonable people of all persuasions. Let its tenets be sufficiently flexible that they may adapt to a wide variety of divergent- even conflicting human social backgrounds-while still requesting a level of behavioral conformance sufficient to control the conflicts which arise in human affairs. Adjudication of differences must reflect a consensus of informed world opinion. All parties must be sufficiently flexible and tolerant that they will accept decisions which may not fully satisfy their desires." Also from ibid vii when it said, "Like the primitive farmers, I place these ideas on the threshing floor of the public forum."

Upon leaving the Georgia Guidstones, one quotes Common Sense Renewed by Robert Christian page vii in saying, "It is not my intent to stir up controversy. Each of us is entitled to private views gained through personal experience."

# ART OF DIEGO BUREAU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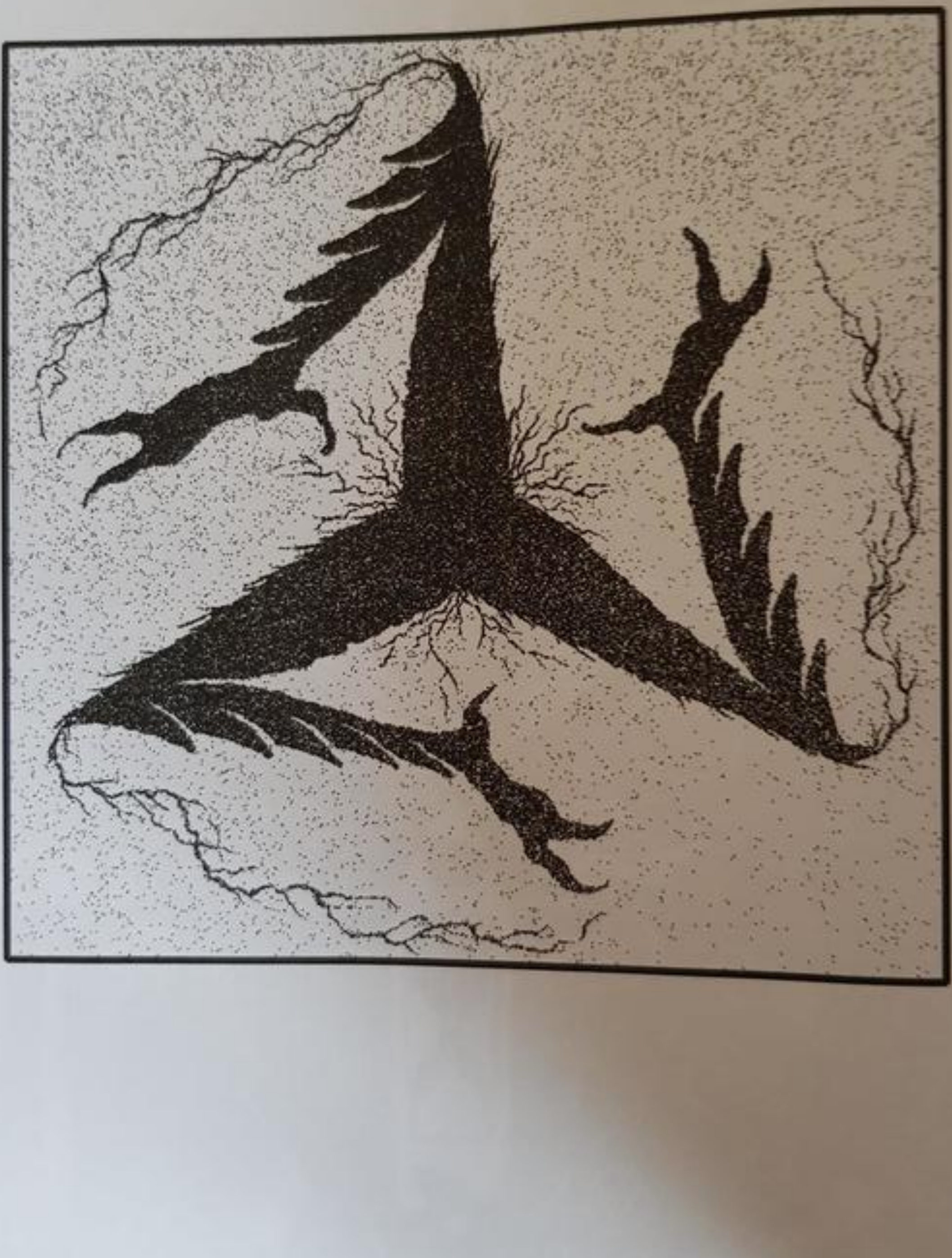
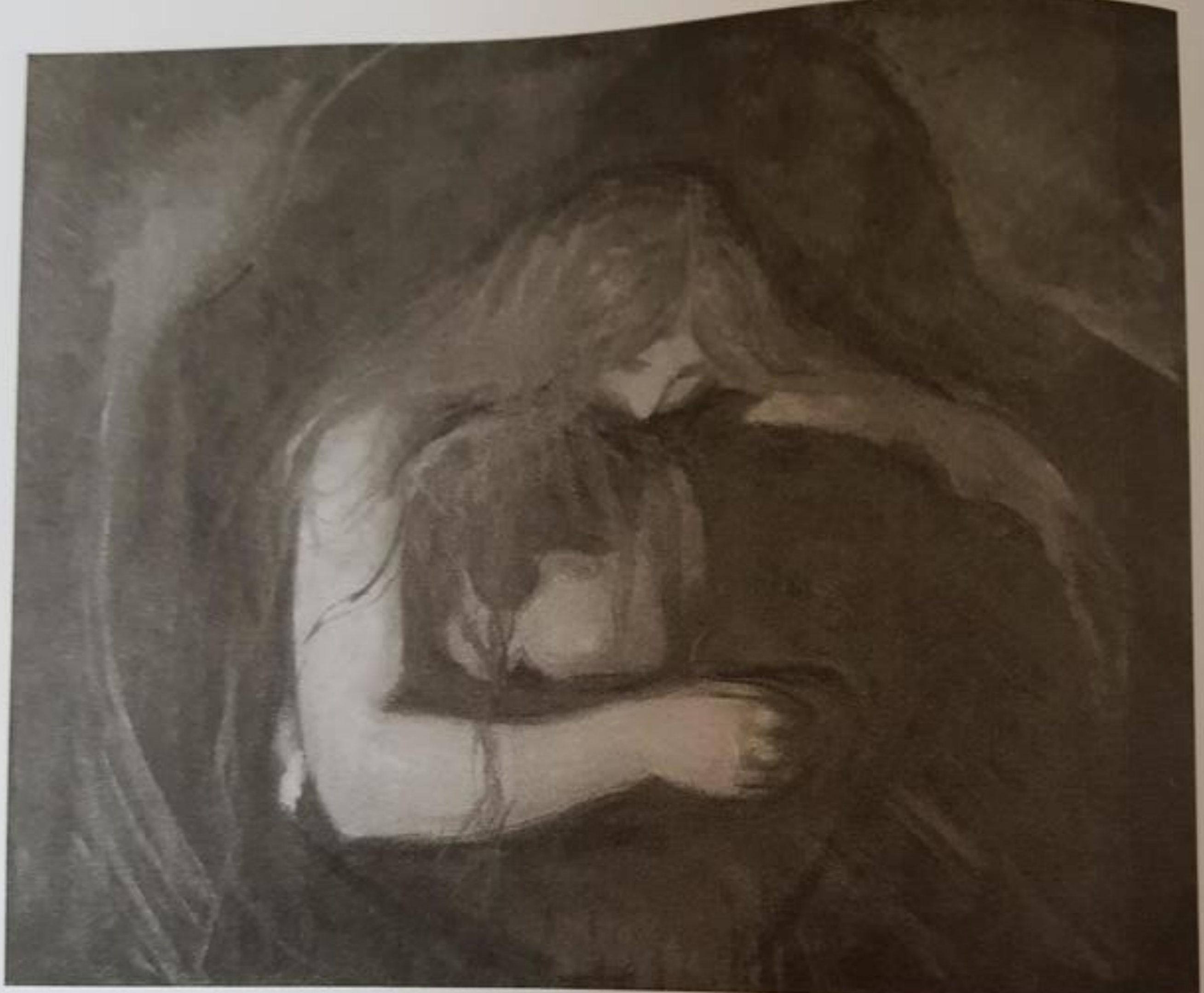




# THE SPIDER QUEEN

Evelyn Rex

Tazashia had the glassy black eyes of a Dalmatian, a full pink mouth, and a pointed elfin jawline that accentuated her perpetually shaved head. She lived tangentially, slipping in and out of identities as if they were items of clothing, adopting and discarding personas with the deftness of a child playing dress-up. One morning in Oakland she found herself part of a gang of skinheads, hunting blade in hand as they ran through a park. A young man in a Metallica t-shirt had inadvertently made eye contact with one of her brethren and was now bolting across the grass in a bid for the nearest exit: his acne-covered face was charged with panic, long strands of greasy hair catching against his skin as he sprinted in the hot sun. Before long she had closed the gap and thrown her leg out and suddenly the boy was tripping. He curled into a ball as the boots went into his face and torso and the shirt was slashed to ribbons.

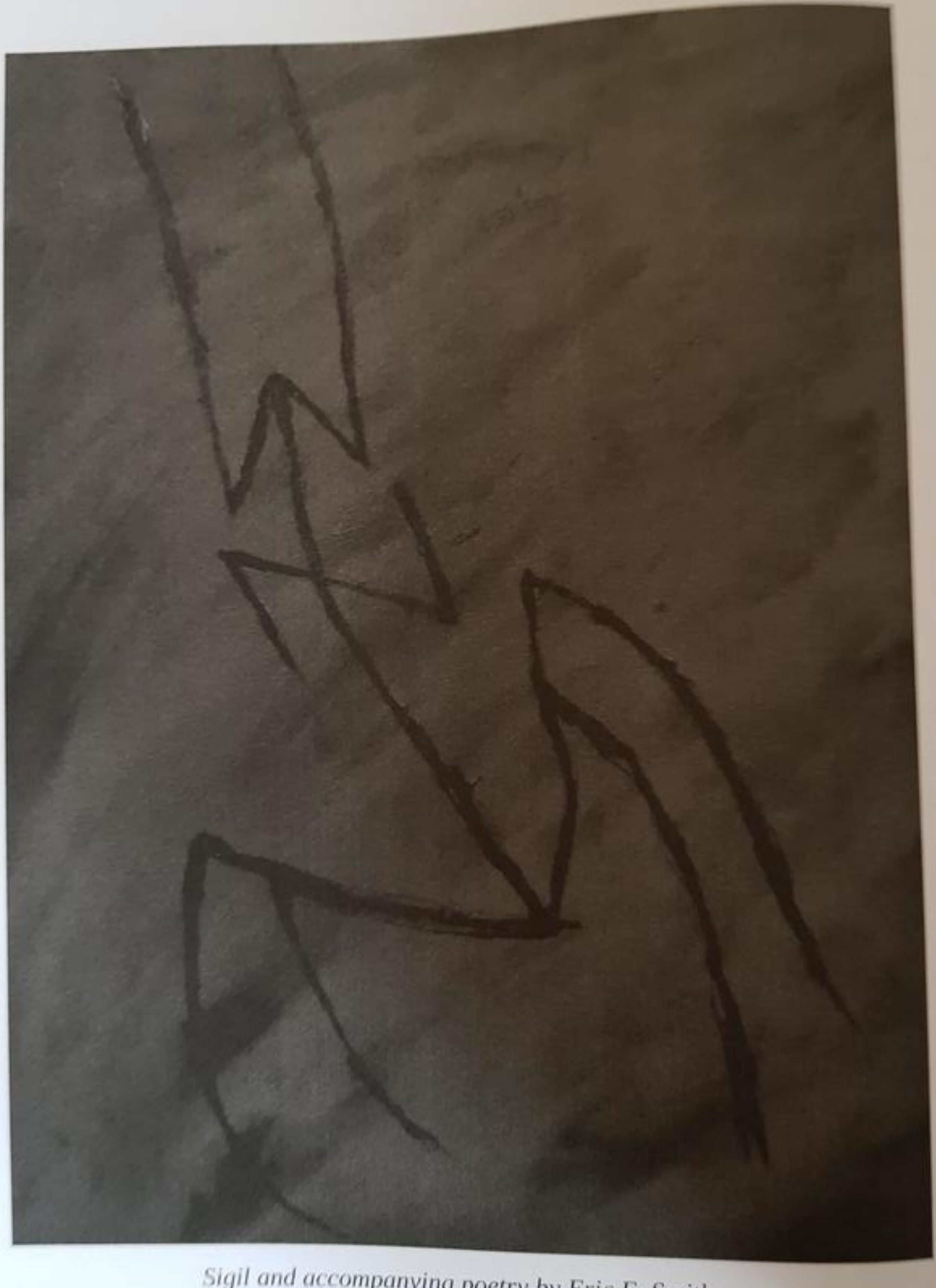
The gang dispersed and she unzipped her bomber jacket and pulled it off before casually tossing it into a trashcan. That afternoon she took a job in a San Francisco streetwear shop with graffiti murals on the walls and hip-hop piping through the speakers; there she wore a loose-fitting leopard print hoodie and concealed her eyes behind blood colored glasses. Most of her shift was spent slumping at the helm of a stolen pushbike, chatting intermittently with the proprietor from across the counter while popping bubblegum. After closing time she returned to empty the safe before throwing the hoodie and shades in a nearby dumpster.

Night came and Tazashia hit the marina. She'd let herself into a townhouse after locating the phone interface box and killing the line with a pair of pliers. Inside the property she explored the hallway at a leisurely pace, moving from doorway to doorway as she studied the family photos. Large nervous rings of light from the backyard pool washed over the walls in gentle patterns. There was a dreamy, ethereal quality to the way she moved, her fingertips tracing the embossed design of the creamy wallpaper as the eyes took everything in, huge and unyielding like a pair of collapsing stars. The shelves held many books on art and photography and world cultures, as well as coloring books, plus a kids' series on learning piano with a smiling frog on the covers. The couches were upholstered in dark fragrant leather, and a print of Munch's *Love and Pain* hung on one of the living room walls. After helping herself to a banana from the kitchen she dropped the peel on the floor and left.

Tazashia haunted whatever space she entered: assimilating into its context, warping her surroundings like a pathogen, turning everything strange. She could send a person deep into trance with nothing but eye contact, which served her well if she was being paid to extract information from someone, or working as a stripper. When nobody was around she could turn herself into a bat. On one occasion she put on a nurse costume and a chestnut wig before strolling into a hospital looking for no one in particular. Upon spotting an elderly man with a grey, withdrawn face alone in his room she stepped inside and closed the door behind her. In a few clean motions she'd thrown off most of her clothing, revealing to his bewildered eyes the contours of her body, nothing on her but a pair of red pumps and the big quaffed wig and nurse's cap. She watched as he went from confusion to alarm to death and then stood there devouring his essence, drinking in the terminal vacancy of her quarry like a flower absorbing sunlight, her naked flesh speaking wordless incantations to Kali, Tiamat, Lilith. By the time the crash cart had arrived she was no longer there and no longer a nurse.

She knew neither rage nor fear. Memories were only a utility, to be glanced at occasionally like a rearview mirror for the sole purpose of continuing her forward momentum. She saw things that nobody would have ever believed, which didn't matter because she mentioned them to no one. On her twenty-second birthday (the one she had given herself as she didn't know the real date) she booked a room in a roadside motel somewhere in Texas, wherein she discovered a freshly severed head planted on her pillow. It was rested perfectly upright as if whoever it belonged to was emerging through the fabric. The man looked to have been South Asian – Japanese, perhaps - and middle aged, with a broad masculine face covered in smooth, tanned skin. Whoever had left him had probably ended him elsewhere because there was no blood on the carpet or anywhere in the bathroom, although he had plenty around his mouth and more pooled beneath him on the pillowcase and the bedspread. That night she lay next to him in the dark red dampness, staring into the nothing of his face with angelic calm. She prodded the lolling tongue, scraped the flakes of dried blood from around his lips, looked mutely into the TV screen as she played with his fine black hair.

Later that year she conducted a drug-fueled orgy by the turquoise waters of Lake Diablo with some art students she'd come across in an Olympia squat. A thin young man with a boyish face and straggly brown curls down to his shoulders had taken her hand as she led him away from the collective and up a steep hill, through a thicket of fir trees, and into the mouth of a small cave. She asked him if he wanted to leave his body for a while: he told her yes. The boy was howling in ecstatic terror as she dragged a scissor blade across his chest while planting hard, loveless kisses along his neck, echoes hitting the cold limestone walls as the acid in their systems burned away the edges of their minds.



*Sigil and accompanying poetry by Eric E. Smith*

## *The Essence of Modern Diabolism*

The terminology of "Sah-tahn" and "ism" is now impotent,

for it added a modern sheen

to that which was once veiled in shadow and flame.

The once inhabitants of the underworld frame of mind

remained not the shamblers they once were,

but were sullied down to mere mists

of the sulfuric storm that once followed their presence.

And in a realm where that which was thought truly buried

now pierces through the bedrock, toward Tehom.

A constant shall always remain in the world of Sun,

and the unfortunate masking of rapture is but a survival tactic

fortified by the transgressions of a fiendish few to an ignorant many.

Hope is properly fertilized through tribulation,

and God smiles upon the children of Misrule.

Though dualism is but a passé theme

and means little in a world of abstractions,

let it be clear that evil is evoked and shaped from the entropy of the microcosm.

The aperture that Nietzsche warned us about, within us all.

Our glorious corrupter, Sitra Ahra,

or that which forges the limitations of flesh into obsidian spirit.

Like the lyric goes, Hell is for children.

Yet, mankind still exudes youth.

# LERA'S TORMENT

## Part 12

Max awoke with a start, his mind filled with the terror he had experienced in the dream and a stream of drool dribbling down his mouth and onto his jacket which he quickly wiped away. He looked down at the bag which contained the torment and he could feel the amulet throbbing with an intense energy unlike he had experienced thus far, with well more than twice the severity which he had felt when in the hotel room before he was warned of the net which was gathering around him. The observation was not reassuring, for it left him with uncomfortable speculation as to what was to come.

Pottu turned around from the driver's seat and motioned with the one hand not on the steering wheel toward the direction in which the van was headed. The range of mountains marking the east-bound national border, which stretched almost as far as the eye could see to either direction north to south, loomed before them with unspeakable malice and authority almost immediately before them. Before too long the eastern horizon would be blocked entirely by the wall of cragged rock as they made their approach.

He could not ascertain by sight how close they were to the dawn of a new day due to both the range ahead and the fact that those expansive sickly yellow security lights - near enough for a proper airfield - lit the immediate forward direction. Though, staring out the back windows he could see that a reddish hue seemed to illuminate the tops of the ranges on either side, far-off, indicating that dawn would be coming beyond the barrier at least soon. But much sooner would be his entrance into the immediate area of the border crossing - less than five minutes now by his estimation before the van would enter the direct area of the security lights and no doubt, coming from the seldom traveled westward route from the city now hours behind them, the security detail at the passing would have seen them coming via the auspices of their headlights for sometime now.

As if reading his mind, Pottu spoke preemptively.

"Not too far off now and don't worry, we will take care of everything."

Pottu patted his chest pocket which, no doubt, contained at least a portion of the fare which Max had provided and thus the plurality of his statement.

As they barrelled into the area which demarcated the lights from the darkness at last, Max felt a strange calm come over him - not dissimilar to the feeling which he had prior to his extracting himself from the hotel in the city. Once again, the torment seemed to be guiding his path. Whether the sense of calm was legitimate or whether or not it was in fact entirely false - a deception induced either by his own mind or the torment prior to something too unspeakable to consider - he could not tell.

Taking Pottu's advice both now and in prior discussions he fell silent and leaned back into the bench seat as he glanced out the back windows as the van began to slow in premeditation of the border crossing proper. A few outward guards crouched on weathered crates here and there prior to the gate cradling automatic assault rifles in their arms - their faces altogether blank and thus their sense of readiness unknowable.

Almost at once three military guards moved in front of the van even as it slowly rolled to a stop at less than five miles per hours toward the large warning signs directly before the gate - the guards hands were raised, deadly rifles slung over the shoulders but easily accessible, their pace easy, taking their time. This at least, Max thought to himself, was a good sign - indicating that his pursuers either had not considered that he would take this far off border crossing as a possible route or perhaps that they had but with the inbound country being under no obligation to acquiescence to their requests or in fact at odds with the foreign services pursuing him. That the ease that the guards exuded was perhaps a ruse also came to mind - yet a planned detainment would at least have the whiff of something more intense, so he reasoned with himself. Glancing briefly through the rear window, Max saw no signs that the forward guards behind had moved from their stations - thus no imminent circling of the van underway.

Max leaned further back into his seat, slumping down a bit more even as the van ground to a somewhat noisy halt and took the bag containing the torment onto his lap. Thinking better of the gesture, despite the fact that it comforted him, he dropped it softly and silently to the vehicle's floor and nudged it partially underneath the driver's seat with his boot. Better not to draw attention.

The van stopped and the guard nearest the driver's side door moved forward now at a rather jaunty pace, slinging his rifle into a position cradled in his hands, lethal muzzle pointed halfway between the ground and waist-level as he moved forward towards Pottu's open window.

Max almost felt that he could smell the harsh scent of fear from the sweat of his driver, even as he saw a professional smile draw across the driver's face from the vantage point of the rearview mirror before Pottu turned and faced the guard.

A few words exchanged in Arabic and perfunctory papers proffered, examined and then returned. No bringing them to the guard shack for a call up the chain of command, Max noticed with ease. What he didn't see was that the papers contained within them several large bills - courtesy of Max himself - which Pottu had inserted deftly into the folds without his noticing.

The main guard leaned his head slightly into the driver's side window and made eye contact with Max once - Max promptly dropped his gaze in response. One of the guard's eyes widened in mock suspicion - the gesture not aimed at Max himself but rather at the figure behind the wheel.

Pottu's smile widened in response and he shrugged his shoulders slightly in that classic “what can I do?”gesture before he reached down and drew out a bottle of whiskey from the center console and handed it to the guard, almost with an embarrassed expression. The guard's eyes softened somewhat, but one hand tapped purposefully on the safety to his assault rifle, with a sense of somewhat mock impatience. Pottu obliged, drawing out yet another bottle of whiskey and handing it over with one hand while drawing out a sundry number of dollars from his breast pocket with the other - handing both over to the official in a double-handed offering.

This it seemed tipped the balance and the guard shrugged in response, having allowed his rifle to slump on its shoulder strap by dint of his more frivolous burdens, gleaming oiled muzzle now pointed straight at the blacktop beneath him (the latter long since bleached to a near whitish-grey and amply cracked by the unforgiving desert sun) and either hand holding the longneck of a whiskey bottle - greenbacked American dollars protruding from awkwardly splayed fingers.

As the guard raised his hand - or rather - his fist - now firmly clasped about the neck of one a bottle containing a fifth of American whiskey (bottled in bond) toward his fellow soldiers ahead, the other guards in front of the vehicle dispersed with slow and disinterested gait and the one stationed behind the plexiglass in the guard shack raised his hand in salutation and triggered the lever which began the railroad-style crossing barrier to begin to slowly rise.

Not yet signaling for Pottu to engage the van forward (he had still left it running throughout the little adventure - a ballsy move in Max's estimation) the guard holding the whiskey bottles moved forward toward the driver's side window once more - his face all of a sudden stern. Max braced for the worse.

The guard's unforgiving expression slowly turned into something of a pout at which point Pottu - obviously more used to this sort of thing that Max - rolled his eyes dramatically before reaching under the seat and drawing out a carton of cigarettes (a United States brand but where they were actually made - no telling) deftly shoved it beneath the guard's underarm - which the consummate professional had crooked open ever-so-slightly for just such a reception.

Moving aside at last, bearing a smug grin, the official moved aside - the barrier now open - a tunnel through the rock - and nudged his head ever so slightly to the side, indicating to Pottu that the examination had ended and that he could move his van as well as his officially non-existent passenger forward.

Pottu, with a grin even more smug (as he had, inclusive of the funds that Max had provided him for the passage, managed to effect the illicit border crossing for the cost of a song - the larger amount of funds still tucked safely within his front shirt pocket) obliged - moving his vehicle forward, pass the guardshack, through the tunnel and onto the road beyond.

Max wondered if Pottu would have to part with more of his payment on the return journey or if the guards would be sufficiently drunk and appreciative (perhaps too drunk to be effectively greedy for more of the dog biting them.) On that he could only speculate as he would not be returning this way - not in the immediate future and perhaps not ever, as the torment had other vistas in store.

## Part 13

Transport after the guard station once on the other side of the border was surprisingly uneventful, though Max could definitely tell that they had entered from one world into another simply through that one crossing.

The border itself was set high in the mountains and there was nothing much by way of inhabitation in the general region except for a few small villages here and there until the ridges had tapered off along the entrance to several large valleys and yet even still, the metropolitan areas were barely that in comparison to the country from which he had recently exited (and even more pronounced in disparity to his North American homeland.) All said and counted for however, the region would (should, he hoped) provide the forward jumping-off point for him that may have been well nigh impossible before. The land which he inhabited now was obviously hostile to the intelligence agencies which he believed had been tailing him back at his hotel the night before and, though he carried a passport bearing the mark and insignia of one of them, it was much more likely that by his presence in the country they would suspect that his business was not altogether in stride with that of his own country's government and - in a way - it was not, though his purpose did not involve border-hopping until he found himself situated in a country where he could join a foreign militia - or terrorist outfit - or whatever else the resident government might suspect. At the end of the day it was the felicity - not the reasoning - that mattered in the immediate.

There was once again the thought that the U.S. State Department may have placed a proper hold on his passport - which would in theory technically bar him from outbound flight from anywhere serviced by international aviation - but even if this was the case he hoped that this too may be circumvented by the nature of the state in which he was now present, though his passport book bore no stamp of him having entered their country, courtesy of the good graces of the border guards due to Pottu's bribery. Thus, officially, he was not technically there (and unless they stamped him in at the airport, he never was.)

Dawn had now come in earnest to the desert land - perhaps earlier than he had suspected as the light was more pronounced once the van traversed past the highest line of mountains and began its slow descent showing rocky desert landscapes illuminated in reddish glow which soon became gilded in golden dawn and then set in stark relief by day proper.

On the commute toward the airport Max was able to once again get some sleep - a bit easier now and more in earnest than the fitful nightmare-laden voyage earlier on his earlier approach.

He considered that Pottu had now been driving for around fifteen hours if his guess was correct however the man showed no appreciable signs of weariness even though they had only stopped twice - once at the border (with the motor still running, no less) and twice more when Pottu had stopped the van to refuel from one of several large metal petrol cannisters stowed in the back and to do a little sight-check motor maintenance. Max almost was tempted to offer to do some of the driving himself but the security situation and his general lack of immediate whereabouts were not so conducive to sharing the labor this way and plus, he reminded himself, Pottu had been more than amply compensated.

Max had situated the bag containing the torment once more upon his lap almost directly after passing through the tunnel and he caressed the object through the folds of fabric in his unconsciousness. The feeling was like that of having had a bride - long lusted for and desired - odds of possible union set against by every possible force but which had now been brought into a situation of inevitable consummation.

Inevitable consummation - not consummation proper however - despite the experiences back in the land where he had acquired the torment - back where he had acquired her. For all that had happened thus far was the dangerous courtship dance, the bride freed from her towers of confinement but still pursued, for all they knew, by the quickening footsteps of parental authority - jealous suitors - royal minders - a list to the extent of which Max could only fathom. For that genuine intimacy that he - she - so desperately sought they needed first and foremost, as base prerequisite, sanctuary - refuge.

Sooner than he had expected Max began to see the silhouette of the airport's several small terminals in the distance, set against a sky now bright and hazy. The airport was set on a valley plateau and though they were still several thousand feet above sea-level, the treacherous ridgeline was now behind them and further beyond the ranges slowly lessened in size until they eventually met the desert that stretched almost continually into the western part of the continent.

Before long they were snaking onto the entrance ramp of the airport proper and Pottu made short work of the last leg of his journey before depositing his passenger and luggage smartly in front of the doors leading to the ticketing area. While Pottu had been more than polite all throughout Max's rather impromptu hiring of him and his vehicle back in the city, fee inclusive, Max understood that his loyal driver was more than glad to be rid of his burden at long last.

A brief farewell between them, a handshake after Pottu unnecessarily climbed out of the van to open the sliding door and to assist with his bags (again, no need, for there was only the handheld for which Max needed no assistance and which Max would not relinquish.) Then the van was off - its surface reflecting the glare of the hostile eastern sun - old but well serviceable tires grasping sickeningly to the blacktop. Max stood and watched it leave until the vehicle and its driver grew minute in the distance, obscured by the dust kicking up from the back tires and the heat shimmers coming off the pavement which ensconced the vehicle in a hallucinatory mirage. Soon after that - gone. Max turned toward the glass doors of the airport which opened automatically before him with the hiss of the airlock - the terminal apparently eager to swallow Max in its artificially chilly embrace.

## Part 14

The airport didn't seem that different than any other small regional airport in North America except that in context this was the second largest airport in the country (and sole other commercial airport, as far as he knew) and more than likely the third or fourth largest in the entire region. The level cool of the air-conditioning throughout was a welcome respite from the blistering heat of the outside, the automatic glass doors having shut promptly as soon as Max had crossed the threshold - as to preserve the integrity of the artificial climatic oasis.

Max had experienced a range of climate exposure since his transport across the border - from the unnatural cold of the desert on the other side contrasted with the withering atmosphere that prevailed during the sunlit hours. Combined with the flight-or-fight stress of his rapid departure from the hotel and all ensuing, the comparatively civilized environs of the airport and the still tranquil air within all the more confirmed to Max that he smelt like something akin to a wild beast - he made a mental note to bathe himself, as much as possible from a bathroom sink, prior to boarding his flight, a courtesy to himself as well as the other passengers.

But the first hurdle was the flight itself. Despite having not to worry about money in the general sense he still had some sense of frugality and it pained him to a degree that the return tickets to North America which he had scheduled prior (which would have been departing from an airport - now inaccessible - in only a few short days) were now useless, non-refundable baubles fit only to serve as impromtu bookmarks and reminders of a false memory - or a narrow escape. Security consciousness intact however, Max chose to withdraw them from one of the side-pockets of his rucksack and deposit them, crumpling them discreetly, into the nearest waste bin prior to heading toward the booking booths for scheduling of outward flight to a revised destination.

It was a surprise to Max that there didn't seem to be a great deal of obvious security in the terminal - though, as ever, looks could be deceiving. In the distance, beyond two metal detectors manned by airport staff seated on cushioned stools, chatting with one another to pass the time, there was a single customs official - slumped over an aging desktop computer. Behind the desk - a blank door recognizable to all international jet-setters of a dubious sort as the dread "interview room" - the room where things could get hairy very quickly if all was not in order (including the mindset of the would-be passenger.) Max knew full well that under this sort of controlled security environment the innocuous man in a white shirt and tie could be as dangerous as the green-fatigued assault-rifle toting guards back at the border crossing who Pottu has fiscally placated on his behalf.

Max made his way to the nearest check-in counter servicing the far-east - no line. A pleasant, professional Asian man greeting him with a smile and began taking his information.

As the airline worker ran the requested departure and examined his travel documents everything seemed to be in order at least at this stage of the process. Though the staffer would have no doubt been trained not to show any overt signs of alarm if the customer had been flagged for whatever reason, Max's discreet observation of the man as he viewed electronic screens unviewable from his side of the counter seemed to indicate that no palpable impediment was immediately at hand. So far, so good.

The tickets went through without a hitch - one-way service to Bangkok on the next flight out, which left late afternoon, leaving him what little remained of the morning and the entire afternoon to recuperate and plan the next leg of his journey.

Taking a calculated risk he had paid with plastic - a credit card only remotely linked with his main bank account but integrated enough with his fiscal holdings back home to create a solid link if there was anyone seeking it. He was not entirely sure why he had taken the extra risk - given that he had ample enough cash on hand even after the purchase of the torment and the equally princely fee he had paid Pottu for transport and the bribery of the border guards. That being said however, he did not want to be stuck in Bangkok short on immediate on-hand currency - and should his pursuit continue that was where it would happen more than likely and thus all the more reason to hold his cash reserves until that point. That he was able to purchase the flight here successfully also indicated to him according to his analysis that there was nothing as serious as a hold on his bank account from the authorities back home, intimating that perhaps his situation was not as bad as he might think.

Boarding passes in hand, he thanked the airline staffer and proceeded through security. Despite the more overtly militarized orientation of the country of his departure (looks can sometimes be deceiving) he was not surprised to notice that the security screening was markedly less intrusive than the nearly science-fiction level devices used in the airports back home and in Western Europe. He was not asked whether he carried any liquid aboard (the viscous corpse oil within the glass of the torment being something that would have raised considerable eyebrows) - though he would have lied on this account in any case. No beeps from the machine as his meager baggage passed through - no undue suspicion or extensive poking or prodding from the skeleton crew manning the machines with their handheld metal detectors. He thanked the staffers in a near whisper of tone and stepped through. He was officially on his way.